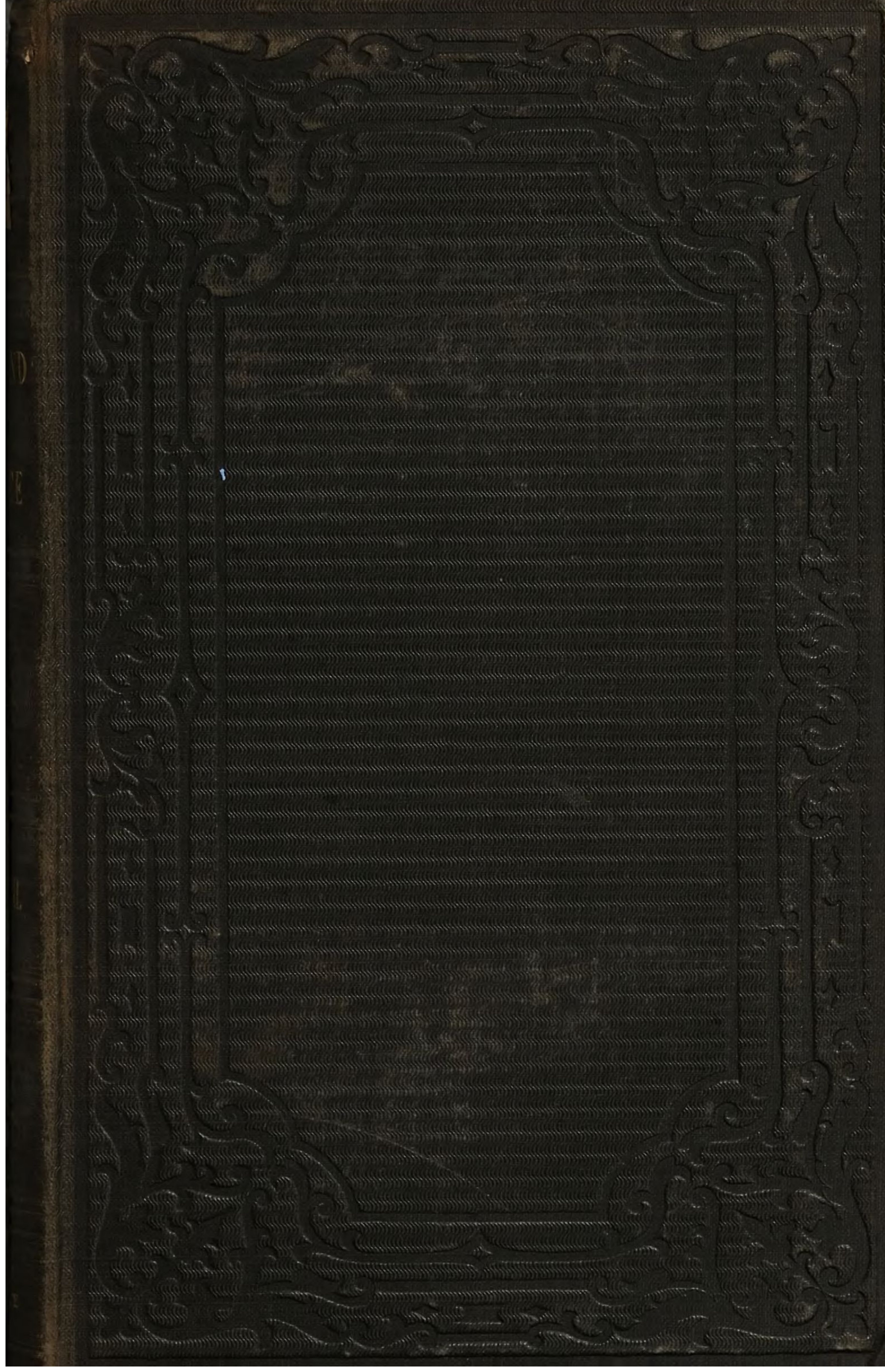




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A COMPARATIVE VIEW
OF
SOCIAL LIFE
IN
ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

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VOL. II.

A COMPARATIVE VIEW

LONDON:

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ENGLAND AND FRANCE

VOL. II

A COMPARATIVE VIEW
OF
SOCIAL LIFE
IN
ENGLAND AND FRANCE,

FROM THE RESTORATION OF CHARLES THE SECOND
TO THE PRESENT TIME.

BY THE EDITOR OF
MADAME DU DEFFAND'S LETTERS.

TO WHICH ARE NOW FIRST ADDED,
THE LIVES OF THE MARQUISE DU DEFFAND AND
OF RACHAEL LADY RUSSELL—FASHIONABLE
FRIENDS, A COMEDY, &c.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

A NEW EDITION.
IN TWO VOLUMES.

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LONDON:
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1844.

A COMPARATIVE VIEW

SOCIAL LIFE

ENGLAND AND FRANCE

FROM THE PERSPECTIVE OF CHARLES DARWIN
TO THE PRESENT DAY



THE LIFE OF THE PEOPLE IN ENGLAND AND
FRANCE, AS SEEN BY CHARLES DARWIN
AND HIS SUCCESSORS

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

A NEW EDITION

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I.

LONDON:

NEW AND REVISED EDITION, WITH
A NEW INTRODUCTION BY THE AUTHOR

1884

ORIGINAL PREFACE

TO THE

SECOND VOLUME.

THE vast and important changes which have taken place, and the new direction given by them to the political and social existence of Europe during the last forty years, will occupy the pen of future historians, and afford matter of deep interest to future philosophers.

The attempt made in the following Pages by a contemporary, to give an idea of the general colouring of Social Life in England and France during this period, is the sequel of a volume published nearly three years ago, under the title of "A Comparative View of the Social Life of England and France, from the Restoration of Charles the Second to the French Revolution."

On a nearer approach to our own times the same subject might become more attractive, as the facts

are more familiar, and the associations they suggest are more immediately interesting. But on the other hand it must be owned, that an endeavour to avoid suspected partialities, a fear of offending feelings, or of producing impatience by details of too recent, or too familiar circumstances, create difficulties in the execution of this attempt, which the Author can hardly hope to have entirely surmounted.

London, 15th March, 1831.

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COMPARATIVE VIEW.

CHAPTER I.

STATE OF SOCIETY IN ENGLAND AT THE PERIOD OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION—CHARACTER OF LUCIA, HER POLITICAL INFLUENCE—THE PRINCE OF WALES, HIS BRILLIANT YOUTH AND EFFECT IN SOCIETY—HORACE WALPOLE HAD MADE LITERARY AMUSEMENTS FASHIONABLE—CONSEQUENCES OF THE IMPOSSIBILITY OF FOREIGN TRAVEL, FROM THE CONVULSED STATE OF EUROPE, ON THE YOUTH OF ENGLAND—FINANCIAL DIFFICULTIES OF ENGLAND—THE INCOME TAX—INCREASE OF PRICES, AND DEPRECIATION OF MONEY—THEIR EFFECTS ON SOCIETY IN GENERAL.

BEFORE the rapid and alarming progress of the French revolution had swept away every minor interest in its vast career, the rivalry of Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox, on several important questions of internal policy, had roused a party spirit in England, and produced political divisions in society, which had slumbered since the days of Queen Anne. The social world of London was split into two parties who, to avoid unpleasant collisions, seldom met but

in great assemblies ; where those who had violently attacked each other in the House of Commons half an hour before, could pass their adversaries with only a civil bow. The houses then were few, where, as in our calmer or more calculating times, all parties could unite in the pursuit of amusement.

In recording particulars of the social life of England about this period, a female character, whom the reader must receive under the name of Lucia, cannot be omitted—placed as she was, by acclamation, on the throne of fashion, possessed of so many qualities which designated her for such a sovereignty, and so many which raised her superior to it.

Lucia appeared in the world before she was seventeen, in a situation pre-eminent in rank, in fortune, and in consequence. Nature had admirably assimilated her person and features to her mind and character. With the bloom of Hebe, and the air of Euphrosyne, she united to the wild spirits of youth and innocence a heart overflowing with every virtuous affection, a mind capable of every cultivation, and an ardent admiration of every excellence.

Thus adorned, and thus endowed, she dawned on society at the moment when (as we have before observed) the national prosperity of England had a marked effect on the social habits of society. Every eye followed her, every heart beat at her approach ; selfishness forgot itself in her presence, and avarice became liberal while under her influence ; her every wish was anticipated, and her wishes were those of benevolence and intelligence. Thus surrounded by a flattering world, no wonder its illusions sometimes succeeded in carrying her benevolence beyond the

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limits of prudence, and sometimes in deceiving her intelligence in the choice of her associates: but they remained inefficient when attacking her unalterable love of truth—her admiration of genius—her protection of talents—and her appreciation of every thing that was really good and great in her age, in her country, and in human nature. Her habitual society consisted of all those distinguished for wit, for talents, for intellect, and for situation. Her suppers were blamed only by those who were not admitted to them—by those who knew not that her good taste, as well as her principles, permitted no unbecoming levity on any subject, for the improper discussion of which neither wit nor rank were deemed an excuse; and that the tone of her society was as perfectly proper, as if it had consisted of the dullest individuals who took upon them to censure her.

A young and brilliant Prince now animated society by his popular manners, his love of pleasure, and his taste for magnificence. Endowed by nature with every personal advantage, and possessed, in an eminent degree, of all the charms, as well as all the advantages of youth, an education ill suited to his situation and prospects, and whose restrictions were enforced too long, sufficiently apologised for an immoderate pursuit of pleasure on his first emancipation. His generous sentiments, his social qualities, the warmth of his private friendships, and the liberality of his political opinions, conciliated all voices in his praise, and excited all hopes in the promise of his maturer years. How he fulfilled the expectations of his country, and justified the opinions of his early friends, it is for the pen of History

to record. To our work belongs only to recall his brilliant youth—the *éclat* of his fêtes—the popularity of his character, and its effects on the society in which he lived. Many circumstances associated him with Lucia: the same love of gaiety and dissipation—the same taste for magnificence—the same political sentiments and friendships. Their intimacy was an honour to both. He treated her on the footing of a beloved and trusted sister; assuming no distinctions but those acquired by his amiability, nor exercising any exemption from the general tone of her society.

The Court of the Heir Apparent was no less socially than politically in opposition to the ministry of the day. The gay, the lively, the fashionable, were marshalled on the one side, against power, place, and preferment on the other. Wit, as well as beauty, shone in the ranks of opposition. The mistakes, the peculiarities, and the ridicules of the ministry and their adherents—the amusements and society of the old Court were commented on in verses, the admirable wit and classical allusions of which might well have adorned more permanently interesting subjects. Horace Walpole had some years before introduced literary pursuits into the best company, and had led the way in familiarising and making fashionable a taste for the Fine Arts, which had almost ceased to exist during the reign of the two first Georges. Mr. Walpole's writings exhibited, for the first time, the lively language and views of a man of the world applied to dry subjects. He succeeded in inspiring a curiosity about artists, as well as about their works, and in interesting the vanity of his own caste in the literary merits of

their ancestors. "The Castle of Otranto," and "The Mysterious Mother," which a celebrated English genius* has called "the first of our romances, and the last of our tragedies," proved that antiquarian research, and historical disquisitions, were compatible with the liveliest imagination—with a conversation as singularly brilliant as it was original—and with epistolary talents which have shown our language capable of all the grace and all the charms of the French of Madame de Sévigné. But the pen of the author is arrested by a fear, that suspected partiality should destroy confidence in this cursory mention of the character and of the accomplishments of a friend, so intimately known, so highly valued, and so deeply regretted.

The magnificent fêtes of the Prince, of which Lucia was sometimes the object, always the chief ornament,—the splendid diversions in which she was often the leader, were in fact all equally unnecessary to interest and amuse her unsophisticated mind. Those who saw her in the calm of the country, surrounded by her adoring children, and occupied with the various resources of her cultivated taste,—who witnessed the expression of all the warm and noble affections of her heart,—*they* best knew how to appreciate the real value of a character, which, unlike most others, was mistaken only by those who were determined to resist being captivated by it. That such a being paid the debt of suffering, too surely exacted from human nature, none can doubt. That she was removed from these sufferings before age had attacked her feelings, or

* Lord Byron.

weakened the feelings which she inspired—those who thought the most highly of her, perhaps, the least regretted; although to *them* her loss has remained irreparable, her place unfilled, her charms unrivalled, her remembrance indelible.

The family to which Lucia belonged being one of those considered as at the head of the Whig interest, the situation in which she was placed, seconded by the charms of her character and person, gave her a party influence rarely before exercised by any woman in England. An enthusiast in the character of Mr. Fox, she was attached to his political principles by reason and by habit; and to his individual character, by a taste for all his accomplishments, and an indulgence for all his errors.

The success of a popular election, against the utmost efforts of a ministry, in a moment of great party violence, Mr. Fox owed entirely to the popularity, and to the irresistible attractions of Lucia. The triumph was at the moment great—was decisive—was intoxicating—was what no other woman had before effected on so great a theatre as the metropolis. It was hailed by the one party, as a proof of the powers of her character and of her fascination; and blamed by the other, as an improper and indelicate abuse of both.

Better reasons may surely be given, than any that were then alleged on either side, against English women seeking political interference or distinction. When Lucia, with all her powers and all her means exerted to the utmost, only succeeded in carrying *one* election for the House of Commons; poor must be the ambition of that woman, who, conscious of superior abilities, would willingly risk their exertions

and their defeat, with no hope of more important consequences! Let the political influence of women in England be exerted in the much more dignified and more efficient line of confirming and encouraging their husbands and brothers in every independent sentiment, and instilling into their children every liberal idea; in soothing and obliterating the asperities of party feeling; in watching over the interests of those whose time is devoted to the interests of their country; in being their faithful friends, and incorruptible counsellors,—fitting themselves, by the cultivation of their minds, and by all the graces and all the accomplishments of their sex, to aid, adorn, and give effect to any situation which their immediate connexions may be called to fill. “*Hæ tibi erunt artes.*” Let the rest be left to those whose minds are incapable of appreciating the real importance and appropriate distinction of their sex—who are satisfied with hearing themselves speak on subjects which their ignorance prevents them from being aware how little they understand—and who, like the fly on the wheel, believe they are aiding exertions, which their insignificance (unlike the fly) does not always prevent them from impeding.

Among the many evils arising to England from the disastrous state in which the French Revolution had placed Europe, must be reckoned its influence on the character of our youth, by debarring them from all power of seeing various modes of social life, or living in any society but that of their own country.

Foreign travel, however incapable of supplying the wants of a neglected education, must surely be considered as particularly necessary to the develop-

ment of mind, in the inhabitants of an island. It is the more so, perhaps, to those of Great Britain, from a certain reserve and uncommunicativeness of character, partly proceeding from peculiarities of organisation beyond our ken, and partly from a high appreciation of the political advantages to which they are born. So strongly are these impressed on every mind called into activity by cultivation, that it has been justly remarked, few Englishmen can bear an uninterrupted existence of many years in their own country, without acquiring a certain rust of prejudices, essentially detrimental to general superiority of character.

Little good could be effected by sending our young men, when they left their schools and colleges, to a country occupied, or a metropolis defended, by a British army; where they lived as they did at home, but in worse and more idle society; encouraging each other in false ideas, which they had no means to correct, and in bad habits, which they had no opportunity to improve. Many of the most distinguished young men of that day bore the marks of an irreparable deficiency in their education. Those of lively parts, of highly cultivated minds, of much ambition, and a strong desire of distinction, had a certain lounging, careless ease about their manners, which proved that they satisfied their own ideas of what those manners should be, when in fact they had no manners at all;—a professed indulgence in every gratification;—a study of little personal comforts, which more varied habits of life would have made them find unnecessary, and a more general acquaintance with the world ungraceful;—a total absence of that appearance of

interest in the pleasures and conveniences of others, which can alone interest others in theirs;—a neglect of all general courtesy to women, of all those little friendly acts of protection, so becoming in the one sex, and so captivating to the other—attentions which the most manly and superior characters will always be found the first to bestow. Had our young men seen more of the world, however trifling, or however perverse it might have appeared to them, they would have been ashamed of what might be called the *homeliness* of their manners; their ideas of an accomplished gentleman would have been more just, and their attempts at the character more successful. The sneers, which they were apt to bestow liberally on the little peculiarities and mistakes of others, would then not have been due to themselves from the more enlarged minds and better manners which theirs offended. Nor were these manners confined to the young men of high rank, or heirs to great estates, whom we may suppose to have been confirmed in their ignorance and neglect of others by the attentions of the women who wished to marry them, or by the flattery of the men who hoped to live on them. Even those whose success in life depended on pleasing, and whose birth and situation, in any other country, would have taught them the necessity of it—those whose talents and whose wit was to be their only passport to the society they sought, professed the same super-eminent love of indulgence, and the same necessity of personal comforts and gratifications. Their conversation and social powers partook of all the evils attending the contracted sphere of their ideas and observation.

A ludicrous image of some familiar object, or the ridicule of some little national peculiarity, was all they attempted. Luckily their talents and their taste, such as they were, suited for the most part those of their audience; which (as Champfort has justly observed) forms the success of half the books and of half the characters in the world. Their own ignorance happily secured them from being aware of the light in which they were considered by those whose character and manners had not suffered under the same disadvantages as their own.

The causes which are here enumerated, as having been essentially disadvantageous to the young and the idle, were acting in an opposite sense on our military population, and on all those actively employed in the public service. Our navy not only acquired new fame by their unexampled exploits, but its leaders, and indeed the whole corps of its commanding officers, were often called upon, from the nature of their distant service, to take active political measures, and decided steps, on a variety of occasions, which could neither be foreseen in their orders, nor provided for by their Government. In the course of their long warfare in all quarters of the globe, they were often obliged to act as Ambassadors in foreign Courts—to protect, in their military capacity, the persons of Princes—to represent their Sovereign, on many occasions of ceremony—and to meet and treat with statesmen hardened in the ways of the world; thus opposing the frank and downright character of a British seaman to all the arts of Courts, and all the tricks of diplomacy.

From this severe but efficient school arose characters, as refined in their manners, as accomplished

in their minds, as generally well-informed of the great interests of Europe, as they were unrivalled in the knowledge and conduct of their arduous profession. The political subterfuges of their enemies often fell as harmless on their unsophisticated understandings, as the billows of the ocean on the planks of their ships. Thus a Maitland, when the great culprit of Europe most unexpectedly sought his protection, received him with every respect due to his genius and to his misfortunes, but with such a clear and frank declaration of the terms on which that reception could alone take place, as defied all the arts of prevarication and finesse to mistake. From this school, too, arose a Collingwood, who, in spite of age, of impaired health, and of fond attachment to domestic life, pertinaciously kept the sea for more than three uninterrupted years after the death of the immortal Nelson, and maintained the sovereignty of the Mediterranean for his country. His Life and Letters have since proved that his understanding was not less acute and intelligent, nor his political views less sound, than his arm had been efficient in every combat in which he was engaged. A crowd of other names attached to brilliant achievements here force themselves on the remembrance. The author has selected these two only, as having been accidentally thrown into remarkable situations, the difficulties of which did not naturally arise from their profession, and consequently for which they might have been supposed ill-prepared.

The army, since the inglorious end of the inglorious war against American independence, had been considered as a resource for those who had no pecuniary means of choosing another way of life; an idle

occupation for the idly disposed in the beginning of their career, to be abandoned in maturer years, not as a permanent profession, to be pursued at the peril of life, and the sacrifice of ease and personal indulgence. The long duration of the revolutionary war with France; the continental nations having fallen successively under her dominion; the threats of invasion; the absolute necessity of calling forth all the powers of the country in its own defence; and, above all, the great military characters which at last arose in its ranks, infused a new spirit into our youth, and opened visions of glory and distinction to their view. Their opposition in arms with other nations, more habitually military than themselves; their long warfare in the Peninsula, which was for some time more distinguished for obstinate valour than for conquest; prepared them for the brilliant career of the great Captain, who led them from repeated victories to the memorable combat which sealed for ever their reputation, his own glory, and the independence of Europe.

In the progress of all these combined circumstances, the military profession in England assumed a new character. An appropriate education and studies were found necessary to distinction in it. The severe service in which every corps of the army had partaken, in which the Guards, previously quartered, for the most part, in the metropolis, had particularly distinguished themselves both by discipline and by valour, proved the life of a soldier to be no longer a retreat for the idle, but a profession to be actively cultivated and unweariedly pursued.

The gigantic but ill-directed financial exertions of England, in her repeated unsuccessful coalitions

against France, during the first twelve years of the revolutionary war, was felt in every fibre of the social body.

The imposition of the income tax was odious to the nation, although to the unassisted eye of reason it appears the fairest mode of taxation that can be adopted, when the sacrifice of the tenth part of the income of a nation becomes unfortunately necessary to save the rest; it laid open the affairs of every one, in a manner peculiarly obnoxious to English habits. The whole system of our commercial prosperity being grounded on credit, much aversion exists to exposing the individual foundation on which it rests. This has given to all Englishmen habits of reserve on the subject of their financial means, habits often leading to very false estimations of character; the rich always being thought much richer than they are, and consequently often stigmatised with want of liberality; and the possessors of smaller fortunes, by the same miscalculation, arraigned for extravagance, of which they are, in fact, not guilty.

The operation of the income tax discovered many curious sources of unexpected wealth, and laid open many still more curious traits of national character in the acquirement and in the use of it. Persons trafficking in stalls, or small shops, actuated by that strict sense of honesty which had probably been the foundation of their success, gave in incomes of £4000 and £5000 a year; and paid, with scrupulous exactness of calculation to Government, yearly sums four times greater than any they had ever expended on themselves. The same inquisitorial process injured many brilliant commercial reputations, and

stopped many in a dangerously rapid pursuit of fortune. In general, the whole body of retail dealers, who, contrary to the ideas and habits of other countries, had been accustomed to see every additional tax, and the weight of all public burdens, fall on their customers, and not on themselves, endured, with less patience than any other order of people, the privation of indulgencies to which they had been accustomed themselves. They, therefore, so increased the price of every article of their commerce, as at once to secure to themselves the same indulgencies and the same profits; thus eluding all contribution to the public necessities, at the expense of the consumers. The immense influx of paper money, from the year 1797, having raised the nominal price of every thing, and the spirit of our Government being adverse to all interference with internal policy, allowed this manœuvre of the retail dealers to pass unnoticed. It is to these times that must be referred the great demoralisation, on the score of fair-dealing with their employers, which has taken place in this whole order of people. The large fortunes acquired in the public funds, the improvident expenditure necessarily entailed by war, and the carelessness of those who profited by it, allowed of a sort of reciprocity in the imposition of exorbitant charges, which has been since established into a regular system, instead of having ceased with the disastrous times which gave it birth.

The equality of political rights seemed to bestow an equality of rights to every indulgence of expense; a degree of fortune, something like opulence in any other country, being absolutely necessary to a social existence in England. This rivalry in luxury was by

no means favourable to the interests of society. As nobody chose to give a worse dinner than their neighbour, many a social meal was prevented among those endowed with every power to enliven them, and many a dull dinner, with all its expensive accompaniments, devoured at the table of a still duller host, by those, who would have fled from the infliction of the same society if offered with a mutton chop. Many a tattered reputation was pieced together on the reputation of their cook, and airs of superiority claimed and allowed on the same flattering and respectable pretensions.

Meanwhile, our navy supported the honour of our country, and our commerce its means of existence. Our triumphs on the sea equalled those of the common enemy on the land. In spite of every arbitrary measure which despotism could dictate, and violence enforce,—in spite of blockades and restrictions,—our commerce and our manufactures contrived to alleviate, in some degree, the evils of war to all those engaged in it, and to supply the means of defence to ourselves.

It was, perhaps, well for Europe that the intellect of Buonaparte on commercial subjects, and on all great views of political economy, was remarkably deficient. One of the most enlightened persons employed by him in these matters, and his devoted advocate and admirer,* assured the author, that he had had difficulty to make him comprehend even the axioms which lay on the surface of these subjects, and gave, as an instance, his never having been able to convince him that gold and silver could have any

* M. Rœderer.

real value whatsoever but as a token of exchange ; adding, that had his understanding been as deep, and his views as clear, on these subjects as on all others, he would certainly have possessed one of the greatest intellects ever called to the government of men.

Whatever may be thought of this opinion, it is certain that Buonaparte, against his intentions, has been the means of affording to future ages the most decisive and incontrovertible proof of what may be effected by civil liberty,—by a Representative Government interesting all orders in the state of its preservation ; for we may be well assured, that after all the errors, and all the failures, and all the mistakes of the moment are forgotten, England having defended herself single-handed against Europe, united under *such* an adversary, will be held up to the latest posterity as a bright example to other states, who must endeavour, by securing the same means of defence, to secure their permanent independence.

CHAPTER II.

PRESSURE OF THE PUBLIC BURDENS NECESSITATING ECONOMY IN EVERY ORDER OF THE STATE—ITS EFFECTS ADVANTAGEOUS TO SOCIETY—STATE OF THE NATIONAL THEATRE FROM THE DEATH OF GARRICK—MRS. SIDDONS—KEMBLE—EFFECTS OF THEIR TALENTS AND THEIR PERSONAL CHARACTER ON THE PUBLIC AND ON THEIR PROFESSION—SLOW PROGRESS OF TASTE IN ENGLAND—PROFESSORS OF THE FINE ARTS NOT ADMITTED INTO COMPANY TILL LATE IN THE REIGN OF GEORGE III—BURKE'S ESSAY ON THE SUBLIME AND BEAUTIFUL—MR. PAYNE KNIGHT—MR. PRICE—SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT—TRAVELLERS TO GREECE—LORD BYRON—JOANNA BAILLIE—DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENTS NEGLECTED PREVIOUS TO THE FALL OF BUONAPARTE—CONDUCT AND SENTIMENTS OF ENGLAND AT THIS TIME.

ONE of the great constitutional advantages of England being that of having no marked and indelible line of separation between the different orders of the state; all her citizens having it equally in their power, by industry, by activity, and by intellect, to rise upwards in the scale; the pressure of the public burdens, during this period, and the depreciation of money, fell peculiarly hard on those who, having achieved a step in the hierarchy of society, found

themselves by their increased expenses, and their stationary means, thrown back to the situation from whence they had risen, or at least quite unable to secure to their children their acquired station in life. Many of those whose birth entitled them to every indulgence of affluence, found themselves cruelly straitened by the public calls on their property. All those living on annuities, or fixed salaries, who had every thing to purchase and nothing to sell, were every succeeding year deprived of some accustomed comfort. Instances of economy, unknown before in the classes adopting them, were professed and boasted of; many of these remain permanent habits, for the practice of which every one is the better, now that the occasion is forgotten. Few of the great landed proprietors could afford to occupy their residences in the country, accompanied by all the expenses, and all the largesses which were expected to surround them. The public places of summer resort were filled with persons who left palaces in their counties, to occupy crowded and inconvenient lodgings at Tunbridge or at Brighton, not from preference, but from poverty; many of their inmates generously preferring a suppression of the enjoyments of their own country houses, to that of the charities they had been in the habit of distributing there. Others gave up their annual visit to London, and let, or endeavoured to part with, their houses in town; but the purchasers were so few, that the only chance of lessening the charge of a house, not inhabited by its owner, was letting it furnished; and from this time only, dates the now universal custom, even among opulent individuals, of letting their unoccupied houses in London. To this period likewise, namely, to that of the

heavy taxation caused by the war, may be referred the great families of England getting rid of a crowd of useless retainers, unnecessary carriages, unemployed sets of horses, and all those appendages of riches, which, without contributing to the comforts or luxuries of their owners, were formerly considered as part of *the state* of an English nobleman. Such things still exist among the great of other countries, but in England they are extinct. From the moment that servants, carriages, horses, &c. became objects of taxation, every one began to consider with how many he could dispense ; and nobody has retained a greater number than (considering his situation in life) he can fairly make use of. Such limitations have caused establishments in general to be better appointed than they were in the days of our ancestors, when numbers were the principal criterion of magnificence.

The same necessary retrenchments in the scale of expense became evident in the diminished number of costly entertainments, of public breakfasts, of balls accompanied by suppers, which none but the rich could give, and none but the great had hitherto thought of giving. Riches, however, accumulating in the commercial and manufacturing orders of the State, the great were soon imitated and rivalled by those whose wealth was more independent of the situation of the country ; and which, in many instances, was augmented by it ; the whole commerce of Europe, by the distraction of the times, having been forced into our hands. These persons now came forward in society. To the young and dissipated they offered entertainments they could no longer afford themselves, for no other remuneration than the honour

of receiving them in their houses, and being in return admitted into their society. They succeeded in obtaining the first part of the reward with a facility not honourable to those who were so little willing to grant them the second. Hence arose fêtes and entertainments, where the masters of the house were strangers to three-fourths of the company, who were all invited by some fashionable friend, willing thus to give a ball to her *own* acquaintance at the expense of her complaisant protégée. Strange mistakes sometimes took place at these meetings, from the ignorance of the guests of the person of their host, and demands for refreshments made in a tone of authority to him who paid for them, mistaken and addressed as the individual hired to administer them.

But the more refined and better thinking part of society soon found that the crowded meetings, and expensive entertainments, which economy had at first made them relinquish, were, in fact, far from contributing to the cultivation of society; that, on the contrary, they incapacitated those constantly frequenting them from any power of enjoyment in smaller circles, while the constant frequenters of these crowds were all reduced to the same undistinguished level of abilities. General invitations were, therefore, left to a few great houses, whose space admitted of a thousand or fifteen hundred guests without internal inconvenience, and whose owners preferred thus acknowledging an acquaintance, and paying wholesale a debt of civility, to retailing out their time, and individualising their attentions to half the town. All those who, in imitation of their superiors, had hitherto crammed

small houses half a dozen times a year with as many card-tables, and with more people than they could hold, *now* affected to despise card-players, to hate great assemblies, and to talk of nothing but the charms of small parties, and of conversation; although the previous habits of few, at this time, had qualified them for the real enjoyment of either. A few years afterwards, a public meeting for dancing was established, which, although originating in necessary economy, by the good taste and by the popularity of its institutors and directresses, soon rose to distinction and celebrity. An admission to it became a sort of necessary licence to practise in the best company, while its expense was not the tenth part of any former fêtes prepared for the same society, and the price of admission too low to exclude the most attenuated finances. All those who thought that by their own former entertainments they had purchased the freedom of the company to which they were ambitious to belong, now found themselves cruelly thrown out: for in a country where no bar exists between any order of society, exclusions, like blockades, will inevitably take place, whenever the power of any portion of individuals is sufficient to enforce the one, or to establish the other. Thus, parties in our society, like parties in our political State, will always exist, and will serve, in both instances, to keep the ruling powers in order, and to animate the exertions and cultivate the talents of those who have hopes of one day succeeding to their distinction.

The stage, and a taste for dramatic entertainments, had declined in England since the death

of Garrick, in 1779. This great actor had been equally distinguished in both walks of the drama; equally excellent in the expression of the sublime conceptions of Shakspeare, in the representation of the humourists and originals of Ben Jonson, or in catching up and embodying every evanescent fashion of the day. By his social liveliness and wit, his agreeable manners and respectable conduct, he had been received a welcome guest in the best company. As a dramatic writer, his pieces, although not of the first order of comedy, yet assisted by his own acting, and by his consummate knowledge of the theatre, raised him to consideration in the ranks of literature. By his prudence and good conduct he became the proprietor of the first theatre in the metropolis, and acquired an opulence, of which he made an honourable use. In his villa at Hampton, and at his house in the Adelphi, he received not only the best company of his own country, but all distinguished foreigners, who sought his acquaintance with eagerness from the fame of his talents, and to whom his social existence was then a matter of curiosity.

After his death, the first event which reanimated the theatre over which he presided was the success of the comedies of Sheridan, and particularly the remarkable popularity of the "School for Scandal," first exhibited when its author was already a political character, and an admired speaker in the House of Commons. This piece rallied back, not only the enlightened public, but the world of fashion, to the national theatre; encouraged men of the world to attempt dramatic composition; and produced some good comedies of character, which,

if they had not much of the wit of their great comic predecessors, had at least none of their coarseness. General Burgoyne's "*Heiress*" was a faithful transcript of the manners of the day, and served for ever to stamp the fame of the *first*, and hitherto of the *last*, actress* in the highest walk of comedy, who has adorned the English stage since the days of Colley Cibber.

Mr. Walpole's "*Mysterious Mother*," although not published, was already in the hands of many; and, in spite of the unfortunate choice of subject, which for ever precluded representation, had astonished by its terrible conception, vigorous verses, and forcible effect.

Theatrical entertainments, and the encouragement and protection of theatrical talents, now became a fashion, and an interest in the first society in London. The plays acted by a part of that society at the Duke of Richmond's in 1785 and 1786 were at once an effect and a cause of this fashion. The first artists were employed to decorate the little theatre, constructed in the dining-room of Richmond House, at Whitehall.† Persons not less distinguished by their talents, than by their birth and situation, filled the parts. Mrs. Siddons and Miss Farren, no unworthy representatives of the Tragic and Comic Muse, assisted at these performances; and such was the interest taken in them, and such the eagerness to be admitted to them, that a motion in the House of Commons was actually postponed, to allow Mr. Pitt (then the first Minister) to be present at one of the representations.

* Miss Farren, afterwards Countess of Derby.

† Afterwards consumed by fire.

A far more essential cause of permanent illustration to dramatic art in England was already in activity. The great female tragedian, who was destined to raise to an unexampled height not only her own fame, but to establish on a new basis that of her profession, who had appeared in early youth, unnoticed, in some subaltern parts before the death of Garrick, — Mrs. Siddons, — now burst on the London world in the full bloom of her beauty, the full force of her feelings, and the full exercise of her excellent understanding and taste. The effect was marvellous. All orders of society bowed to the impression made on feelings common to their nature. All public entertainments became insipid in comparison of the scenes of Shakspeare, represented by such a form, animated by such expression, and interpreted by such a judgment. Fashion, and the contagious feelings of great crowds, so exalted those of the female world, that few representations took place without interruption, from the uncontrolled emotion of some of the audience obliging them to leave the theatre.

The Universities, and all the distinguished clubs of London, offered her, by deputation, the homage of their united admiration of her conduct and of her talents ; often accompanied by more essential marks of their favour, in a common purse, presented as some remuneration for the pleasure received from her art.

The endowments of her brother, who had profited by a college education intended to have fitted him for a learned profession, gave him great advantages in that which an irresistible impulse led him to adopt, guided him in effecting many necessary and important improvements in the costume and arrangements

of the theatre, qualified him for an accurate critic in theatrical language and literature, and soon made him the companion and intimate of all the contemporary men of letters who were at all interested in the drama.

The professional excellence of this accomplished brother and sister, when acting together, and sometimes representing characters where their strong family resemblance heightened the illusion, will be long remembered by all those who had the advantage of seeing, in the zenith of their powers both moral and physical, their unequalled representations of the immortal dramas of Shakspeare.

All the best tragedies of the English theatre received a new lustre by their means, and many acquired a celebrity which they hardly merited, from the interest lent them in representation. Thus, while their great talents, joined to remarkable personal beauty, gave a new vogue to the theatre, and recalled all the world to dramatic entertainments, the propriety of their conduct, and the respectability of their private characters, placed their profession on a footing which it had never before attained either in our own, or any other country. All the first company in London, as regarded rank, talents, or situation, opened their doors to them. They were received on a footing of equality and of respect due to their accomplishments, and which the unaltered propriety of their manners amply justified. The suppers given by Kemble were frequented and sought after by all who were distinguished in society, as well as by all who pretended either to wit, or talents, or even to their due appreciation.

The personal consideration thus acquired by irre-

proachable conduct and honourable bearing insensibly raised the tone of feeling throughout the whole profession. Purity of conduct was no longer considered as incompatible with it. The stage ceased to be either the school or the refuge of female profligacy. Men of better education and prospects adopted a profession which no longer led necessarily into bad company.

These advantages,—and advantages they certainly were of no mean description, as having led the way to honourable distinction, are entirely owing, or at least entirely originated with the influence and the example of the family of Kemble, which in all its branches connected with the theatre, has exhibited a rare union of talents and of worth.

An inconvenience has been said to arise, from having thus removed all stigma from the character, and destroyed all prejudices against the profession of persons, otherwise likely, from their talents, to be endued with great powers of captivation,—the increased number of unequal marriages which have since been contracted with actresses. But this, it must be allowed, argues at least as great an improvement on the one side, as any dereliction of noble sentiments on the other. Indeed, before the time here alluded to, much laxity of moral conduct and sentiments had prevailed among the professors of the fine arts, and among those artists in any way connected with the ornamental luxuries of society.

The unvarnished etiquette, and German homeliness of the Courts of the two first Georges, having followed immediately on the dulness of Anne and the unsociable moroseness of William, had materially influenced and retarded the progress of any taste for

the fine arts in England; or any desire of those elegant luxuries of private life, to which the arts contribute, and which alone, when combined with them, give a zest and a variety to the indulgences of wealth.

The first persons who interested themselves on these subjects, and showed themselves sensible to domestic improvements, had, almost all, either from accident or necessity, lived much out of their own country, and had brought back with them a taste for certain habits of life to which they had been accustomed elsewhere. Any adoption of these habits was stigmatised by all intolerant lovers of their own country, who sturdily withstood every thing leading to a supposition that either comfort or merit could exist out of its precincts. Coarse, plain, uncompromising manners were received as the type of good principles and of integrity of conduct, and all refinements of taste as proofs of corruption of morals. The smallest innovations in domestic arrangements were looked on with an evil eye, as to the independent character of such as adopted them.

No man intending to stand for his county, or desirous of being popular in it, would have permitted his table at his country-house to be served with three-pronged forks, or his ale to be presented but in a tankard, to which every mouth was successively to be applied. Sofas conveyed ideas of impropriety; and oaths, and every extra attention to cleanliness and purity of person, were habits by no means supposed to refer to superior purity of mind or manners. Evil to him whose constitution or sedentary habits prevented his following field sports. A taste for

music or painting, or any disposition to cultivate either, was enough to destroy a man's character among his country neighbours, or in his county club in London. He was set down for a *humourist* or a *fribble*, incapable and unworthy of the manly pleasures of wine and vulgar debauchery, in which his detractors indulged with perfect self-satisfaction, and much credit among their associates.

Except as a rendezvous for female profligacy, every thing that had to do with the theatre, or the public exhibition of any talent, was peculiarly obnoxious to the morality of these home-bred censors. Authors, actors, composers, singers, musicians, were all equally considered as profligate vagrants. Those whose good taste, or whose greater knowledge of the world, led them to make some exceptions, were implicated in the same moral category.

A very numerous body of people were thus excommunicated from all respectable society in their own class, as well as from that of the classes above them, without being rewarded, as they were in France, by fashion restoring them to the social consideration of which the institutions of their country deprived them. The lively feelings and excitable minds which a genius for the imitative arts almost necessarily supposes, remained thus in constant contact with other minds as excitable, and feelings as little under control, as their own. We can hardly wonder, therefore, at the lax education, and absence of all wholesome restraint, to which this whole class of persons were exposed. Of this a late biography furnishes a remarkable example, in recording details of the early youth

of two families both distinguished for talents ; the consequences of this want of control on their first steps in life, and the influence it maintained over the whole future existence of two of the most favoured individuals of those families, whose fate was united,* and whose extraordinary endowments soon raised them to every social distinction of which either were capable.

It was not till late in the reign of George III that sculptors, architects, and painters (with the single exception of Sir J. Reynolds) were received, and formed a part of the best and most chosen society of London. Three Scotch brothers, of the name of Adam (and of a family since distinguished both by worth and abilities in every order of the state,) after a long professional study of architecture in Italy, on their return to the exercise of their art in England, first applied the internal ornaments of the ancient apartments (then lately discovered at Rome and at Pompeii) to the decoration of London drawing-rooms. The application was bad ; the taste minute and faulty—calculated for no room larger than a bath, and that in a warm country, where all hangings and paper were to be avoided. But their substitution of the Greek fret, the honeysuckle, the husk, and other ornaments of graceful contour, instead of the non-

* Miss Linley, married to R. B. Sheridan. See the account of the circumstances attending their previous acquaintance in "Moore's Life of Sheridan." Miss Linley seems, on every occasion of her after-life, to have been almost equal in natural abilities, and superior in every quality of the heart, to her husband.

descript angular flourishes, which every thing susceptible of decoration, from a snuff-box to the front of a house, had hitherto indiscriminately shared, was an approach to something like truth. Burke's Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful, although faulty in its reasonings, and fanciful in their application, was marked by the enthusiastic mind of its author; and served to rouse, some years afterwards, a spirit of profound investigation into the principles of taste in all the imitative arts, and their application to the embellishment of social life.

The subject was taken up by persons whose education and habits of life and of reading, as well as their own existence in society, peculiarly fitted them for such inquiries. In their writings, it allowed them to establish a sort of *bill of rights* in taste, which it will be found difficult to improve, while it adapts itself to every wholesome liberty and innovation of original genius.

An amicable contention between Mr. Payne Knight and Mr. Uvedale Price, on the illusory powers of imagination, elicited, on both sides, proofs of great knowledge, as well as of much thought and combination, on the subjects they treated; while their friend Sir George Beaumont's candid mind and enthusiastic feelings were called forth in every walk of art, and were eager in the protection and encouragement of every rising excellence. As a landscape painter, "his own example strengthened all his laws." His works remain distinguished among those of professional artists; and the remembrance of his mind, his genius, and his character, among our strongest feelings for departed excellence.

From this time the principles of taste, on all subjects amenable to its laws, were sought, understood, and followed. As the political circumstances of the day precluded all access to Italy, our travellers and our artists poured into Greece, and there beheld at their source those models of art which the Romans had never equalled, and had often disfigured. The architecture (misnamed Gothic) was, meanwhile, studied and cultivated by artists at home, who soon convinced others, as well as themselves, that, when applied appropriately, it was capable of assuming every character of domestic purpose; was, of all other styles of building, the best suited to the habitations of a northern country and a bad climate; and lent itself to every graceful and picturesque combination with English landscape. Thus, we have since seen arise many magnificent castellated mansions; many additions made to humbler monastic remains, which, without any outward incongruities, possess every modern comfort of internal arrangement, and are peculiarly capable of every richness of ornament.

The common link which is said to unite all the fine arts* soon touched the lyre of Joanna Baillie and of Lord Byron, and amazed a busy and calculating world with bursts of original pathos and poetry, worthy of the more poetic ages of society, and recalling all the great models which had adorned them.

The Muse of the one possessed a strength and vigour of wing, which would have soared to any height, had it not been repressed and recalled to

* "Habent inter se quodam commune vinculum."

earth by foolish professions of profligacy, and a vain idea of rising above his age and his fellows, by treating as illusion and prejudice every thing the most real and stable in our moral existence. The other, born *a Poet* in the truest and most exalted sense of the word, from her sex, situation, and limited acquaintance with the world, and still more from a diffidence in her own vast powers, has not allowed them a sufficiently extensive field on which to exercise their magic. The retired nature and virtuous habits of women confine their observation of human life and passion within a much smaller circle than that always open to man. If Joanna Baillie, therefore, in her exquisitely portrayed characters of excellence and of virtuous feeling, sometimes betrays an unwillingness to step into the dominion of vice, and to encounter the storm of violent and degrading passions, Lord Byron by choice, and perhaps by his long preference for Eastern subjects, has also given a sameness to many of his heroes, and reduced all his heroines to one model. They are all fond females, clinging to a protector, without the smallest discrimination, or opinion, or even curiosity, as to the character or situation of the man to whom they are attached; and this with a baldness of sexual passion, which not all the author's delicate and admirable descriptions of their personal beauty can at all conceal. He never calls in the associations, sentiments, and feelings, founded on individual choice, admiration of excellence, and comparative merit. He equally neglects the combats between duty and love, in minds capable of appreciating the one, and of exalting the other from desire to passion; to say nothing of parental affec-

tion, and the yet more sublime, because more perfectly disinterested, sacrifices of friendship. He confines himself to paint women as the mere females of the human species, who, except that they share with man, "that paragon of animals," superior personal beauty, are described as little distinguished from the females of any other animals; inspire the same sort of blind and furious passion to those of the other sex; are treated with little more ceremony while together; and are left as easily, in quest of prey or of revenge.

Who but must regret to find Lord Byron's Muse thus fettered, instead of having taken advantage of subjects that would have opened an inexhaustible field to her various powers?—For who can doubt the variety of those powers, when reading the exquisite and exalted descriptive poetry scattered over all his works—always associating the scene he describes with the most invigorating sentiments of the human mind?

That he, who so felt and so described these sentiments, and all the power, and all the terror, of conscience and of memory on the spiritual being of man—that he should have doubted of that spiritual being, of which his own energetic verses must confirm the belief to his readers, and the feelings that dictated them ought to have assured himself—that he should have excluded himself from the most powerful source of the sublime, as well as from much of the beauties of sentiment—must astonish those the most, who the most admire the poetic heights he has attained without such aid.

During the long struggle of the revolutionary war, dramatic entertainments seemed to have again lost

much of their attraction. The great drama then acting in Europe superseded all imaginary interests, and rendered insignificant all fictitious adventures. The astonishing progress, elevation, and fall of the Conqueror, and the desperate chances which hung on his fortunes, exceeded all poetic fancy, and outstripped the imagination of romances.

From the continuance of a state of warfare, and its general and wide-spread consequences, the political events of Europe became a history, in whose pages almost every individual family found an episode, or a paragraph, connected with some of their nearest or dearest interests and affections. Almost every peasant had a loss to deplore, which served to inform him of some national victory, or national disaster, of which he might otherwise have remained happily ignorant.

But, in spite of public and private catastrophes—in spite of severe privations, severely felt by every order of the state, a dejected or despairing spirit was unknown. The measures of ministers were severely canvassed, and often warmly opposed, in the Councils of Parliament; but whenever the submission of other nations, or any circumstances connected with it, seemed to threaten our own national independence, one mind and one will rose against the yoke that had been imposed on continental Europe; all difference of party disappeared; and the veteran Grattan, long distinguished in political opposition to the conduct of the war, advocating its continuance after the failure of the negotiations at Chatillon, rather than submit to any unworthy sacrifice for peace—will ever remain a proof of that wholesome enthusiasm with which free institutions only can inspire liberal minds.

CHAPTER III.

CONDUCT OF BUONAPARTE TOWARDS ENGLAND ON HIS FIRST SEIZURE OF SUPREME POWER—THE EFFECTS OF THE CONQUERING ARMIES OF FRANCE ON THE SOCIAL EXISTENCE OF EUROPE—THE CHARACTER AND MERITS OF THOSE ARMIES—THE PEACE OF AMIENS—STATE OF SOCIETY IN PARIS AT THAT TIME—REMARKABLE ANOMALIES IN IT—THE POPULAR LITERATURE—THEATRES—DRESS—BUONAPARTE'S CONDUCT DURING THE ENSUING ELEVEN YEARS—ALTERED STATE OF SOCIETY WHEN CALLED TOGETHER UNDER THE IMPERIAL GOVERNMENT, IN THE UPPER ORDERS, AMONG THE TRADESPEOPLE, IN THE THEATRES—MADEMOISELLE CLAIRON—COLLÉ—MEMOIRS OF MADAME DU BARRI.

FRANCE, after being reduced to the lowest level both of morals and of manners, by the anarchical rule of a succession of demagogues, and by the yet more degrading profligacy, the disrespectable and disrespected power of the Directory,* seized hold, with eagerness and gratitude, of the strong arm held

* “ La politique obtuse de ce gouvernement entretenoit la lutte des partis. Le pouvoir suprême manquoit d'hommes assez forts pour être justes, et assez irréprochables pour ne craindre ni les Républicains purs, ni les Royalistes incorruptibles.”—*La Cour et la Ville*, vol. II. p. 592.

out to raise her from the abject state into which she felt herself fallen.

One of the first effects produced by the powerful and astute intellect of Buonaparte was the destruction of all respect for the English name and character. Hitherto the French nation, considering the English as their preceptors in politics, had treated their prejudices and their peculiarities with indulgence, and seemed only desirous of proving to them that they had far outstripped their masters, both in the theory and practice of civil liberty.

Buonaparte, wisely profiting by the self-admiration of a vain people, and by our first ill-directed combinations against the excesses into which they had been led, succeeded in putting the English name and nation out of fashion in Europe. Our peculiarities were dwelt on with harshness, our former pretensions laughed at, our national pride considered as intolerable insolence ; our policy was declared to be entirely selfish, our exertions confined to English objects only, and our faith called in question to allies who had not succeeded with our support. The very Princes we were subsidising, while their own national existence leagued them with England, were taught, as individuals, to laugh in their sleeves at the lavish hand with which those subsidies were bestowed, at their faulty organisation, and at our supposed reluctance to contribute, otherwise than by money, to the safety of the Continent.

Meanwhile the armies of France had traversed Europe. A system of pillage was too well managed for the advantage of the commanders, to be often profitable to the soldier. Triumph, and all its intoxicating consequences, followed their arms. The

French troops defiling before a victorious general, in all "the pomp, pride, and circumstance" of war, became often an exhilarating show to the thoughtless youth of the dull continental towns, which had slumbered for half a century under the quiet minutiae of German despotism, and the dull daily etiquette of some electoral Government. The young men of Italy were roused by the passage and by the presence of successive hosts of French officers, who disturbed the quiet of their evening lounge from the door of the café to the theatre, and who laughed at the daily airings of a corso, and the sleepy loves of a cicisbeo.

The young Italians were too happy to be offered a fine uniform and a plumed cap, and to be allowed to figure as hussars or lancers in the streets of their native cities, before they were marched off, with the command of some new-raised troops as ignorant as themselves, to swell the ranks of the Conqueror of Italy, to secure his interest in the families to which they belonged, and on the first occasion of danger to be sacrificed for the preservation of the veteran and more valuable troops of France. The younger branches of the same families were meanwhile enlisted in the service of the Conqueror's Court, and sent away to receive among his pages at Paris an education which certainly much surpassed any instruction they could have hoped for under the tuition of an *Abbate di casa* in the paternal mansion.

Thus, while Europe was losing all shadow of national individuality, and was in fact moulding into one unwieldy mass on which to erect a colossus of military despotism,—while its people were in turn

suffering all the privations, horrors, and devastation of war, and its Princes and Ministers making unavailing leagues, to secure a permanence to Governments which, in fact, but few of them deserved,—the social world—the general mind (if the expression may be allowed) of continental Europe adopted the opinions, the views, and the ideas of the triumphant party; thus unconsciously conspiring to seal the loss of her own independence; while her conqueror, with almost equal blindness, discerned not, in the means he was obliged to employ for her subversion, the future seeds of a regenerated existence.

Statesmen and politicians will probably look down with contempt on the supposed influence of causes so independent of their sphere of action, and generally so little considered by them. It is for the quiet, philosophic observer of human nature, and of the various impressions it is ever liable to receive in evil, as well as in good, justly to appreciate the effects here alluded to.

During the disreputable and inefficient government of the Directory, the whole active virtue of France took refuge in her armies. There the honour and the love of their country still warmed the heart and nerved the arm of those who had neither judgment nor perseverance, nor a sufficiently commanding intellect to arrest the ever-changing measures, and the exaggerated ideas, that disgraced the attempts made at the establishment of civil liberty.

In the armies still flourished every thing that honours and distinguishes the French character—brilliant valour, daring enterprise, unwearied spirits, and unmatched celerity, both of perception and of action. The genius of Buonaparte turned all these

national virtues to his own aggrandisement, and to the destruction of that freedom to which France had so mistaken the road. Nothing, perhaps, made his superior judgment in the art of governing men more evident than his first strides to power. These were always made by appearing to lead, to adopt, and to be guided by the popular impulse of the time, grounding the establishment of his dominion on national propensities and peculiarities of character.

The martial spirit inherent in the French nation had been exalted and sublimated into a passion for their country, which left far behind all their former devotion to the will of their Princes. Military habits and military honours, which had formerly been confined to their nobility, were rendered general among the people at large. These habits Buonaparte immediately encouraged and excited; and thus succeeded in as completely depreciating all peaceful employment of talents, time, or property, as ever Louis XIV had done during the most brilliant period of his reign.

Buonaparte, having gratified their vanity by a series of victories, led them triumphant from one capital of Europe to another. He thus served the double purpose of establishing his own military omnipotence, and blinding them to the spirit that was destroying every thing but the empty and exaggerated forms of a Republican Government at home. He then sought moments of temporary peace, to allow them to compare the state in which he had placed, to that in which he had found them, and to avail himself of their enthusiastic gratitude to forward his own progress to unlimited power. That neither he, nor the nation, were prepared for a per-

manent peace, he well knew. His desire of power increased (of course) with its possession, and his successful flattery of the foibles of the nation had turned its every virtue against itself. Distinctions of honour, he was aware, were as necessary to gratify those foibles as military glory. Sure of finding a responsive feeling in every bosom, he boldly stepped forward to restore and bestow hereditary honours, which they had themselves, with childish impatience, abolished not ten years before; sure of being allowed to seize on superior power himself, provided he gave them a chance of being assimilated to it, and even to place himself on a throne, the steps of which they were again to be allowed to occupy.

In the many visions in which he indulged in conversation with Las Cases at St. Helena, he gives an admirable account of his intentions, and of his system in the re-institution of hereditary honours and distinctions. His only mistake was, in supposing that any other result could arise from this system (while acted upon) than a military despotism, which might, and would, have overshadowed Europe with its baleful influence, without in any respect changing its nature by its extension.

Provoked at the unbending spirit of England, against the continued aggressions of his all-devouring ambition, and secure, in this instance as in every other, of the popular prejudices and vanities of France supporting his measures and falling into his arguments, he succeeded in representing the English Government as so far from capable of suggesting any thing politically good, that it had become a vile despotic oligarchy, uniting all the pride and all the prejudices of the old system of legitimacy and hereditary honours, with all the

meanness and all the self-interest ascribed to commercial habits. Writers were sent to England to misstate our institutions, and to misconstrue our laws ;* and the daily publications were full of sanctioned falsehoods, sometimes emanating from the pen of the master himself, whose style was always recognisable.

Unfortunately the efforts of England, however great, however meritorious, however persevering in the cause of European independence, were, for many years, so misdirected, that in the eyes of Europe the national character obtained not the credit it deserved. The Government, like many individuals supposed to possess inexhaustible riches, was flattered, deceived, pillaged, and ridiculed.

The peace of Amiens was necessary to both countries : in England, to convince the nation that its ministers desired peace ; and in France, to allow its dictator to prepare and to organise a more general and interminable war. The power of Buonaparte, which he had thought proper (like the Emperors of Rome) to possess under a consular title, was now undisputed and supreme. He thus allowed France to slip back into her old habits of obedience to arbitrary power, with a salvo to her conscience, and much gratification to her vanity.

When the two nations of England and France met in social intercourse, during the short interval of the peace of Amiens, after a twelve years' separation, they were surprised to find how much they had grown out of each other's acquaintance. But the curiosity of England was much more excited than that of her neighbour, as to all the alterations that

* Fiévée, and many others.

had taken place during their separation. In France, these alterations were indeed of no ordinary description, and were singularly interesting to the observer of social life and manners.

The exaggerated and impossible equality of the democratical republic of 1793—the profligate and degrading manners of the Directory—the newly acquired power and efforts of Buonaparte to establish a better order of social life—the remnant of the old nobility, who, intrenched in the recesses of the Faubourg St. Germain, had carefully preserved every prejudice, and (as has been justly observed) had neither forgotten nor learnt any thing; all these discordant elements, at the peace of Amiens, formed strange and irreconcilable discrepancies in society; while every party still believed its force so nearly poised, that all had hopes of reassuming the dominion they had successively lost. The republican forms of language, and its calendar, were still in use,—were still those of the Government, and of those employed by it. You were invited on a *Quintidi* of such a *Décade* of *Ventose*, or of *Prairial*, to a dinner, or an evening meeting; and you were received in an apartment which bore no mark of change from former monarchical days, excepting the company it contained;—the women in the half-naked costume of Directorial fashion, or the Grecian tuniques and Grecian coiffures of more recent days;—the men in civil uniforms of all sorts, and all colours of embroidery, with which the Directory (to separate themselves from the *bonnet rouge* and the *carmagnole* of the Republicans) had thought proper to decorate themselves and all those put in authority under them. Among these figured the brilliant military costumes of the conquering generals, who had

many of them risen from the ranks by merit which fitted them more for distinction on a field of battle than in a drawing-room: the manners of their previous life forsook them not in their peaceful capacity, and the habits of a guard-room followed them into the salons of Paris.

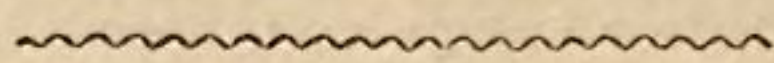
The popular literature of the day,—that which was meant as descriptive of manners, and consequently must receive its colour from them, proved the general moral degradation which had taken place. A traveller passing through Paris in the year 1802, at the beginning of a long journey, applied to a great and respectable bookseller for some trifling works to read on the road. Nearly a hundred volumes were immediately sent to choose out of; they were part of the novels, romances, and anecdotes of the last ten years. There was no time for selection, and the purchaser took at haphazard thirty or forty volumes of the most inviting titles. On examination they were found, with hardly an exception, to be such disgusting repetitions of the vilest profligacy, such unvaried pictures of the same disgraceful state of society and manners, without even the apology of wit or the veil of decency, that the traveller successively threw the volumes half read out of the carriage window, to avoid being supposed the patient reader of such revolting trash.

The theatres partook of the bad taste, the exaggeration, and the licence of the times. More numerous and more crowded than ever, their altered audiences,—altered not less in manners* than in appearance,—

* In the year 1802, two ladies, shown into one of the first boxes of the Vaudeville Theatre, found a man alone, wrapped

no longer the arbiters of taste, impressed (as is ever the case) their own colour on what they allowed to contribute to their amusement. Exaggerated sentiments, and strange unnatural situations in patriotism and in passion, were alone admired; and every allusion to their former prejudices or their former government was marked with an execration, certainly due to the situations in which the author placed his characters, and the language they were made to hold. Their Comic Muse, so long and so justly admired for her good taste, deigned often to envelope herself in a veil of continued puns. Whole pieces were written in this amphibological language, where all story, all character, all interest, was sacrificed to combinations of similar sounds, on which a meaning was forced, the farther fetched the better.

Their Opera flourished, and was at this time the theatre the most in fashion. It was here, too, that the greatest difference was observable in the appearance of the audience. The lobby, where formerly were to be seen brilliant groups of all the young men and women of fashion, and of all the most distinguished courtezans, who often ri-



up in a large rough great coat, occupying the front row. He took not the least notice of the two persons who entered the box, neither offering them to occupy or to share his place, but continued chewing tobacco, and disposing of it most unceremoniously, the whole time the individuals in question remained in the box. In former times, so strictly was the public feeling of attention to women maintained, that no man could sit in the front row of any theatre, while a woman was placed behind him, without attracting public animadversions, and being obliged to quit his position.

valled and surpassed them in dress and appearance, was now crowded by a strange medley of ill-dressed, dirty looking persons; the men with an affectedly neglected appearance, and the women with no other distinction of dress or attraction than valuable shawls and expensive lace veils, which were often to be detected on persons whose general appearance was below that of a *femme de chambre* of former days. Dancing, however little analogous either its study or practice might have been supposed in times of terror and confusion, had been more cultivated, and had become more a science than ever, both on the theatre particularly appropriated to its exhibition, and in society. Balls were given, where Vestris the younger (still maintaining his wonted priority) was received as a guest to dance in quadrilles, and compare his talent with that of the best dancers in society.*

The decorations of the theatre, the scenes, and the subjects of the ballets, had been much improved from the recent occupation of Italy by the French armies: but, in these improvements, the character of the times, and the exaggeration which accompanied them, were every where observable. In mythological subjects, or in those taken from the Greek or Roman story, the costumes of the different ages or countries were perfectly and pedantically observed, even when they sometimes trenched considerably on what had hitherto been considered as

* The author saw him, in the year 1802, thus dancing at a ball given by M. Demidoff, then inhabiting the Hôtel de Montholon, on the Boulevard Montmartre.

due to public decency in attire. Calypso in the ballet of *Télémaque*, as represented by Mlle. Clotilde in the year 1802, had exactly the same, and not more, drapery than the beautiful ancient statue of the *Diana Cacciatrice*: the nymphs who accompanied her wore merely one transparent petticoat over a tight dress of flesh-coloured knitting, leaving the whole form clearly defined;—in short, they were exact copies of the least draped statues of antiquity.

Buonaparte, already living in the Tuileries, and already, in fact, possessed of supreme power, wisely made no unnecessary display of it; while he neglected nothing to confirm its possession to himself, and to reconcile the nation to its exercise. While a concordat was settling with Rome the re-establishment of a national Church in France, no attempt was made to return to or enforce the observance of any Catholic rites, or of any holidays, but those of the republic:—while no man, whatever his poverty or his station in life, would condescend to wear the livery of another; and while no servant in Paris would accompany his employer (for the term of *master* had ceased) otherwise than by walking at his side;—Buonaparte paved the way for a return to the old hierarchy of menial ranks, by allowing Josephine to assume a livery for the household of the wife of the First Consul. While such of the Faubourg St. Germain as had not emigrated were left in the peaceful possession of every thing which the altered condition of their country allowed them, and while they were returning to some of the enjoyments of society among themselves, persons who were admitted to that society found it, in every

particular, so unchanged, that they could hardly forget their hosts were not all they ever had been. While such was the case in more than one quarter in Paris, in another a celebrated mantua-maker* gave a ball, to which every member of the already all-powerful Buonaparte family were invited, and where every one of them went, except the First Consul himself, who, for reasons which he details to Las Cases at St. Helena, had already found it necessary to take measures against the natural familiarity of the nation, which he felt would have been essentially adverse to his future views.

He now made advances to England, which, had they been less contemptuously received, might have considerably influenced both his destiny, and that of the Continent. Had he not been provoked to immediate war by the rebuff of his first attempt to treat individually as a sovereign power, he could not have fallen directly on prostrate Europe, and all but annihilated the independent existence of both Russia and Austria; France might have had leisure to open her eyes to the ultimate views of her leader, and the nations opposed to her have been allowed breathing time to recover from the panic occasioned by the successes of France, and to observe whither the adoption of her principles was leading them. But England was, at this time (from the effects of the entire separation already noticed,) lamentably ignorant of the real state of France, both with regard to politics and habits of society. The nations of the Continent had, to their cost, acquired more just ideas of her means, her power, and her influence.

* Madame Germon.

Our insular situation had been at once our security and our blind. We asked for the "evidence of facts," when they were notorious to all Europe but ourselves; and we asked it from a man who sought our alliance and support, while conscious of powers which made him independent of them.

His first measure in the war which ensued on the rupture of the Peace of Amiens, was one of vindictive vengeance for the affront he had received from England, and of treason against the good faith and social confidence of Europe.

The arrest of all English travellers found on the continent, during a moment of peace, was a flagrant breach of the law of nations, and an insolent contempt of the rights of those countries who were yet willing to believe themselves independent. This event, in 1803, drove back all the English who escaped his bonds to their island, and to the duties which its dangers and its defence required of them. An entire separation now again took place between the two countries, until England, in 1814, headed the vanguard of combined and indignant Europe in the re-assertion of her independence, and in her triumphant entry into the capital of her oppressor.

During the eleven intervening years, in spite of the perpetual war which the boundless ambition of Buonaparte, and his intolerable pretensions on other countries, entailed on France, she had made rapid strides in industry, and in the means of supplying herself with every thing which the mistaken policy of her leader prevented her from receiving from other lands. At the same time, every endeavour was made on his part, by recalling and encouraging internal luxury and expense, to vivify her own pe-

culiar manufactures, and, by great and well directed public works, to employ every arm not included in the military conscription of the year.

Vast buildings and vast demolitions, for ornament as well as for convenience, projected and prosecuted while he was leading the conquering armies of France abroad, were the means of securing his absolute power at home. The same principle of national vanity, which gloried in these expenses, afterwards allowed him to assume a title, of which *he* already possessed the power, but which was new and gratifying to the nation. The establishment of the Imperial Court, and that with which he surrounded every member of his family, was more numerous, more expensive, and more magnificent, than that of any of his legitimate predecessors.

Many ridiculous particulars are related of the rigid etiquettes exacted and observed by the persons he appointed to the state offices of the Crown, who seemed to conceive that their correct observance of all the ceremonial of their offices, supplied every deficiency in their own habits, and made them every thing that the former possessors of the same offices could have been.*

But the great man himself judged wisely, that it was by the dazzling brilliancy of a numerous Court that he could alone hope to attract and at-

* Not less strange to some of his enriched Marshals, was the magnificence they saw around them in their newly furnished hotels at Paris. The Maréchale Duchesse de Dantzig, who had been a *vivandière* of the army when the Maréchal (Lefèvre) was a sergeant in the ranks, remarked on the inutility of the quantity of books she saw in their library; “Car mon mari n’est pas *Lecturier*, et moi, je ne suis pas *Lisarde*.”

tach some of those, who had been brought up in the idea that the glory of their country and their Court was one and the same thing, and found it now inconvenient, as well as difficult, to separate the two ideas. How justly Buonaparte calculated on these effects, and how duly he appreciated the advantages he meant to draw from them, are admirably detailed in a letter to Fouché, while his Minister of Police, in 1809, to whom he says,*—"Je vous envoie, par mon premier page, *mille sept cent quatre vingts huit* demandes que m'ont adressées dans mes voyages, et à différentes époques, des individus qui désirent des places dans ma maison, ou dans celles des Princes. J'ai fait écarter dans le tems toutes celles qui n'étoient pas admissibles. Il s'agit de faire un choix parmi ces dix-huit cents personnes."

Talleyrand's advice and counsel, which he sends along with the list, he does not think sufficient to settle his opinion. He then gives Fouché his own ideas on the subject; on the formation and the purposes of a Court, on the characters necessary to support and adorn it, and on what he expects of the persons he appoints. He will have nobody without fortune, as he does not mean to give regular salaries to any of the officers of his palace. "Je veux faire sortir des provinces ces messieurs qui me demandent des places à genoux, qui font assiéger les portes de mes anti-chambres par leurs protecteurs, et qui affectent publiquement de dédaigner les faveurs du gouvernement. Les officiers du palais feront une service auprès des rois et des princes

* *Bibliothèque Historique*, v. 10. cahier 6, published at Paris, the 13th Nov. 1819, contains the whole letter at length.

étrangers, lorsqu'il en viendra à la cour. Je les destine à remplir des missions de peu d'importance dans les cours étrangères. Il faut des hommes qui soient jeunes, et d'une physique agréable, qui aient de belles manières, afin que les étrangers prennent de nos mœurs une idée avantageuse. Des gens de la cour qui plaisent au premier coup-d'œil sont plus utiles à servir certains intérêts politiques, qu'un Chancelier Oxenstiern s'il étoit borgne ou boiteux. La moitié des Princes de l'Europe va arriver à Paris; leurs yeux sont accoutumés à voir de près; l'éclat de la cour fera plus d'impression sur leur esprit, que les plus belles négociations du ministre des affaires étrangères (Talleyrand), dont ils se défient." He then tells Fouché that, from this *fatras* of papers, he must make him a list of three or four hundred persons, with exact details of their age, fortune, mental and personal qualities, and of their moral character. Their claims from having occupied places in the former Court, or from ancient birth, which many of them put forward, he does not mean to take into account: but, "comme il y a question de vivre à la cour, il faut des personnes qui aient vécu dans la bonne compagnie." "Qu'ils regrettent ou non l'ancien régime, cela m'est égal; en nous voyant de près, ils verront que nous valons mieux que ce qu'ils ont perdu." "Je ne suis pas fâché de faire taire tous ces clabaudes, ou de les faire changer de langage." He then gives a list of certain names of persons he had known in the provinces, and desires an inquiry to be made as to what they had been doing during the Consulate. He adds other names recommended by Cambacérès, and some by his mother, and then

says, "Dites-moi ce que c'est que MM. de Louvois, St. Aulaire, Juste de Noailles, Gontaut, Grammont, Aug. Chabot, Vieuville," &c. accompanied by many other of the first families of France. He desires him to confine himself strictly to the petitions he sends him: "Je ne veux nommer personne qui ne l'ait demandé et même sollicité. Vous porterez sur votre liste toutes les personnes recommandées par l'Impératrice Joséphine, et par la Reine Hortense."

Nothing can more strongly mark the character of Buonaparte's mind and politics than this letter, and the whole of the transaction. Nothing could be better imagined, or more expedient in his circumstances towards the nation he had to do with, than what he proposes, and his whole view of the subject; at the same time nothing more entirely without that sentiment of individual honour, which, not feeling himself, he seemed anxious to destroy or stifle in others. The task was not difficult. It would be curious to see Fouché's Memoir, which was ordered to be ready for the first "conseil de ma maison" to which he should call him at the end of the month,—the abhorred, degraded Fouché's report on the character, views, conduct, and manners of half the first names of France, *then* made dependent on a stroke of his pen for the accomplishment of their wishes, in attaching them to that very palace where many of them have since figured as the devoted courtiers of the Bourbons.

The licence which had taken place in France, during the twelve first years of her revolution—the professed disregard to all religion, and the public neglect of all its rites—parental authority considered

as incompatible with the dignity of free-born man, and the indissolubility of marriage as a still more insufferable badge of former slavery,—these sentiments spread, and were communicated with the eagerness of proselytism to all the adjacent countries: political freedom seemed to be considered as necessarily accompanied by moral licence. The opinions of Europe *thus* regenerated, were a new proof how much farther astray men are at first liable to go on principles fundamentally right, than on those fundamentally wrong. In the present instance, no profligacy of manners, no corruption of principles, no tyrannical cruelty of rulers, nor any baseness of submission in their subjects, during the worst periods of former French history, equalled that of its successive revolutionary Governments. But at no time was the lamp of reason or the inspirations of truth extinct. Thousands, whilst patiently suffering, were assiduously cultivating powers of mind, and prosecuting the acquisition of talents, which supported them under oppression, and rendered them back to their country, when in a state to appreciate their merits, with purified minds, cultivated intellects, and improved characters: many had been obliged to recur to the exercise and improvement of those talents, for the means of bread; all had been witnesses of such awful changes in the social existence of man, accompanied by such severe inflictions on their own personal enjoyments, as necessarily turned their minds from the intercourse of a world in which they found nothing but reverses and crimes, to seek comfort and support in the bosoms of their own families. At the very moment, therefore, when the most offensive licence was tolerated by the

public morals of the day, a great, a wholesome, and a radical reform, was actually taking place in the domestic habits and feelings of France.

From the abolition of all convents and other seminaries for education, the early youth of children was passed with their parents. During the three long years of the Reign of Terror, retirement and insignificance afforded the only means of safety; re-unions in society were foregone, and habits acquired of living much at home, in the hope of being forgotten rather than distinguished. While thousands of blood-stained hands were crowding the many theatres of Paris, both there and in the provincial towns they were almost entirely deserted by their former frequenters,—every body was too much occupied with fears of the present, or with hopes of the future, to make further excitement necessary.

As before this time the revolution, and all its accompanying evils, had fallen on every order of the State, and crushed and disjointed every spring which had hitherto held them together; so the social existence and habits of every order had undergone an essential change. When the "*disjecta membra*" of society were collected together by the strong arm of the Imperial Government, this change was perhaps more remarkable in the middle and lower classes of society, than among those who had now placed themselves in the upper rank.

The whole host of artisans employed before the revolution in the service of luxury, all the great professors of fashion in dress and ornament, were formerly self-important characters—individuals often ludicrously distinguished by their high opinion of themselves, and their exaggerated ideas of the im-

portance of their own particular art. A fashionable milliner or mantua-maker generally exhibited on her own person a sample of an elegant dishabille, or a demi-toilette, in which their customers sometimes found it difficult to rival the easy grace with which it was worn by its inventor. These *artistes* often found in the boudoirs of the ladies to whom they were exposing their goods, the same cavaliers who were sometimes not less well received in their own, and who perhaps had charmed the dull hours of previous labour, by their gallant conversation, and assisted by their taste in the composition of the very fashion which they were now called on to judge and to approve.

These priestesses of fashion were always surrounded by a crowd of élèves, who often rivalled their instructress in charms and gentillesse, and aspired to all her accomplishments. On their personal attractions she often counted more than on their professional talents ; a seat next the window to the street, in a fashionable shop, was the ambition of all its inmates, and the reward of the favoured few. Good conduct was no more looked for behind their counters, than in the coulisse of the opera ; indeed, the one was often a preparatory step to the other. The revolution swept away from the surface of republican France all these self-conceited persons, together with their more uselessly self-conceited employers. Mlle. Martin, who for almost half a century had improved the complexions of all the Courts of Europe by her unrivalled rouge, lived to see the day when herself and her commodity were equally proscribed. To have been suspected of wearing it, or of living by its means, during the Reign of Terror, would have been equally dangerous ; and

she and her rouge disappeared together, till called forth again to the Consular Court of Buonaparte, where the much more moderate use of her cosmetic must have left strong prejudices in her mind, in favour of the old régime, and of the old toilette, of which she herself, at past eighty, exhibited a sample, in a high-powdered head, a small hat, placed on the summit of it, a hoop, and high-heeled shoes.*

The whole legal administration of the Opera, and the privileges attached to it, seemed to have been especially contrived to keep up a focus of profligacy, and to offer a reward to misconduct and licentiousness in the lower orders of the female world. A reception on the establishment of the Opera, either as a singer or as a dancer, although of the lowest order, and receiving no emolument, took the person so received entirely out of the power of their parents, and made them independent of every control but that of the administration of the Opera, which, it may be easily supposed, was not severe on the score of conduct. The consequences were inevitable: it became the refuge of all the profligate. From its ranks were chiefly selected those courtesans, whom the fashion of the day allowed to brave public decency by their extravagant expenditure, ostentatiously exhibiting on every occasion a magnificence in dress and equipage unattainable by honest means;† rivalling

* In this costume the author saw her at Paris, in the year 1802.

† On Thursday of the Holy Week, 1775, at Longchamp, "Mlle. Du Thé s'y est fait voir dans une voiture élégante, attelée de six chevaux, dont les harnois étoient de marroquin bleu recouvert de plaques d'acier poli, qui réfléchissoient les rayons du soleil de toutes parts."—*Lettres Secrètes et Politiques*, &c. tom. i. p. 272.

one another in the sums allowed them, and the ruin they soon entailed on those who from taste or vanity purchased their favours, and the honour of being known to supply their uncontrolled extravagance.

Nor was the Opera the only preparatory school for such characters: the heroines of all the theatres were supposed equally ready for the same preferment—although their being constantly in the habit of expressing all the delicacies of sentiment, and all the struggles of virtue and honour, might have been supposed to have made them more sensible to both in their own conduct.

How much their profligate lives injured their talents, some among themselves had the good sense to discover. Mademoiselle Clairon, in the interesting account she has given of her life and of her art, although pretending to no farther purity herself than that of being faithful to *one* lover, very justly urges the impossibility of passing the whole of life in degrading society, except the hour on the stage, during which actresses are called on to transform themselves into the representatives and the organ of the most elevated sentiments and the most virtuous sacrifices!—But neither France nor England had at that time seen, or seen enough to believe in, the union of great theatrical talents with purity of manners, and prudence of conduct. In France, indeed, such union must have been long retarded, and rendered difficult, by the shameful prejudices entertained in public opinion against the profession of the theatre—prejudices which were sanctioned by the laws, by the exclusion of actors from all the rights of citizenship, and from all the benefits of

their religion. While remaining in the exercise of their profession, they were excommunicated from their church ; and any gentleman's son becoming a comedian was, by the act itself, disinherited.

Mademoiselle Clairon having the honour and the interests of the profession, to which she was a distinguished ornament, much at heart, and flattered by the social distinction which her great talents had procured for her, made a vain attempt (as is well known) in the reign of Louis XV, to restore her fellow-sufferers to the rights of other citizens. Having retired for a time from the theatre, where her loss was irreparable to the public, she made her return to the stage dependent on her success in obtaining the removal of the excommunication of the church.

Collé, a dramatic author of considerable talent,* and otherwise of respectable character, whom one might suppose, from his necessary connexion with actors, rather to favour their pretensions than to crush them, thus speaks of Mademoiselle Clairon's attempt, and his opinion of its propriety :—" Elle demandoit qu'on levât l'excommunication dont l'église s'est toujours aidé contre ces messieurs : qu'ils fussent déclarés expressément citoyens, égaux aux autres citoyens ; et qu'une ancienne ordonnance de nos rois, qui permet aux pères de famille de déshériter leurs enfans, pour cause d'histrionage, fût abolie.

"Mais quand ils auroient obtenus des lettres patentes du roi, pour être au niveau des autres

* Author of the *Partie de Chasse d'Henri IV.*

citoyens ; quand ces lettres auroient été enrégistrées au parlement ; auroient-ils par là détruit l'opinion publique ? En seroient-ils restés moins infames dans l'idée de toute la nation ? En supposant même que ce soit un préjugé, son extinction peut-elle être opérée par des lettres patentes, et par l'arrêt qui les enrégistre ?

“Je ne parle pas ici de l'atteinte qui pouvoit donner aux mœurs le consentement du roi, contre l'opinion générale. Il n'est pas nécessaire d'employer de nouveaux véhicules pour achever de corrompre entièrement nos mœurs.”*

Thus wrote, and thus thought, a dramatic author in the year 1766 ;—thus lately were these disgraceful prejudices entertained, even by informed minds, in France ; and thus was all moral truth of sentiment and of conduct, confounded and buried under a load of absurd and arbitrary contradictions, between the practice of society and the principles on which it was constituted.

The Memoirs lately published under the name of the “Comtesse du Barri,”—(their not being composed in their present form by her is little to the purpose, the facts having been already known from various other sources)—these Memoirs show to what a condition a great, powerful, intelligent people may be reduced, by having no institutions to recur to—no barriers to secure—no examples to encourage—no remembrances to oppose to the decrees of a poor degraded Prince, fallen into the hands of the vilest

* Journal Historique de Collé, tom. III, p. 248.

and most contemptible of his subjects. They exhibit a frightful picture of the French nation, governed by a Duc d'Aiguillon, at the head of her foreign affairs—a man publicly dishonoured by the first tribunal of his country, indebted for his impunity to an extraordinary exertion of arbitrary power in the Sovereign, and individually odious for the vindictive tyranny of his private character;—by a Chancellor Maupeou, whose violent measures had brought into contempt even the institutions which had hitherto been considered as the least contaminated;—by an Abbé Terray, who, at the head of her finances, allowed the general bankruptcy of the State to be hurried on by boundless extravagance, and by a compliance with the most unblushing demands for the vilest purposes;—by a Duc de la Vrillière, contemptible even to his contemptible associates, whose base subservience in the issue of *lettres de cachet* placed the personal liberty of every individual in their hands. These persons, intrusted with the interests of a great country, thus obeying every dictate, complying with every fancy, and in fact holding their power from a woman raised from the lowest ranks of profligacy, proessing no virtue but an absence of hypocrisy, and pretending to no merit but that of not persecuting worth or talents as long as they kept out of the way. Such a history of such a crisis, and of such characters, may surely be regarded as a *politically* MORAL work; for what incentive can be so strong, what motives so pressing, to consolidate a Constitutional Government?—a government depending on institutions, and not on individuals; and securing, as far as human foresight

can secure, from the danger of falling again under the degrading profligacy of a Louis XV, the ruinous despotism of a Buonaparte, or the still more dreadful anarchy and excesses, to which *all* misgovernment must inevitably lead.

CHAPTER I.

EUROPE DECEIVED BY THE MISCONDUCT OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION, AS TO THE REAL INTENTIONS AND WILL OF THE NATION—THE EFFECTS OF THEIR SUCCESSIVE MISGOVERNMENTS—CAUTION OF BUONAPARTE'S FIRST STEPS TO DESPOTIC POWER—DIFFICULTY OF THE COUNTRY RECOVERING FROM THE DAZZLING EFFECTS OF HIS MILITARY GLORY—MISTAKEN VIEWS ON HIS FALL—HIS SOCIAL CHARACTER—ITS EFFECTS ON HIS CONTEMPORARIES, AND ON FRANCE—NO PARALLEL BETWEEN HIM AND CROMWELL.

THE follies, the excesses, the atrocities which accompanied the first period of the French Revolution seemed to deceive Europe as to the real state of the national mind and character. The puerilities which often determined their most serious discussions, in consequence of the infancy of their political existence; the outrages and the licence which disgraced all their popular movements, often proceeding from an ill-calculated opposition to their just demands; and, above all, that total want of faith on both sides, which mutually (and too justly) prevented all confidence in the concessions of the one party, or in the demands of the other;—these combined causes, acting on a lively, intelligent, and excitable people, consigned them, during the first

twelve years of emancipation from their old trammels, to the anarchical rule of a succession of despicable demagogues. From these they took refuge in the temporary and disjointed Government of an insufficient Directory, whose excessive misrule, and the general disorganisation which was its consequence, soon obliged them to accept with gratitude the protecting arm of arbitrary power, and finally to receive with acclamation a military despotism, much more efficient in its power and means of oppression than that which they had destroyed; while their dazzled eyes, and flattered vanity, saw not, with Europe prostrate before their chief, that in lending their arm to deprive her of independence, they had allowed themselves to be deprived of every security for political freedom.

But, under all these successions of folly and of crime, of frightful licence and of base submission, of wild visions of impossible freedom, and of tame obedience to despotic power,—still the universal intention of the nation—its general *will*—was one and the same, from its first emancipation in the States-General of 1789, through all the eventful changes of its Republican, Directorial, Consular, Imperial, and restored Governments. It *willed* a general participation in the political, as well as the social existence of the country—a deliverance from all monopoly, and all privilege, and security against all great concentrations either of power or of property. These it sought with all the ardour of novelty, all the fickleness of inexperience, and all the credulity of self-sufficiency and vanity. But *still* it sought them; while Europe, deceived by its excesses, and by the versatility of its submission, persisted in considering

it as a revolted, and not as a regenerated people. Hence, in the various coalitions in favour of the Bourbons, both before and after the dissolution of the monarchy, the nation seemed never to have been considered as a contracting party. Such coalitions, therefore, succeeded in nothing, but uniting the most discordant elements, and riveting one only and super-eminent will—that of independence.

The profligate manners, the absence of all moral truth, and the neglect of all religious principle, which had long preceded the revolution, now acted on minds emancipated from every control both human and divine: all aimed at power by excesses in conduct, and by exaggerations in opinion; and France, for some time, exhibited a state of society unheard of in any civilized country,—a succession of crimes and cruelties in those obtaining an ephemeral rule in the Government, which it is difficult to credit, and of subjection to their will, to which it is hardly possible to suppose any people infatuated enough to submit. The country and provinces deluged by their satellites, and by the idle and worthless, who, in the general disorganization of all wholesome government, pretended to be their agents, and acted in their name.*

* Vidocq tells us, that at Brussels, in the year 1794, he received from another knave like himself, “non pas un brevet, mais une feuille de route de sous-lieutenant de 6me Chasseurs, voyageant avec son cheval, ayant droit au logement et aux distributions. C’est ainsi que je me trouvois incorporé dans cette *armée roulante*, composée d’officiers sans brevet, sans troupe, qui, muni de faux états, et de fausses feuilles de route, en imposaient d’autant plus facilement aux commissaires des guerres, qu’il y avoit moins d’ordre à cette époque dans les

The sufferings entailed by emigration, the exertions and the privations which it made necessary, and the virtues which it elicited,—the dreadful scenes witnessed by those who more manfully remained at their post,—the loss of friends, of fortune, and of consequence—an existence which no innocence could insure, no justice defend, which was often a prolonged agony of day after day passed in the shadow of death,—through this long series of sufferings and of crimes, Providence, by the inscrutable ways, against which we so often revolt in their progress towards ends, of whose benevolence even our limited capacities cannot avoid being aware. Providence thus prepared a great people for liberty and prosperity, as soon as they had learnt to merit, and were capable of preserving such blessings.

The disgraceful excesses, and monstrous crimes, which had accompanied the professed disbelief in all religion, and the neglect of every practice, and every principle of Christianity, had, during their sufferings, served to reclaim them, and to re-attach them to the divine truths of the Catholic religion, purified from many of its superstitious observances, and much of its intolerance.

The sale of the confiscated property, appropriated by the nation, had interested thousands in the peace, welfare, and strength of the State. The most active

administrations militaires. Ce qu'il y a de certain, c'est que dans une tournée que nous fîmes dans les Pays-Bas nous touchâmes partout nos rations, sans qu'on fit la moindre observation. Cependant *l'armée roulante* n'étoit pas alors composée de moins de deux mille aventuriers, qui vivoient là, comme le poisson dans l'eau."—*Vidocq*, vol. i. p. 74.

of all incitements, that of individual property, was given to industry. It re-assumed a wholesome activity, even under the military despotism of Buonaparte, and all the smaller provincial towns and villages wore a new aspect. The cultivation and improvement of their own field or garden, the embellishment of their own house, or the extending their traffic, was prosecuted with an activity and an intelligence, unknown while they depended for aid, advancement, or protection, on a *Seigneur*, occasionally inhabiting the château of their village, or on the *Commandant du Roi* of their town. Conscious of their own rights, and of an equality, which, however abused, they fully resolved never to forego; all the former self-sufficient airs of the professors of the arts of luxury, all the idle pretensions of forfeited nobility, and of former magnificence, were forgotten in the newly-acquired dignity of the citizens of a free state, of which, under whatever tyranny or misrule, they still believed themselves possessed.

Meanwhile a new generation arose, to whom the abuses of the old monarchy, the Assembly of the Notables, the States-General, and the Declaration of the Rights of Man, were already history. They were born to ideas of liberty and equality, and rose to manhood in a military world, led by a conquering chief. They saw everything attainable by military prowess, and if they felt the iron arm of despotic power, its grasp was sanctioned by success, and concealed by laurels. The long probation of France was not yet finished; its regeneration was not yet complete. After having undergone all the horrors of anarchy, and all the degradation of a weak Government, it had now to suffer from all the dearly

bought honours of a powerful military despotism : vanity, yet uncorrected and an undue appreciation of military glory, delivered it up, the willing instrument of the wildest ambition, and of the most profligate abuses of power, until indignant Europe united, if not to correct, at least to deprive it of the power of doing mischief.

As the various exaggerated schemes of liberty, and attempts at a Republican constitution, during the first twelve years of the Revolution, ended in a military despotism,—so the military despotism, after threatening universal empire, and inundating Europe with blood, ended in bringing the ravages of war into their own provinces, settling an army of occupation on their frontiers, subjecting them to an imposition of seven hundred millions of francs, and necessitating the return of their former dynasty.

But their noviciate was now performed ; their probation was over ; their sufferings at an end. They were now called to admit a Representative Government, and a Constitutional Monarchy, reconstructed on the improved principles of the times. They might now have made their own terms with their restored monarch, and added to the Charter, which he wisely volunteered, whatever they had thought necessary for the further security of their freedom. They might now have distinctly stated, that they received the Charter as a compact between the King and the people, containing the terms on which they agreed to receive again the House of Bourbon as their Sovereigns :—terms to which the King, in the circumstances in which he was placed, must have acceded. But, by allowing him the initiative in these terms, to which no objection

was made, the restored Prince doubted not that he already possessed within himself, and had it in his gift to bestow, what, in fact, now, for the first time, devolved on the nation—the power of choosing its own Government. It was for the *Nation* to have offered to Royalty all the rights it could harmlessly exercise, and to have surrounded it with “all the pomp, pride, and circumstances” with which it has ever been found necessary to decorate and to conceal the insignificance and the deficient education of hereditary Princes. These decorations France, of all other countries, would have been the most liberal to bestow, from taste as well as from habit. But she was, at that moment, unfortunately situated either for asserting her own rights or those of others. Her country was occupied by foreign armies; her capital full of foreign Princes; who, after having destroyed, for their own sakes, the despot of Europe, would have seen, with no partial or protecting eye, the sober assertion of rights originating with the people:—a source of power of which none of them had, at that time, allowed the legitimacy. Among their ministers and counsellors no character started up, at once wise and bold enough to warn them how much the future peace, and well-being of Europe, was likely to depend on the permanent settlement of France. They, therefore, concurred in a restoration of the banished family, but left the conditions on which it was to take place to be settled by those the most immediately concerned in it. The King believed that he had the power, as well as the right, to bestow what portion of liberty he considered as compatible with his authority, and the nation felt

that it had a right to every thing it deemed necessary to its independence.

The fifteen following years, therefore, were, on the one side, a vain and fruitless endeavour to repossess the monarch of his former power, at the least possible expense of exploded principles, detected errors, and obnoxious privileges; a constant struggle to avoid following up the liberal spirit of the Charter: on the other side, a continued jealousy of infringement on the principles of the Charter, and a suspicion of the ultimate intentions even of beneficial measures.

The great moral deficiency, an indifference to truth and good faith, still spreading its baneful influence around, and destroying confidence in all sentiments professed, and all arrangements proposed by both parties, while *both* still betrayed an almost equal ignorance of the wholesome administration of a Representative Government. Hence, instead of being occupied in the discussion of any great national measures, or of the many internal regulations required by the country, and necessary to the creation of a public opinion—their political parties are reduced to a perpetual warfare in their daily publications. Here, their natural quickness, and facility in writing, allows them to indulge themselves and their readers in endless forms of abuse and recrimination, felt by all but believed by none. In recapitulating excellent principles of Government, to which neither party adhere, and which their opponents generally refute, by recalling and citing directly opposite opinions in their own anterior writings.

From this interminable dilemma, in which a want

of plain dealing has placed them, it might seem that nothing but great political convulsions could extricate. Happily, however, thirty years of revolution have not been lost on the nation, whatever they may have been on its statesmen. The nation, under all the political changes it has undergone, has continued in a state of progressive advancement in industry, in information, in the acquisition of property, and of intelligence in its management. Informed and confident in its own resources, it is no longer to be roused to madness by orators in clubs, or to be bribed by the price of a day's debauchery, to endanger an habitually productive industry.* Could it be supposed that Paris was ever again to be excited to her former excesses, France would no longer follow the impulsion. France, warned and enlightened by her past sufferings, would ponder before she followed the steps of the metropolis; would weigh the consequences before she adopted its opinions, and would oppose the soberer judgment and less excitable passions of her great manufacturing and commercial cities, to any sudden ebullition, either of power or of patriotism, in Paris.

But, at the period we are recording, the delirium of military glory which her abdicated chief had been so careful to excite and to increase had not subsided. Time was still wanting to restore to their dazzled sight the power of looking steadily at the objects vitally essential to that liberty, for whose sake they had so suffered, and in whose

* The late Revolution has proved the truth of all these assertions.

name they had allowed themselves to be so led astray. The best intellects among them still held to men, and not to institutions ; to individual character, instead of general securities : while the more thoughtless regretted the impulse that had been given in all directions by a Revolutionary Government, and seemed to consider that all great works, all national improvement, all general activity, were necessarily connected with a military despotism. They saw, without pleasure, the general emancipation ; and because Europe, reeling on her basis, did not immediately recover her equilibrium, and that every one did not find his place in the peaceful reorganisation of society, they affected to regret the fall of despotic power, and to feel no benefit from the relieved respiration of the social world. Their bewildered understanding had confused the calculations of a selfish despotism, with the dictates of liberal ideas, and the uncontrolled activity of absolute power with the progress of civil liberty. These ideas were unfortunately not confined to France ; but we must suppose, that being already abandoned by the great majority of that nation, they are now disowned by all the liberal minds of Europe. For such tardy return of judgment, and such misguided enthusiasm, many excuses present themselves for the French, which cannot be offered for those of other nations who fell into the same mistakes.

France had been raised to a pitch of military glory, and to a dominion in Europe, unthought of, even in the most triumphant days of Louis XIV. The first steps of the conqueror Buonaparte towards despotic power were made with consummate prudence, taking

care by new institutions to interest a new population in the support and stability of his Government, before he ventured to expose to them the frightful nudity of despotism. It has been seen *at last*, to be shunned for ever; whether varnished over by military glory, or its features disguised under the mask of liberal institutions.

Their former idol they now view as he will be viewed by all posterity, as one of the few who, for the scourge of their contemporaries on this earth, have appeared in the character of a *conqueror*. The list (if confined to the European world) is happily short, and certainly the name of Buonaparte will occupy as large a space in the eye of history as that of Alexander the Great, or of Cæsar, and be recorded as one having deserved better, both of his age and of human nature, than either of those who can alone be called his competitors;—as one having no natural disposition to cruelty, except when betrayed into it by violence of temper, or by obstacles in the way of his ambition;—as one possessed of a cultivated intellect and inexhaustible power of imagination,* the suggestions of which being backed by almost unlimited power, made him suppose every thing attainable by arms, and encouraged him in dreams of universal empire.

This empire once obtained, he endeavoured to persuade himself and others, that he was to produce some new and better order of things, forgetting, in the brilliant visions suggested by his marvellous ima-

* See, in Las Cases, Napoleon's ideas of what he was to make France, when he had completed the conquest of Europe, and what he was to do in England.

gination, that the old material, *man*, was what alone he had to work with, and to work upon. In the mean time, he allowed the same neglect of all moral truth, which had destroyed the former Government, to undermine his own—to pervade the lying bulletins of his armies—to exaggerate all his successes—to report doubtful combats into victories—and to augment at pleasure the returns of his own numbers, and of the losses of his enemy. His secretary M. de Bourienne, the most impartial and best informed of his historians, says,—“ Il ne balançait jamais à déguiser la vérité lorsqu'elle pouvait effleurer sa gloire. Il appeloit niaiserie de ne pas le faire.” And in confirmation of his assertion, he gives the draft of the bulletin of the disastrous combat of Aboukir as written by him, avowing the destruction of the fleet; and as written by Buonaparte, who tells his secretary,—“ Vous ne connaissez pas les hommes : laissez-moi faire—écrivez ;” and dictates to him the long despatch in which his combats with the Turks, Arabs, &c. are detailed at length, and a few lines only given to the battle of Aboukir, where the loss of the ships is laid entirely on Bruéyès, the Admiral, for not having obeyed a letter from Buonaparte, ordering him to go to Corfu, which letter the veracious secretary proves, by the clearest evidence, was *never written*.

The same incontestable authority tells us, relative to the death of Dessaix at the battle of Marengo,—“ Je n'ai pas besoin de dire que les paroles que lui prêta le fabuleux bulletin étaient imaginaires. Il n'est pas mort dans les bras de son aide-de-camp, comme j'ai dû écrire sous la dictée du premier Con-

sul. Il n'a pas plus prononcé le beau discours que j'écrivis de la même manière."*

Buonaparte must be allowed to have possessed much natural and general good taste, except when its dictates interfered with a puerile vanity, which his unparalleled elevation seemed to increase instead of diminish. He exercised withal an extraordinary influence over the minds of those under his command, or within the sphere of his attraction, partly from the experience of his abilities and of his resources, and partly from certain ebullitions of temper, which, while they sometimes led to offensive consequences, oftener gratified by laying open an otherwise impracticable character—a character bearing prosperity much better than adverse fortune, and falling at last much more from the deficiencies of his heart, than from those of his intellect. Having persuaded himself that virtue and vice, the whole domain of the moral world, was merely a matter of calculation, in which the wise succeeded and the weak failed; no feeling, no habit of mind led him to be more cruel or more merciful, more liberal or more mean, more daring or more cautious, than the occasion seemed to require, whether it was to gain an alliance or to destroy an enemy—whether to attach an ancient noble to his household, or to raise a dragoon to the rank of a marshal, and endow him with the estate of a prince—whether to exhibit himself as the severe censor of female character and conduct, or to encourage by every art extravagant expenditure in all those attached to his Court, as the old and sure means

* Vol. iv. p. 128.

of securing dependence on his will, and submission to his power. Every virtue and every fault of his private life, was dictated by this spirit of calculation, in which he had stifled every sentiment of his heart, and to which he had reduced every inspiration of his genius. “Ses injures sérieuses, ses vives apostrophes, l'éclat de sa colère, tout cela étoit calculé et préparé d'avance.”*

His vast military talents, his unparalleled power of wielding immense bodies of men, his no less astonishing alacrity at organising his conquests,† his marvellous activity and resources, are all recorded by many, equally able to judge and to criticise them. They are only considered here as they affected his private character, and his influence on the social existence of his contemporaries. Comparisons have been lately instituted between his character and that of Cromwell. It appears to the author, that the grounds from whence they started, were on too entirely different a level,—the political situation of

* “Un des plus grands malheurs de Buonaparte étoit de ne pas croire à l'amitié, et de ne pas éprouver le besoin d'aimer, le sentiment le plus doux donné à l'homme. Combien de fois ne m'a-t-il pas dit, ‘L'amitié n'est qu'un mot, je n'aime personne, pas même mes frères. Joseph peut-être un peu—encore si je l'aime, c'est par habitude. C'est parce qu'il est mon aîné.’” Such a reason for affection or friendship, proves how little the person avowing it was capable of either.—See *Bourienne's Mémoires*, vol. III. p. 118.

† Bourienne speaking of the first days of his occupation of Cairo, on the Egyptian expedition, says, “Il faut l'avoir vu dans ces temps où il étoit dans toute la force de sa jeunesse ; rien n'échappoit à sa rare intelligence, à sa prodigieuse activité.” Vol. II. p. 118.

England before the civil war, and of France before her Revolution, were too essentially dissimilar to admit of any satisfactory parallel.

The people of England, in 1642, required security for their civil liberties, by the obligation of frequent Parliaments, the reformation of the Courts of Justice, and by the independence of the judges. The general morals of the country had suffered little from the degrading reign of James I, which had disgusted rather than seduced; and the characters who immediately appeared, and who were produced by the great ensuing struggle, proved the intellectual health and strength of the country.

The Government of France, before 1789, was that of Turkey, without the bow-string, and with such ameliorations only as were produced by the progression of public opinion, and the general improvement of Europe. Her moral existence was corrupted to the core. Were it not for a mass of contemporary evidence, it would be difficult to believe either the private or the political profligacy to which France was abandoned from the death of Louis XIV to her Revolution. At that great crisis the tone of her sentiments, at once false and exaggerated, seemed incapable of producing, during the first twelve years of her emancipation, any thing but visionaries and assassins.

Cromwell destroyed all the established laws of a Representative Government, and broke down every barrier existing between the King and the people, to possess himself of an unconstitutional power. Having reduced his country to military subjection, and enforced the perpetration of an act, which has justly been described by a late writer as no less im-

politic than it was illegal,* he possessed himself of more than regal power, and was then obliged to re-establish most of the institutions he had destroyed, as the best supports of his own authority.

Buonaparte did not "steal the precious diadem from a shelf," but found it in the kennel; placed it on his own head; surrounded himself with new institutions, and with the *semblance* of a much more liberal, and the *reality* of a much more efficient, Government than France had ever before experienced.

Had Buonaparte been placed in the situation of Cromwell, we cannot but suppose he would have been equally jealous of the honour of the country in all its foreign relations, and equally eager to support its rights and to enforce its claims by arms; while we can hardly believe he would have left it internally the prey of two factious and canting sects, who brought religion into disrepute even with the pious, and laboured especially to stop the progress of that cultivation of mind, and those liberal studies, which the general improvement of the age required.

Had Cromwell, whose mind, either naturally confused, or habitually ill-arranged by the hypocrisy which he had made natural to him—had Cromwell been placed in the situation of Buonaparte, would he have been able to embrace at once all the wants, and to give energy to all the various constituent parts

* "The blow which terminated his (Charles I's) life, at once transferred the allegiance of every royalist to an heir; and an heir who was at liberty;—to kill the individual was truly, under such circumstances, not to destroy, but to release the King."—*Edinburgh Review*, No. 95. p. 139.

of a great empire; to encourage her arts, while he triumphed with her arms; to restore worship in her Churches, and respect to her religion, activity to her manufactures, education to her youth, and reason and equity to her new-modelled laws?

What Cromwell did, he did well. He was certainly the first among those bold and determined spirits who sought the liberties of their country in the field, after having struggled in vain to obtain them otherwise. But the theatre of his military exploits was neither various nor extensive; and perhaps the most laudable part of his character was his avoiding occasions of making it more so. He began public life too late to allow much change to take place in his social habits. No great praise, therefore, can be due to his forbearance, in living at Whitehall without much exterior pomp and magnificence, in allowing his son to remain a mere Hertfordshire squire, and his wife a mere frugal house-keeper. His distribution of England into military districts, under the authority of Major-Generals, accords ill with his panegyrist's opinion, that "even when almost compelled to govern by the sword, he was still anxious to leave a germ from which, at a more favourable season, free institutions might spring."* He left his absolute authority as entirely without any stipulations for the future security of the people, or any constitutional checks on his usurped power, as ever Buonaparte did, when he graciously signified to the French nation, that he was willing to withdraw himself, and to entail on them his son and his despotism to all generations.

* Edinburgh Review, No. 95. p. 143.

Cromwell died "with all his blushing honours thick upon him," at an age when he might be forgiven for thinking that he had yet time to make final arrangements. But the great culprit, whom united Europe accused, against whom millions of witnesses deposed, after having broken faith with those whom he affected to consider separately as only his equals, but all of whom he had treated as his slaves, was at last overtaken by punishment—by punishment in no way commensurate or relative to his moral perversity or his moral merits, which can be judged only at the great tribunal of Heaven. But to his continued aggressions against the lives and happiness, the social rights and independent existence, of his fellow-creatures. Confinement to a small island, where he was precluded from the possibility of doing either harm or good, while no difficulties were thrown in the way of his quiet existence, (except those which he obstinately created to himself,) will be considered by posterity, when all contemporary prejudices, passions, and vanities are forgotten, to have been neither an inappropriate nor an unmerciful punishment for *such* a delinquent. That the office of his gaoler should have devolved on England will then be attributed to its true and honourable cause, that amidst combined Europe *her* moral faith alone was equally trusted by all her allies.

CHAPTER V.

FRANCE IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE RESTORATION OF THE BOURBONS—UNWISE MEASURES WHICH LED TO THE RETURN FROM ELBA—EFFECTS OF THE ENORMOUS ARMIES BROUGHT TOGETHER FOR, AND AGAINST, BUONAPARTE—CONDUCT OF THE ROYALISTS IN 1815—GENERAL DISSATISFACTION DURING THE FIRST TEN YEARS OF PEACE, BOTH IN ENGLAND AND FRANCE—DUKE OF BERRY'S ASSASSINATION—ITS EFFECTS ON THE GOVERNMENT—NATIONAL PROSPERITY OF FRANCE—NUMBER OF ENGLISH IN PARIS—CHANGE IN FRENCH SOCIETY SINCE THE RESTORATION—REASONS OF DISCONTENT EXISTING IN ALL ITS CLASSES—SOCIAL HABITS OF THE NATION RESUMING THEIR SWAY—THEIR EFFECTS ON THE DIFFERENT ORDERS OF SOCIETY.

WHEN France began at last to open her eyes to the character and the intentions of her conquering chief—when Fortune, wearied by his unreasonable demands on her, at last abandoned him—when indignant Europe at last succeeded in recovering that independence which her States had separately lost,—a new era in the social existence of France may be said to have commenced. In considering its peculiarities, the ten months' reign of Louis, and the Hundred Days' of Napoleon, must be set against each

other, and our speculations begin after the second Restoration, in 1815. It would be invidious, on the one hand, to dwell in detail on the foolish and contemptible pretensions of many who had left their country as fugitives, and returned to it with the airs of conquerors ; or to notice, on the other hand, the sudden convictions of the insufficiency of the Charter, and the want of faith in its donor, while unlimited confidence was immediately obtained for an *Acte additionnel* to an already experienced despotism, and to a *Champ de Mai*, whose power and whose promises nobody even pretended to understand.

As the second return of Louis and his family to the capital was unfortunately accompanied by 150,000 foreign troops, and by the Conqueror of Waterloo ; by a great pecuniary imposition, and by the military occupation of the frontiers, we cannot wonder at the discontent, the mortification, and the ill-humour of France during the first years of the Peace—a Peace whose terms, the circumstances in which they were granted, and the sacrifices they entailed, might (if nations were taught by experience) have materially assisted in advancing that political education, in which France seems still to have much to learn. The restored regal Government appeared at first to act as if insensible to the mighty change effected during the five and twenty foregone years ; certainly the most eventful that had ever taken place in the civilised world. The administration appeared to forget, that the spirit of religious toleration was now professed by all sects of Christians. The revolutionary spirit had raged most intensely in the southern provinces of France,

where the wealth, importance, and liberal sentiments of the Protestant part of the population had made them the first and most active leaders in the ill-directed pursuit of civil liberty. The Government now allowed a reaction to take place, which sheltered the vilest crimes under the banner of loyalty, and afterwards allowed the same pretence to succeed in procuring for those crimes a disgraceful impunity. The returned Royalists had forgotten that a generation had arisen during their absence, to whom the restored Royal Family were strangers,—a generation who had been brought up in an age of military glory founded on *their* adversity, and whose vanity had been flattered in a brilliant Court, which was that of *their* enemy. They had forgotten, in their long absence, and their intercourse with other nations, the distinctive characteristics of their own,—its excessive vanity, the mobility of its sentiments, and its active and buoyant mind. The unexampled military glory acquired under the tri-coloured cockade made the re-adoption of the white so repugnant to the feelings of the whole military population, that it is perhaps not too much to say that hopes of the success of Napoleon's return from Elba might have been crushed by a change in the colour of a riband!

The irritable vanity of the new nobility, not satisfied with their recognition by the restored monarch, led them to suspect a contempt for their honours, and a disinclination to their society, in the old nobility; while the sober intelligence of all the best heads of France in every order of the State, saw with regret the regal Government profiting by many of the abuses, and adopting none of the

improvements, which had been introduced into the administration of the Empire. The consequences are too well known;—their arch enemy took advantage of the glaring misconduct of the Government, and counted on the credulity and the mobility of the people, by which he well knew half his former successes had been obtained.

How truly he calculated, the event showed; and Europe and France have still, in their burdened finances, and their increased standing armies, to curse the last effort of a wild and selfish ambition, which has prolonged their financial difficulties, and furnished an excuse for the maintenance of their armies.

That the principles and conduct of Buonaparte's Government, both consular and imperial, had retrograded the moral improvement of France, in all feeling and practice of truth and good faith, the conduct both of Ney and La Valette (however considered as martyrs by their party) sufficiently prove. The one falsifying not only his professional oaths, but his individual and solemn promises to Louis, reiterating them at night to his army at *Lons-le-Saulnier*, and the next morning waving his hat for Napoleon. The other at the head of the Post-office, appointed by and having sworn fidelity to Louis, stopping the despatches of his Government, and forwarding those of the Usurper (for *Usurper*, after his return from Elba, if there is any meaning in language, he must be called). These persons, and many others in nearly similar situations, claiming with assurance exemption from the name and from the punishment of traitors, prove an absence of any clear perception of truth and good faith.

The same great defect had destroyed the old Government, where it had penetrated every order of the State, and insulated every one in the circle of his own interests. It had led to all the excesses that followed; it had undermined the towering glory of Buonaparte: it had restored him by the same false means, to meet a worse fate; and even now it is the great and fundamental cause that, in spite of all the increased and increasing intelligence, experience, and intellectual lights of France—even now prevents her Government from doing half it might, and her people from reaping half the advantages of their commanding situation.*

The frequent recurrence to a principle which is more palpable when treated in detail, and applied to individual circumstances, than thus generalised, may possibly be ridiculed by many. But the author abandons with confidence the general assertion to every deeply thinking mind, convinced that in all circumstances (unconnected with party or with petty politics) the application of this principle of truth and good faith to the affairs of men will be found to give the exact measure of good or evil in human institutions.

On the cessation of a state of warfare which had lasted above twenty-five years, the natural impatience of mankind to profit immediately by the advantages of peace,—advantages which had been so often held out to them as the reward of all their sacrifices, and the term of all their labours,—created general discontent. It gave rise every where to ill-judged regrets of the past, and impossible

* This was written before the Revolution of July, 1830.

schemes to remedy the present. It was in vain to attempt avoiding the *unavoidable* evil of a third part of the active population of a whole country at once changing their means and their habits of existence, and being returned into society on a peace establishment. It was equally impossible, their being immediately absorbed into the regular and healthy circulation of their country. Yet how necessary this return to peace was (whatever its inconveniences), the very evils here enumerated eminently proved. Had a state of warfare continued but a few years longer, or had Buonaparte's political existence been prolonged, war would have become the habitual state of European society, and intervals of peace merely occasional. The enormous bodies of men which Buonaparte had occasioned to be brought, and to be kept together so long, both for and against his power, had engrossed so great a portion of the population of the countries to which they belonged, that they had become separately constituted bodies. When they met at last, in one great focus at Paris, in the year 1815, they were so dangerously near discovering their own immense numerical force—so near generating a spirit of independent power, and of dictating to their leaders—that the greatest Captain of the present day has since confessed, that he and his associates in command found the necessity of securing terms of peace, and allowing the retreat of the French army beyond the Loire, to facilitate the immediate dispersion of the other great armed associations of Europe, which could not with impunity have remained longer in contact.

In England, the impatience at not immediately

experiencing the benefits of peace was as severely felt as in France. Here the great body of the people had been spared the spectacle of the ravages of war. Its evils had been principally felt in the embarrassed state of commerce, and the immense burden of taxation. To freedom for the first, and to relief from the second, they looked with a confidence which the enormous expenses and after-reckonings of so long a state of warfare made it impossible to satisfy. From this impatience arose immense and ill-combined mercantile speculations, which overstocked all the markets of the world with the manufactures of England, and increased the evil they sought to relieve. The same causes, within a few years, produced a mania of projects, of associations, and of joint-stock companies, which nearly rivalled the bubbles of the famous South Sea year (1721), both in the knavery of the projectors, the folly of those who trusted them, and the distress and bankruptcy which they shortly produced. There were mining companies for every part of the world ; Eldorado, it seemed, was believed really to exist in South America. The funds of these mining companies rose and fell twenty and thirty per cent. in the course of a week ; and the sums sometimes obtained in the gambling speculations of buying one day, to sell the next, led to the serious loss of thousands. After the mining companies, which, from some idea of having to do with the actual production and increase of money, seem always to have been favourites in all scheming times, came a company to weigh up the specie sunk in the Spanish galleons at Vigo, eighty years before !—a company of pearl-fishers, to supply the world with more pearls than

had ever been before produced. Then, for those liking to place their money nearer home, there were companies for supplying the metropolis with milk and cream—general washing companies—companies for brick-making—and many other similar schemes, whose detail filled the columns of the newspapers for nearly a twelvemonth, and then disappeared “like the baseless fabric of a vision,” leaving only a considerable deficit in the pockets of all concerned, except the treasurers and secretaries, and a few fraudulent speculators, who were generally the authors of the schemes in question, for the purpose of plundering their more gullable associates.

The population of France, not having these resources (such as they were) to occupy their unemployed activity and capital, it was found a more difficult task to amalgamate the discordant elements out of which was to be formed a Representative Government, to administer their now chartered rights. The younger part of the population, born to ideas of liberty and equality, had had their understanding confused, and their political education marred, by the dazzling despotism of Buonaparte. The demagogues who had survived the furies of the Reign of Terror, and whose impotent rage had sunk into insignificance, anxiously watched and sought the means of creating confusion, which could alone bring them again to the surface. The Republicans, who were yet dreaming of attaining their visionary end by a violent re-action from the late despotism—the real patriots of 1789, whose desire of rational freedom had been as unalterable as their attempts towards it had been misguided, felt awkward that, after having passed through “such variety of

wretchedness" in forms of Government, they should be at last found quietly submitting to arbitrary power forced down their throats, with the prostituted phraseology of freedom, and under the name of institutions to which they had attached ideas of liberty. To all these must be added the old inveterate upholders of all the prejudices and pretensions of their own age, martyrs to ideas which found no longer any sympathy, and sufferers from causes honoured by none but themselves; resting the whole pretensions of a great body of insignificant, but of inveterably obstinate people, on the faithful and devoted attachment of a part of their order to the fallen and desperate fortunes of their Sovereign and his family; claiming remuneration for losses which (for the most part) their own errors had incurred, and which the country regarded with a jealous eye.

It belongs not to this work to enter into details of the various parties and fractions of parties which were engendered in this incongruous mass; of the various administrations, composed, and altered, and dismissed, and composed again, to be again dismissed; of the many suspected plots for indefinite ends, and petty conspiracies of insignificant and powerless individuals, which clogged and impeded the wholesome progress of the constitutional monarchy during the first ten years of its existence. The violence of party feelings, and the bitterness of adverse opinions, were infinitely greater after the second Restoration than they had been after the first. The enormous national *mistake* (to give it no harsher name) which allowed the return of Buonaparte, demanded a severe national expiation. A

great and enlightened people, who had been reasoning, acting, and suffering for above a quarter of a century, to secure political freedom, allowing themselves to be replaced by their *own* armed force, under the iron sceptre of a military despot, instead of wisely securing all they further wanted, from a sovereign power capable to grant, but too weak to refuse them—an army which had been allowed thus to dispose of the liberties, laws, and securities of their country,—*must* both expect severe retribution to follow such monstrous offences against reason, good faith, and common sense. Hence, when awakened by the cannon of Waterloo from the feverish and bewildered dream of the Hundred Days, the nation was exposed to all the excesses of the year 1815. The first Assembly of its representatives under its constitutional King, almost rivalled the judicial cruelties of the revolutionary tribunals; and the agents it employed, their violence. Hence the army made its disbandment necessary, and any amalgamation with that of the reigning Sovereign difficult and dangerous.

Notwithstanding all these jarring elements—notwithstanding the dissonance, the excitement, and the disrespectability (if the term may be allowed) of the political world of France at this period—had the Government, after having wisely prefaced its assumption of power by the grant of a Charter assuring every means of rational liberty; had it as wisely proved itself to be advancing openly and decidedly in the sense of that Charter, interpreting its articles liberally, and acting in its spirit; it would have set an example of confidence and good faith, which must have created similar sentiments. It

must have convinced the Republicans that liberty was compatible with a constitutional monarchy ; it must have destroyed every hope of the anarchists, and of the Buonapartists, and gratified every wish of the patriots of 1789 ; but, unfortunately, the Government seemed always acting under an impression of the same want of confidence that it inspired. A rapid change of councils and of counsellors kept the people and their representatives in perpetual doubt and anxiety with regard to the two great points on which, in fact, hinged the peace and satisfaction of the country, and the stability of the throne—the law of their popular elections, and the security of their national domains.

Neither the ministers of the crown, nor the deputies of the people, had as yet acquired, or were prepared to act, on the true principles of a Representative Government. The most liberal of their politicians still dwelt on and deprecated the misconduct and weakness of individuals, instead of profiting by that weakness, to secure and confirm institutions, which can alone render Governments independent of personal character. The counsellors of their Princes seemed to consider every concession to the wishes of the people a diminution of *their* power and security. They were frightened at every trifling expression of popular feeling, which they repressed, instead of allowing to evaporate, and thus clear the political atmosphere, by proving that such passing clouds have no power to affect the mild temperature of a Representative Government ; convincing the liberals that their estates were safe and their rights secure, in spite of all the ridiculous doctrines and silly conduct of the Ultra-Royalists ;

and convincing the Ultra-Royalists that neither anarchy, proscriptions, nor confusion, ensued from a limited monarchy and the freedom of the press. In the mean time, the people at large were, in fact, enjoying quiet and prosperity. By their natural mobility of spirit, they had returned to habits of peaceful occupation ; agriculture was active—commerce improving—industry inventive and enterprising—building and repairs going on in every little town and village—gardens surrounding almost every cottage—and various marks of natural ease and welfare. The insulated crime of the assassination of the Duc de Berri, in February, 1820, afforded, at the moment in which it happened, a convincing proof of the advance made by the public mind in the true principles of penal government, and the aid they already received from public opinion. Instead of the severe, strange, and cruel precautionary measures, which were taken on former attempts at similar crimes in the old monarchy; this startling event, although it took place the very night before three strong restrictive measures—on the civil liberty of the subject, on the liberty of the press, and on the law of elections were to be brought forward by the ministers of the crown in the Chamber of Deputies, produced no arrests but that of the criminal himself. The barriers of Paris were never shut. His examination was conducted according to the existing laws ; and the culprit, meanwhile, treated much like other criminals ; and this, notwithstanding a great part of the Court, and those attached to it, professed to believe, and actually to accuse a favourite minister of the King of having been an accessory

and an accomplice in the murder of his nephew.* When the strange local colouring of these times shall have faded and passed away, it will be difficult to extort belief for the existence of such a perversion of reason and common sense, in any part of a great community, at the same moment that an improvement was manifested in the judgment and conduct of the whole. Had Louis XVIII possessed energy of mind, and purity of political intention, sufficient to have resisted the prayers of his family, and the clamour of those who basely gave in to a calumny which it was impossible to suppose they could believe, his favourite, Decazes, remaining minister, must necessarily have strengthened his administration, by calling in some of the most distinguished of the constitutional party; and might possibly have succeeded in giving France a strong, efficient, and liberal administration, acting in the sense and on the principles of the Charter.

Peace had no sooner been restored, and the social relations of Europe relieved from dependence on the breath of a military despot, than England poured

* When Madame de Cazes (the wife of the minister) went to St. Cloud four days after the event, as all the Court and all the ministers had done, to make their inquiries after the Duchesse de Berri, no living soul spoke to her, except a very few civil words addressed to her out of compassion by the Comtesse de N—. The Princes were obliged to pass through the apartment in which she was waiting, and both Charles Dix (then Monsieur) and the Duchesse d'Angoulême hurried through the room, turning their faces away from her—while their attendants exclaimed, almost within her hearing, at the *audace* of her venturing under the very roof of their *victime*.

forth her islanders, impatient of their confinement, but resolved never again to risk a residence at Verdun in exchange for it. Paris was immediately filled with all the young, and all the rich, and all the idle, who had been so long denied participation in pleasures, and gaieties, and grandeurs, of which either they had heard so much, or of which they had retained such agreeable recollections. Many arrived with ideas of intimate friendships contracted with French individuals in emigration, by whom they conceived they were to be received with such grateful remembrance of the past, as would lead to a renewal of former intimacy, and to much enjoyment in their society.

All pretenders to beauty or wit anticipated a new theatre for their successes in regenerated France, which, from all it had gained, and all it had lost, by its Revolution, would be more aware of their merits, and more willing to do justice to them. All those who remembered France in the moment of Anglo-mania which immediately preceded the Revolution, fancied that they should still find some remains of good-will to the country which she had then looked to as her model, and some respect for those who had so long preceded her in the enjoyment of civil liberty. All our men of science were eager to make the acquaintance and seek the society of those, distinguished by similar pursuits in France. To their acquirements they had always done ample justice, and they sought to re-establish that communication of discoveries and improvements, which the late troubled state of Europe had somewhat interrupted. In these expectations every one was, more or less, disappointed.

The young and gay, who came full of the reputed charms and perfection of French society, found *that* into which they were admitted much less gay, more formal, and more uniform than their own. All pretensions, whether to beauty, or wit, or talents, instead of being allowed, were hardly noticed, or noticed only to be criticised. Those who brought testimonials of any sort of social distinction in their own country, were those the most severely judged. The favourites, if any, were always selected from among persons hitherto unnoticed at home—no one acquaintance led to another. The women in the first society made it a rule that no one was to propose the introduction of a foreigner. This restriction, indeed, was for the most part confined to the female sex; but our young Englishmen found so much to occupy them in the public amusements, the theatres, and the various interests of a great metropolis, that very few of them ever submitted to undergo the severe noviciate required by French society, in order to attain any degree of ease and intimacy in it. Our ladies certainly seemed to receive an intimation from those of France, that *they* had renounced all idea of ever leaving their own country again, by their marked neglect of the travellers of all other countries. The remembrances of emigration could not be agreeable, and, consequently, the debts of friendship were in general paid as succinctly and with as little trouble as possible, without any renewal of past intimacy. Those old enough to remember the opinions of France for England before the Revolution, heard with astonishment all the vulgar prejudices against her constitution, her laws, and her public principles, which had

been propagated by Buonaparte, repeated not only by those of his fallen party, but by the returned Royalists, and by the professed Constitutionalists.

The supercilious manners of some of the greatest names in science, and their unaccommodating ignorance, or obstinacy, in not speaking our language themselves, or being patient and indulgent to their own language ill-spoken, made their social communications with most of our men of science dry and unsatisfactory—rendered them insensible to the colloquial merits of a Playfair, and ignorant of many other hardly less interesting and unpretending characters.

The loss of fortune in the Revolution, and the general derangement of affairs from the recent disturbances, was a sufficient excuse for an absence of hospitality. During the first five or six years after the Restoration, all the great fêtes and entertainments were almost exclusively given by the diplomatic body, or by some of the foreign individuals then established at Paris. The eagerness evinced to be present on all these occasions, proved that the national taste for dissipation had in no respect diminished with the means of indulging in it.

When the society of the metropolis again re-assembled under the restored monarchy, all found that their own domestic habits had undergone a material change. The business of a Representative Government, which occupied not only those belonging to the two Chambers, but likewise the many dependent on them, necessarily influenced the hour of all social meetings. Dinners at six o'clock were

almost too late to admit of the theatres forming a part of the amusement of the evening as formerly, and precluded the habit of supping, or of making suppers the social meal. The residence of the Sovereign and his family, and all attached to them,—the ministers and the public officers being now in Paris, instead of at twelve miles' distance from it, immensely increased the numbers of those frequenting the Court, the levees of ministers, and all other public meetings.

The many persons who had been called into society during the last thirty years by the events of the Revolution,—those who had now retired from the command of armies, or from the pro-consular powers which had been delegated by Buonaparte,—all now poured into the society of Paris—all brought with them pretensions and recollections founded on the *past*, which indisposed them to be satisfied with the *present*.

The recent nobility regretted the extravagant splendour of the Imperial Court, where they flourished unrivalled, and free from any awkward comparisons or mortifying neglects. The old nobility remembered the more select and chosen society of Marie Antoinette, and mourned over that refinement of manners, and those exclusive distinctions, which were allowed by the prejudices of the day, and secured by the ridicule that would have followed the slightest neglect, or the slightest infringement of them. The military, who had seen crowns and coronets distributed among their ranks during the empire, found it difficult to confine their views and their ambition to the honours and distinctions of

their profession, when reduced to the existence which belongs to it in the due administration of a constitutional monarchy.

Among the lower orders, throughout all the class of servants, shopkeepers, and workmen, all those who, incapable of abstract reasoning on matters of Government, are struck only by the immediate associations around them—all had, either in their own families, or those of their acquaintance, witnessed such sudden elevations of fortune—such distinctions of rank or of riches, acquired by their equals, their school-fellows, or their fellow-labourers, that, mistaking the arbitrary will and partial benefactions of despotic power, for equality of rights, they all regretted a Government where such distinctions (no matter by what means) were attainable; it was to them a lottery, where every one was content to lose something, and many to be ruined, provided only that their chance for the £20,000 prize was still open.

Great assemblies, crowded balls, and dinners of forty people, which had been exploded from London, seemed to have been adopted at Paris, little to the advantage of the real purposes or enjoyments of society. But these enjoyments were still more destroyed by the rancour of party feeling, and the violence of political opinions: one half of the world could not meet the other half, except in an assembly large enough to allow each to avoid the other.

Literature, the theatre, science, everything but politics, were banished from conversation; and these politics were so discordant, that their discussion could only take place among persons of the same side of the question. Even in houses where, from

the proprietors being of domestic habits, and having no political character to support, the society was small enough to have admitted conversation, the men all retired into groups, talking of the subject of the day among themselves, and the women were left seated, in sad symmetry, opposite to each other, without any encouragement or help towards amusement.

But these unsocial habits could not long maintain their ground in social France. The respectable of all parties, forgetting former opinions, began to respect each other. The young women had received an education in every way superior to that of former days. They united, to the perfect good manners to which those days exclusively pretended, principles of conduct, and acquirements which were rare before. Marriages were soon contracted between the new nobility and the old, which afforded mutual advantages, duly appreciated by both. These marriages, though still arranged by parents, were, for the most part, settled with such regard to the tastes and wishes of the contracting parties, as to make them feel responsible for their subsequent conduct. Domestic habits had become as much the *fashion*, as the contrary had been in other times. Husbands and wives visited together, and generally, although not exclusively, frequented the same societies. What would have been remarked on and distinguished as a *bon ménage* in former days, was now, apparently, that of all the world. Social habits, by degrees, were again adopted; persons were again found, in their own houses in the evening, without a crowd; a certain number of intimates were sure to assemble round them; conversation again resumed

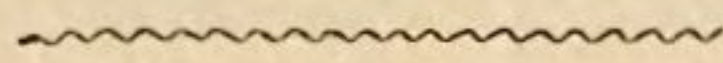
its value, was lively and trifling without vapidness, and grave without prosing or dullness. A language singularly calculated for colloquial purposes (perhaps from having been more and longer applied to them than any other) was again made the medium of that quick perception of character, those accurate shades of sentiment, that playful versatility of imagination, and that power of making serious subjects assume a familiar form, which mark French conversation in its best manner. Talents, if possessed, were produced without difficulty or affectation; they were considered as the property of the society, to be drawn on at pleasure, but for which the possessor was amply repaid by the applause which they certainly produced. Nobody remained longer in these societies than they wished, or left them sooner;—nobody, therefore, thought it necessary to apologize for accidental dullness, or to torment themselves with efforts to excite gaiety. Nobody went to one place that they might be asked to another, which they, in fact, cared equally little about. Balls and great meetings were, for the most part, left to the young of both sexes. “*Les vétérans de la fatuité*” were less numerous; in short, society in the upper classes began to exhibit those best forms which did, and do, and it is to be hoped ever will, distinguish France. Among the bourgeoisie and in the commercial world, a change hardly less remarkable, and an improvement not less perceptible, had taken place. The fashionable tradespeople, and professors of the arts of luxury, now feeling independent of all protection from their superiors, trusted entirely to the superiority of their talent, or their taste, for success; and, secure of their means of indepen-

dence, were become quiet and unassuming in their manners and appearance. A first-rate mantua-maker or milliner was at the same time a *bonne mère de famille*, and attended to her business in a dress, and with manners, which precluded all ideas of lightness of conduct. Their élèves, for the most part, sought, by industry, good conduct, and cleverness in business, to recommend themselves to a marriage in their own line of life, where the women are generally found the most active and intelligent assistants in conducting the business of their husbands.

Among the common people there existed always the same social dispositions—the same love of harmless gaiety and dancing in their hours of relaxation—the same happy disposition to enjoy life as it passes, to spend the produce of their labour with little memory of the past, and still less care for the future; but always with a spirit of social intelligence, of decency and good breeding, an amenity of manners towards the female sex, and an absence of all disgusting excesses, which mark and distinguish the character of the lower orders of people in France from the same rank in any other country:*

* The author remembers, in the year 1802, at the commencement of the Consulate of Buonaparte, to have been present at a meeting in Paris, known under the name of *Les Soirées amusantes*, where the entry was thirty sous for the gentleman, with liberty to bring a lady along with him. Of the thirty sous, either of the parties might have ten sous *en consommation*, that is to say, any refreshment taxed at that sum by the proprietors of the establishment. At this meeting however composed, (and certainly nothing calling itself *good company* entered into that composition,) every thing was as orderly

a character which resisted even the political agitations of the Revolution; except when, under the immediate excitement of the demagogues of the day, the whole population was assimilated with those dregs of society, which, for its disgrace, exist in all great cities, and are always capable of being stirred up to the surface.



and well-behaved, as entirely without violence, noise, or impropriety of any kind, as could have been the case in the first ball-room in Paris.

CHAPTER VI.

THE DOMESTIC HABITS OF FRANCE MUCH IMPROVED SINCE THE REVOLUTION—THE ALTERED HABITS OF THE YOUNG MEN—THEATRE NOT REPRESENTING THE IMPROVED MORALS OF THE DAY—FRANCE NOW REAPING WHAT BENEFITS COULD BE DERIVED FROM EMIGRATION—ARCHITECTURE A PROOF OF THE POLITICAL AND SOCIAL STATE OF A COUNTRY—PRESENT STATE OF BUILDINGS IN FRANCE—ENGLAND LESS ALTERED THAN FRANCE SINCE THE REVOLUTION—APPLICATION OF THE GREAT DISCOVERIES IN SCIENCE PRODUCING AN IMPROVED STATE OF GENERAL EXISTENCE—INEVITABLE EVILS BROUGHT ALONG WITH IT—THEIR EFFECTS ON THE CHARACTER OF FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

IN resuming the circumstances relative to the social life of England and France which have passed in review in the foregoing pages—in adverting particularly to the situation in which fifteen years of peace have now placed the two countries—we shall, it is believed, be led to a conclusion, that France has gained most in a moral and political point of view, and England in the details of social life.

The ordeal through which France passed during her Revolution, so necessary to the entire regeneration of the upper classes of her society, has pro-

duced effects on her moral habits, which no one, but those ignorant of what they were before that period, can either mistake or deny. Children are no longer separated from their parents immediately after their birth, and sent into the country to be nursed by strangers: they are no longer deprived of those first impressions of tenderness, so powerful in influencing future character, when proceeding from the persons by whom they ought to be excited. They no longer return to the paternal house almost strangers to their parents, while those parents, who had shared none of the anxiety as well as none of the pleasure of rearing their infancy, could hardly have been aware of the social duties imposed on them. The necessary consequence of the former habits had been, that, from a home where the father and mother often lived almost as much separated from each other as from their children; the girls were better placed in a convent, and the boys had a better chance of leading a regular life in a garrison, than at home, with an abbé for a tutor, who winked at their faults and at their idleness, to allow of his own; and with a father who troubled his head neither with tutor nor pupil. The lively account given by Madame de Genlis of the family of the Vicomte de Limours, in her "*Adèle et Théodore*," contains a true and accurate picture of the common education of the higher ranks before the Revolution, and of its effects in after life. Such an education duly prepared for such marriages as were then contracted exclusively by the will of parents, and were considered by the children exclusively as the means of liberty and emancipation from their control.

From this unengaging picture of domestic life, if

we look around us at the present day, we shall find infancy reared in the bosom of parents with such rational and well-understood care of early education, both physical and moral, that the children of France are now remarkable for their beauty, activity, and intelligence. The girls remain at home under the eye of their mother, and generally (with the assistance of an English servant or governess) are acquiring two languages almost as soon as they can articulate either; grammar and history are often taught them by frequenting classes of their own age, where the utmost industry and attention are necessary to satisfy the extreme emulation that is excited. The accomplishments generally considered as most essential to females are given in no superficial manner; while they are, at the same time, taught to consider them in the secondary light they deserve, more for social purposes, or for solitary resource, than for show, or to exhibit the talents of an artist, where an artist will always surpass them.

Their marriages are no longer arranged at an age when they cannot have a choice, and ought not to have a will of their own. But, accustomed to rely on their parents for the initiative on this important subject, they enjoy, without any degrading considerations of interest, or any humiliating advances, the pleasures of their age, free from an anticipation of the cares of future life. It must be added, that the now equal division of property between all the children of the same marriage (whatever may be its political tendency or consequences) certainly conduces to domestic peace, and the union and good-will of families. The children have nothing to envy, and nothing to expect from each other; no sisters are

condemned to convents to increase the family succession—no brother sees with envious eyes the indulgences and the expenses of his elder.

An improvement hardly less remarkable has taken place in the education and pursuits of the young men. When the first rudiments of learning instilled into them as children are over, they almost universally follow courses of instruction under tutors in public colleges. These are followed up by series of lectures on all the great subjects most interesting to society and to science, given in various national institutions by the most eminent intellects of the country—persons whose researches have neither abstracted them from its society, nor from its political interests; an advantage, perhaps, yet greater to the pupils than to the professors. How much such advantages are afterwards improved, must depend on the ability and industry with which they are followed up: but idleness, so far from being a fashion, is become a ridicule, and ignorance a slur, which every young man, whatever his pretensions, would wish to avoid. With the altered times, and the improved state of domestic morality, the current both of the follies and of the expenses of youth has altered. From a home where their parents are living in good intelligence with each other, and no longer strangers to their children, they are no longer driven into early debauchery as a resource from idleness—are no longer taught to consider the reputation of a libertine as either graceful or distinguishing. The whole race of courtesans no longer affront public propriety by the ostentatious display of their ill-gotten gains: and those who frequent their society, or fall into connections with them, throw a veil over what they would

formerly have professed and boasted of. A still greater change has taken place in the habits of the young men in respect to general gallantry, and that constant occupation in the society of women, which formerly belonged to Frenchmen of every age : these habits, together with the profession of a man *à bonnes fortunes*, are now equally out of date : the first would be despised as a trifler, and the second avoided as worse. The improvement in domestic habits and happiness has quite altered the terms on which the influence of women yet exists and flourishes in France : they aim rather at being the centre of a society, than at individual conquests ; and at influencing by the general charm of their manners, or by an imposing respectability of character, rather than seeking by petty intrigues to compass some intended purpose—something to be attained, or to be concealed, by equally despicable means.

The marriages of young men, so far from being considered, as with us, a step in life which none but the rich can prudently take, is here, by the equal distribution of property, counted on as a certain means of increase of fortune, generally bringing more into the common stock than the expenses arising from it. Such marriages are, for the most part, contracted while the parents are yet of an age to partake of, and enjoy society. The establishment, therefore, of the new-married couple in the paternal house for the first years of their union, which sometimes forms an article of the marriage contract, is often without confinement or regret to the young people, and generally a comfort and amusement to their seniors.

This younger generation, which has been born to ideas of liberty, and nursed in political discussions—

which has received a better education than their fathers, and lived in more enlightened times—view former discords and prejudices in the light of history, and without the irritation either of self-suffering or self-mortification. They may well, therefore, be allowed to suppose that their admission into the councils of their country, in the Chamber of Deputies, at an earlier age, would be a measure likely to render that assembly less factious, more united in opinion, less extravagant in projects, and more capable of establishing on its true principles a Representative Government, than the two Chambers constituted as at present. At the same time the possibility of young men entering sooner into an active political life would encourage that turn for serious occupation, and the acquirement of solid instruction, which marks the present era.

A residence at their country seats being no longer prescribed to them, under the name of exile, as a punishment in consequence of what was called disgrace at Court, a country life has become fashionable. All those possessing country-houses pass many months at them, wisely taking that part of the year which is most favourable to the real enjoyment of the country; while much expense and attention are bestowed both in the ornament and the improvement of these residences. No dismissed minister will ever again be sent, as a punishment, to *his* Chanteloup—no leave be ever again required from Court to visit him there.

Whatever may yet be the insecurity or insufficiency of the political institutions of the French, personal liberty is as completely enjoyed and established, as if *lettres de cachet* and arbitrary imprison-

ments had not existed in the memory of many yet living, and of some yet regretting their loss.

By an odd anomaly, while the manners of society have become much purer, the theatre, which is supposed to reflect those manners, has become more licentious both in its language and in the intrigue of its pieces. All the sentimental difficulties, the delicate dilemmas, the nice distinctions of the Marquises and the Countesses of *la haute comédie*, have been obliged to give way to the popularity of pieces, whose plot as well as whose dialogue would not have been suffered on the *public* theatre by the chaste ears of the intimate society of Louis XV.*

While no consideration for the feelings or the sufferings of the people existed in the Government, the greatest delicacy was observed in order to avoid hurting either on the stage:—now, all the follies and all the horrors of the Revolution are dramatized on their most frequented theatres. Crowded and delighted audiences applaud scenes, in which all the assistants (past the age of forty-five) must, or might, have been actors or spectators—must have seen or experienced in their own persons, or in those of their nearest relatives, the dangers and the sufferings exhibited before them. Such the “*Maison du Rempart*,”† which, though peopled with the personages

* I say on the *public* theatre: for the pieces admitted to representation on private theatres in the first company, at that period see the account given by Collé, the author of some of the most admired farces of this kind, on whose profligacy and licentiousness he was himself the first, and perhaps the *only* one, to remark.—*Collé's Memoirs*, passim.

† “*La Maison du Rempart*,” acted at the Théâtre des Nouveautés; “*Avant, Pendant, et Après*,” by Scribe, acted

of the Fronde, brings a rabble of Paris on the stage, armed with all sort of domestic weapons, and pulling down the house of a quiet citizen about his ears: such “*Avant, Pendant, et Après*,” which exhibits with much wit, the insolence and the immorality of “*Avant*,” and the republican horrors and fooleries of “*Pendant*”: such “*Sept Heures*,” where the episode of Charlotte Corday, in the infamous and degraded life of Marat, is deprived of the only interest it could inspire, by making her dagger directed by revenge for the death of a lover, instead of leaving the fact as it really was—an exaltation of patriotism, and a hatred of the horrors she saw around her, in a young, ardent, and uninformed mind.

By the happy versatility which on no occasion, nor in any circumstances, seems to desert the French character, they have, however, emancipated their theatre from all the classical trammels, and from all the modern formalities to which their tragedy was so long subjected. They have received the muse of Shakspeare with open arms, and are endeavouring to follow (at an unmeasurable distance) the star which has at last appeared to them from the banks of the Avon. They have at once given up the unities of Aristotle, and the etiquettes of the Court of Louis XIV; and, in their attempt at historical drama, are more in danger of falling into untheatrical atrocities, than into their former inflated sentiments, long monologues, and wordy expressions of passion.

France, indeed, may be said to be now reaping the only advantages she could ever receive from emigra-

forty-seven times at the Vaudeville Theatre, and then stopped by an order of the Police; “*Sept Heures*,” acted at the theatre of the Porte St. Martin.

tion, and from her long warfare in all parts of Europe,—the removal of many local prejudices, and a great change in the domestic habits of the least corrigible part of her population. This change is manifest in the more frugal and regular habits of the upper orders of society, the more equal distribution of their whole expenditure, and in a preference to the habitual comforts of life rather than occasional show and magnificence. Instead of a train of unnecessary servants, those only are retained for whom they have employment; they are better paid than formerly, and are treated with less familiarity, though with more consideration. But as every condition of society has its disadvantages, little remains of the patriarchal attachment of generations of servants to generations of masters,—of persons having lived and died in the service of those whose birth they had witnessed, and whose fortunes they had followed; and France may, probably, soon experience the same inconvenience as England, from the perfect independence and political equality of an order of people, brought too nearly into contact with their superiors not to catch their faults, without the power of acquiring, likewise, their redeeming merits.

The same improved taste for convenience, instead of show, has led to the general adoption of the fashions of their English neighbours in their carriages and equipage. Light, easy, plain carriages, equally suited for town or country, have universally succeeded to the vehicles, all gilding without and all velvet within, which formerly filled the streets of Paris, while calashes, britskas, and every borrowed form of open carriage, have superseded the awkward *chaise de poste française* on their public roads. The

stable expenses of the opulent comprise every thing that is necessary for use and comfort, without running into those lavish, and often disgraceful, sums squandered on coachmakers and horse-dealers in England: nor does a fashionable and distinguished existence in the first society of Paris at all depend on the carriage which conveys any individual to that society, or the appointments of the servants that accompany it. However conducted to the salon, the most perfect equality of rights to please, and to be pleased, takes place when there: there, neither the old nobility reclaim any exclusive rights, nor the new expect any.

It has been said, and truly, that architecture witnesses to the political and social state of a country more than any other contemporary evidence. The buildings of all the principal towns in Italy might be cited as furnishing proofs of this assertion. The enormous structures of ancient Rome, which still puzzle all modern conceptions of magnificence either to occupy or to people, prove a population of slaves, working at the will of despotic power for their daily subsistence. The hardly less vast remains of the papal grandeur of Rome, equally prove unwieldy and unwholesome wealth collected among a few, and devoting to sordid poverty the many. The severe prison-like palaces of Florence, with their high and small windows, and their square tower, at once for defence and for the power of breathing a freer air than in the dull chambers below, betray the want of security, and the turbulent manners of a republic, whose chiefs could never agree among themselves, nor ever succeed in subduing the spirit of an industrious people, blessed with a favoured soil and climate.

The more modern architecture of France will equally tell its own story. The immense and magnificent houses which existed in every quarter of Paris, date from times, when partial taxes, partial immunities, and the uncontrolled will and favour of weak Sovereigns, had raised up a nobility too powerful for the Crown, and no less oppressive to the people. When the strong arm of arbitrary power at last succeeded in reducing these nobles to political insignificance, their ambition was confined to Court favour, and their means of distinction to a luxury and magnificence which, being securely guarded by exclusive privileges, neither industry nor merit could ever possibly attain, or even hope to rival. Hence we see a whole quarter of the metropolis, in which the habitations of the *Tiers Etat* occupy as small a share, and are kept as much out of sight, as their rights, their convenience, and their comforts were in the Government of their country—whole streets of high walls surrounding large enclosures, which defended their inhabitants from the necessity of ever coming in contact with their inferiors, and too surely gave token of the line of demarcation existing in society between a nobility assuming rights sustained only by possession, and a people deprived of rights which no possession can forfeit.

Already, before the end of the reign of Louis XV, many of these enormous mansions, however well suited for great fêtes and entertainments, had been found very inconvenient for the domestic purposes of their owners : selfish indulgence found its account in smaller habitations, which could only hold those who were to minister to its gratifications ; hence sprung up a number of pavilions, ornamented with

porticoes and pediments, and columns without, but within, untenable for the occupation of a family; sufficiently demonstrative of the careless prodigality and selfish luxury of the day.

What it has been agreed to call Grecian taste was then quite new in France, and every thing was to be *à la Grecque*. It was not till a more intimate acquaintance with Italy and with Greece, taught them that a heathen chapel large enough to contain the priest and the statue of his God, was incompatible with the lodging a Christian family, and that in all attempts at enlarging the size, or altering the position of such ancient buildings, that beauty is lost, which at best can ill compensate for the want of internal conveniences in habitual life.

During the disorders and confiscations of the Revolution, most of the great hotels of Paris, becoming national property, changed both inhabitants and owners. On the return to peaceable times, those which had not been converted into public offices, or appropriated to the abodes of the Ministers of the Crown, or irrevocably alienated by the sale of national property, were restored to their original proprietors. But to the altered habits of the time, and the altered succession of property, they have been found so ill suited, that in many instances they have been converted into two or three separate habitations; these, from their internal arrangements being more compact, allow of their rooms being better lighted, more thoroughly warmed, and more capable of constant occupation, than could ever have been the vast *salons dorés* of the former edifices, of which these houses form sometimes little more than a wing, or even an apartment.

However, in spite of the two opposite excesses that we have mentioned in the domestic architecture of France, it is still in Paris that we must look for the most admirable models of a town residence, where sufficient space is allowed, both before and behind, for a free circulation of air, for a seclusion from too immediate neighbours, and for the luxury of reposing the eye on verdure and vegetation, in the midst of a great city—where carriages approach under cover, and persons on foot are protected from the weather, before they are admitted into the apartments—where all the rooms habitually occupied are on the same floor—of a size capable of every social enjoyment, and with separate communications, allowing of the attendance of servants in the immediate neighbourhood of their required services. If we add to this, accommodation for carriages and horses within the same enclosure, separated from those of others, we must allow that, in the rival luxuries of the two metropolises, there is nothing so much to envy, and in nothing are we so much surpassed as in our town residences. And here again architecture may tell the tale of a great commercial as well as manufacturing city, where the ground has been long too valuable to be expended in gardens and courts—where the *Tiers Etat* is as conspicuously placed, and (in proportion) better lodged than the nobles, whose habitations are on all sides hemmed in by plebeians, fast rising to every distinction possessed by their great neighbour, whose ancestor, perhaps, acquired those distinctions by the very same means;—of a nation where every man possessed of wealth has long preferred the country as the scene of his enjoyments

and his luxuries, considering London as only affording the means to industry and ambition, of securing, in time, such an existence in the country, as will give its owner every right possessed by his noble neighbour in London.

Admitting architecture still as an evidence of the political and social state of a country: the buildings and repairs going on in every little town and village in France, the great extension of the Faubourgs of Paris, the infinite number of small houses for single families, springing up in the immediate neighbourhood of all the great towns, and the immense increase of such houses in Paris, prove what the subdivision and change of property caused by the Revolution, the equality of public burthens, and the chartered rights of the people, have already done in France. It is to these rights, and to the feelings given by the acquisition of property secured by these rights, and not either to her statesmen, or her writers, that France will owe her future political tranquillity, and the final establishment of a Representative Monarchy. It is these feelings that will confine to rhetorical phrases the visionary schemes of her Republicans, will reduce to nullity the more foolish and antiquated doctrines of their opponents, and will for ever rescue her from that anachronism to common sense, an Absolute Government.

While a regeneration of ideas has taken place, not only in England and in France, but in all the European states, it must be matter of astonishment to the philosophic observer, that all these states, after fifteen years' peace, should continue to think it either necessary, or advisable, or furthering their own individual prosperity, to constitute themselves in a

state of permanent blockade with respect to one another; to beset their frontiers with custom-house fortresses, guarded by an army of officers, paid by each state for impeding commerce, and preventing the produce of one country from being immediately bartered for that of another, with mutual advantage, and the relief of mutual wants: while, at the same time, the peaceful, unarmed inhabitants of these states, require a licence to carry their industry and their riches, or their wants and their miseries, where they may best obviate the one or relieve the other.

If any statesman could abstract himself from the common and vulgar ideas of encouraging commerce by duties or by bounties, or could look beyond the necessity of an immediately productive taxation; if a country could for a moment be considered as a great landed estate, of which its stewards (the Government) were appointed to make the most, and procure the greatest affluence at once to the landlord (the Sovereign) and to the tenants (the people), would it ever be attempted, by preventing the produce of the estate from being freely sold, to purchase what grew more abundantly, or was cultivated with less cost on a contiguous property? Would it be by attempting to throw impediments on the occasional egress or ingress of tenants for their improvement, emolument, or pleasure? Would it be by subtracting a considerable part of those tenants from all useful labour, and subsisting them on the wages of the others? Yet what else are all prohibitory systems of commerce? What else are custom-houses, passports, and standing armies? Let not these ideas, however, be considered as utopian

dreams. Nobody endued with common sense can suppose that either custom-houses, passports, or standing armies can be entirely done away with, any more than taxes and public revenue; but it may surely be recommended to statesmen to recur more frequently in their combinations to these first simple irrefragable principles, and to assure themselves, that the less they are lost sight of, the nearer their measures approximate to them, the more permanent and useful they are likely to prove—the more essentially profitable to the interests of the country for which they act.

France had much to destroy, much rubbish to remove, before she could set about the re-edification of her political existence made necessary by long and complicated abuses. England had little to gain, and much to lose by any conflicts either with herself or her neighbours:—her prosperity, after the total emancipation of her American colonies, might have taught her a great and useful lesson, which, if nations profited by experience, would have led to the earlier relief of Ireland from all political disabilities. The excesses of revolutionary France repressed the discontents of England, restored her to a sense of her real advantages, and allowed her to profit by the immense increase of her commerce, and by the wealth poured into her funds in consequence of the disturbed state of the continent. These combined causes masked to her people, and disguised even to the eyes of her ministers, the frightful expenditure of the repeated ill-conducted coalitions against France, and prevented any just calculation of half the weight of its consequences.

One great and severe draft on the finances of a country, however difficult and embarrassing at the moment, is soon recovered; France, therefore, has long ceased to feel the seven hundred millions which her vertigo of a Hundred Days had cost her. But when will England recover from the effects of an annual public expenditure not compatible with her means, during a peaceful existence? When will the habits of luxury and indulgence in private life, and of careless dissipation of the public fortune, acquired during a depreciated currency and a fictitious opulence—when will they yield to, and how will they meet the increasing demands on the whole body of proprietors for the support of an increasing and unemployed population?

The successful application of science to the common purposes of life—the wonders performed by steam and by machinery in annihilating distance and doubling the produce of labour—the improvements in diet and habits of cleanliness materially obviating much disease, and considerably increasing the chances of human life—the general extension of education, all these advantages combine towards forming an universally improved state of human existence.

That they should be accompanied by many difficulties, and appear to lead (at no very distant period) to much unavoidable distress, is perhaps one of the strongest proofs given by Omnipotence of the finite powers and nature of man. With every thing improving around him—with every view expanding, every pursuit successful—the mistakes of former times recognised and avoided, this very success seems necessarily to conceal within it

the seeds of what must for ever prevent the possibility of carrying beyond certain limits, the immeasurable hopes, unbounded wishes, and noblest aspirations of our nature.

If, in comparing the general effects which have arisen, and the situation in which England and France are placed, from the political agitations of the last forty years, we should be led to consider our country as indicating some degree of the inactivity and languor of advancing years, and the long undisturbed enjoyment of political liberty; if the other country manifests the petulance of youth, and the impatience of novelty, in the pursuit and acquirement of all the advantages their activity and abilities lead them to attempt;—we must surely allow that the combined will of two such countries, the immense influence of such a mass of intellectual superiority joined to such imposing political force, must and ought to dictate to Europe; to constitute the intellectual soul of an enlightened world; to be improved by their science, to be enriched by their discoveries, and to be advanced by their example in all the great principles of civil liberty and social happiness. A liberal and informed policy will teach such an association to abstain from all interference with the domestic or commercial arrangements of other nations, or with any internal changes of Government, which an independent people may deem necessary for their welfare; while the weight of such a combination of influence and authority may effectually prevent the meditated changes from molesting or embroiling their neighbours.

If England and France, from paltry jealousies of power, from ill-calculated commercial rivalry, or

from any selfish individual ambition, refuse this high calling; refuse to unite their powers in placing themselves at the head of the intellectual world and assuming this universal sovereignty—the only one possible,—what dominion, what glory can either ever hope to attain comparable to such a destiny! What honours equal to such an association! What approach can ever be made towards the supposed perfectibility of our species that can equal the allied intellectual power of England and France—enlightened as to their own real interests, and combined to encourage, to foster, and to protect, the general interests of human nature!

St. Germain, June, 1830.

CHAPTER VII.

WITH the concluding sentiments of the last chapter the author meant to have closed these considerations, and to have left to statesmen and politicians their further development, and the application of their results to the affairs of the two countries in question; but having been present at the marvellous events which lately took place in the political existence of France, the author feels it impossible not to notice so remarkable a passage in the civil history of mankind, and so striking a change in the character and conduct of the nation where it took place.

A King of France, reigning in undisturbed splendour and unquestioned authority on Sunday the 25th of July, and on Sunday the 1st of August, in one little week, the same Being having become a fugitive without power and without rights, hardly allowed to remain two days longer in the disturbed and uncertain occupation of the most distant of his palaces. These events seem more like the necromantic catastrophe of an eastern tale, than facts actually taking place in the most regularly organised European Government. The inhabitants of a great luxurious capital defending themselves without arms and without leaders above thirty-six hours against

regularly trained and perfectly appointed troops, and in the next twenty-four hours, when partially armed and partially led, driving these troops before them and taking entire military possession of the metropolis entrusted to their guard, are events which, thus stated in their result only, sound like romance; and having been present at the scenes, and a witness of their consequences, scarcely lessens the wonder they excite, and still leaves them hardly credible.

A yet more remarkable circumstance follows these military triumphs;—a perfect moderation and absence of all unnecessary violence, all desire of bloodshed, all intemperance of valour in the moment of conquest, and an equal absence of all enthusiasm and exaggeration in the measures taken in consequence of the uncontrolled power left in the hands of the conquerors. This is such a new view of the French national character, and, indeed, is so entirely unlike the conduct of any other nation hitherto placed in anything like similar circumstances, that even a recapitulation of the immediate causes of discontent and of the previous situation of the public mind will scarcely be found adequate to such stupendous effects.

France, although in a state of immense general prosperity, had been for the last three or four years accumulating much political discontent and suppressed ill-will against the Government. The general causes for this discontent, already enumerated in Chapter V, were increased by their duration, and by the unvarying spirit which seemed to animate all the Ministers called to the administration of the Government. That of M. de Villèle, by far the longest lived, after existing nearly six

years, became particularly obnoxious from its supposed protection of the Jesuits, and its concurrence in the views of the Court to allow an undue influence to the Clergy, or what was designated politically *le parti prêtre*.

From the manner in which a few broken windows and an insignificant riot had been suppressed in the Rue St. Denis during the winter of 1827, the people acquired the assurance that there would be no backwardness, either in the Ministry or the Court, to apply military force on the smallest expression of popular discontent.

The succeeding administration, in which M. de la Ferronaye was at the head of the foreign affairs, and M. de Martignac, Minister of the Interior, was at first popular, at least appeared so; after the dismissal of that, which had been designated by the epithet of the *ministère déplorable*. On the retreat of M. de la Ferronaye, from illness, the indecision and delays in the choice of his successor gave suspicion of an intention of replacing him by the Prince de Polignac; the idea was already so unpopular as to be dropped for the moment.

The King's progress into Alsace, in the following summer, accompanied by the Minister of the Interior, was successful in advancing for the moment the popularity both of the King and of the Minister. The wishes of the people seemed to be better understood by the Court, and the Court less suspected by the people. But when the Chambers met in the ensuing session, the Ministry fell into disgrace with the Liberals, for not bringing forward long promised popular measures; and out of favour with the Court for too great condescension to popular opinion.

The departmental and municipal laws, which the country had long and anxiously looked to as necessary to its internal prosperity, and as the only means of creating a public opinion, were at last proposed by Government. They were violently opposed by the Liberal party in the Chamber of Deputies, as inverting the order in which they ought to take place, and allowing an opening to despotic application. The Government, when they found a difficulty of carrying their measures without the proposed amendments, instead of endeavouring to conciliate, or to yield any points to public opinion, immediately withdrew the proposal altogether; and as the initiative of the laws then belonged only to the Government, the people were left without any hope of seeing these measures renewed.

In the whole of this transaction, both parties seem to have betrayed much ignorance of the due administration of a Representative Government: the Deputies, by not accepting what was offered them, and thereby placing themselves on the vantage ground, where more might have been obtained; the Government, in betraying an unwillingness to listen to any modifications of the Chambers. In the same ill-understood conduct of public business was the attack made on Peyronnet the keeper of the seals, on the subsequent discussion of the budget, for the appropriation of a sum of 35,000 francs of public money in addition to that already allowed by Government for the arrangements of the House belonging to his office. However necessary and proper the establishing the principle of culpability in any such diversion of public money, the manner in which the inquiry was conducted was factious, mi-

nute, and invidious. The fall of a Ministry, and the dissolution of a Chamber, which neither pleased the Court, nor satisfied the country, were unavoidable. Not so the new Ministry, which was immediately declared, with the Prince de Polignac at its head. Nobody conceived that such a combination of obnoxious names would have been ventured on at once.

The press, which had been moderate, and had advocated sufficiently sound doctrines during the ministry of Martignac, now varied every possible form of abuse and contempt against Polignac and his associates, carefully avoiding, however, all disrespect to royalty, and professing great attachment and loyalty to the King. Before the new chamber met on the 8th of March 1830, the great majority of liberal members which it contained, their independent spirit, and the general colour of their sentiments were well known. The King's speech unwisely alluded to them, and to the means with which he meant to meet them. The Chamber of Deputies, after the usual complimentary professions, declared that they could concur in none of the measures proposed to them, until the ministry was changed. Now, as the ministry since their appointment had remained positively inert, they were guiltless of any measures good or bad, and could only be attacked as to intention. No Sovereign could have complied with a request, to dismiss his ministers so made, and in such circumstances; but instead of a temperate, dignified negative from the throne, a few dry, severe words were addressed to the Chambers, and they were dissolved after a session of ten days. Here again the same ignorance of the conduct of a Repre-

tative Government seems evident. Unluckily too, the Prince de Polignac had evinced, in the only attempt he made at public speaking, such an absence of all method, argument, or facility of language, as proved him quite unequal to defending either his own measures, or those of his colleagues, from the tribune. Still the public press respected the King, he was always separated from his ministers and advisers in the various and inexhaustible diatribes of the diurnal press, not only of Paris, but of every city in France. To stop this torrent of abuse the editors were prosecuted in almost every court in the kingdom. These trials gave occasion to the public discussion of the principles which the accused supported, and were sure to secure the editors from greater punishment than a few days' seclusion, and an insignificant fine. In short, as the ministers afterwards allowed in their fatal *Rapport au Roi*, the laws were found quite inadequate to suppress the voice of the people ;—and yet these infatuated men were themselves deaf to that voice, and conceived themselves above those laws.

The two or three daily papers written in the interest of the Court (often with much acuteness), professed principles and doctrines worthy of the seventeenth century as to regal power and Government ; daring openly to abjure every measure which inferred any acknowledgment of the sovereignty of the people in their representatives. The sentiments of the *Gazette de France* on these subjects up to the latest moment of its existence under the reign of Charles X, is a curious monument of the perversion of human intellect, even in the most enlightened periods.

In the mean time the better informed heads of France were aware, that till the first principle of all Government was fairly acknowledged,—till the ridiculous idea had been done away with, that a portion of liberty, retractable at will, had been conceded (*octroyé*) by a Prince who at his restoration had no power to bestow, and was in fact himself received only, *dum bene placito*,—in short, till the Charter became a fair contract between the King and the people, they must be always mutually accusing each other; on the one side of factious attempts, and on the other of arbitrary intentions. An occasion only was wanting to bring about this necessary revision of the Charter; but, for this occasion, it was much doubted that the Court would give any plausible pretext. Many people thought, and as many feared, that on the meeting of the Chambers summoned for the 3rd of August, the Court would think it advisable to use more conciliatory language—the deputies be less peremptory in their demands;—that the ministers would bring forward some popular measures, and that thus things might rub on much as they had done.

No one, no one, I am intimately convinced, from the Duke of Orleans downward, either foresaw, or suspected the incalculable imprudence of the ministers, or the astonishing effects to be produced by it.

The success of the expedition to Algiers, was the drop that overflowed the measure of self-sufficiency and confidence on the part of the ministry. The lustre of the conquest their ignorance fancied would flatter the vanity of the people, and blind the eyes of their representatives to what was going on at home; while the treasures of the Dey encouraged

the Court in the vain idea of having secured the means of carrying on their plans, without any immediate application for money.

That the most enlightened among the patriots of France had begun to consider what measures were to be kept with a ministry who abjured all concessions, and a King who boasted that he would never recede, we cannot doubt; that in their meditations on this subject, and on its possible consequences, they must often have recurred to the lucky circumstance of the existence of a Prince, possessing the advantages of hereditary rights, but differing in education, in character, in endowments, in every thing that can distinguish an individual in a race of Princes. This Prince, deservedly esteemed by all those sufficiently independent of the Court to be free from its influence; having passed honourably through the severest trials of the school of adversity, whence he had drawn a great knowledge of human nature, and an intimate acquaintance with his native country, both generally and individually—it must have been obvious that such a Prince, surrounded by a numerous and well educated family, perfectly independent of the Court, and of its favours, by his large hereditary possessions, and by their well-regulated administration, gave every security the nation could require for assisting her in the revision of her Charter, and for its establishment on the true principles of a contract between the Governor and the governed: that the Duke of Orleans, on his part, aware of the wants and wishes of his country, partaking of its ideas of civil liberty, an observing witness of the vacillating measures and crooked policy of the restored Government—that he should

not have considered the part he might be called upon to act, by the incorrigible blindness of the Court,—it is impossible not to believe.

His cautious, prudent, penetrating character, must often have presented to him the possible results of his situation in the country, and probably may have anticipated to him his present elevation: but that any combination was formed between him and the liberal members of the two chambers, before the late Revolution, either to push matters to extremity, or in any foreseen and previously arranged case, to place him on the throne—history, when the marvellous events of these days are submitted to her calm observation, and severe scrutiny, will entirely absolve both him and his adherents. That he had been long an object of suspicion to the Court—that, although exact in the performance of all ceremonial duties towards it, no cordiality existed in their familiar intercourse, was well known. Louis XVIII had remonstrated against the Duke of Orleans sending his son to participate in the education given in a public college at Paris; and Charles X saw, with a jealous eye, persons of distinguished merit in every order of the state well received at Neuilly, and at the Palais Royal, and the public profiting of every occasion to mark their respect both for him and his family. Under these circumstances we cannot wonder, that, when the Ordinances of the 25th of July were determined on, and conscience suggested to their authors a possibility of some resistance, that it likewise suggested the necessity of securing the person of the Duke of Orleans. This intention was communicated (for we cannot call it betrayed) by the wife of a deputy to the Duchess of Orleans.

The means the Duke took to preserve his personal liberty, was by mounting his horse in the morning, and riding about the country the whole day. When a deputation from the praise-worthy citizens, who, during the week of Revolution, had constituted themselves into a Provisional Government at the Hôtel de Ville, came to desire his presence and assistance, he was on one of these expeditions, and his family absolutely ignorant where to find him; a fact which the deputation seemed so little to believe, that his sister, with a readiness doubly graceful in so quiet and unassuming a character, offered to accompany the messengers to the Hôtel de Ville, and remain there till her brother made his appearance. Late in the evening of that day, the 30th of July, he walked unaccompanied from Neuilly into Paris, and slept at the Palais Royal. On the next morning he went, surrounded by multitudes, to the Hôtel de Ville, where he was received at the door with open arms by La Fayette; and from that moment, and not before, the crown of France was assured to him. Had La Fayette received him coolly, instead of earnestly seconding his nomination to the Lieutenant-Generality of the kingdom,—had he himself hesitated a moment in unqualified obedience to the wishes of the people,—France would have been a republic, with La Fayette, in the first instance, at its head; and honour is due to the veteran, who, conscious of his power, sacrificed both his republican prejudices and his own elevation in that decisive moment.

It is not meant here to recapitulate the circumstances which immediately preceded or followed the Duke of Orleans's elevation to the throne. They have been stated in various accounts, and will in

future constitute the most interesting pages of the history of France. But on the state of public feeling—on the remarkable character of reason and calmness, which accompanied these transactions—on the total change which had taken place in the conduct and the views of the French nation from the Revolution in 1789, we may be allowed to remark.

Ten days after Paris had seen her whole population in arms, and her streets stained with the blood of her citizens,—on the 7th August, when the Chamber of Deputies were actually debating on the form of Government to be adopted, and were called on to decide (and that without delay), on the future sovereign to be placed at its head,—the town and its suburbs were perfectly tranquil; labourers were at their work; and the daily occupations of a great metropolis were going on as usual. Round the door of the Chamber of Deputies two or three hundred decently-dressed persons were assembled, anxiously waiting their decision. When it was made known to them by some persons from within, it was received with universal satisfaction, but without any noisy marks of exultation. The whole body of deputies immediately proceeded to the Palais Royal to announce the result of their deliberations. They went on foot, with no other accompaniment than a few National Guards, and many of the persons who had been surrounding their doors. Their passage through the most populous streets was uninterrupted either by acclamation or abuse. The citizens seemed satisfied with the business their representatives were transacting for them, and left it to them to complete. In the courts of the Palais Royal another

crowd was waiting their arrival, in the same contented mood, and with the same absence of all excitation.

Two days afterwards, on the 9th of August, when the Duke of Orleans came to receive the Crown of France from the Peers and Deputies assembled, and to swear observance of the terms on which alone it was offered, the whole transaction, instead of a Court pageant, bore the character of a solemn transfer between two contracting parties, of vital interests, deliberately stated and distinctly understood on both sides. The absence of all military but the National Guard, deprived it of splendour; and the greatness of the occasion, and the serious attention of all the persons concerned, showed it to be no formal, hackneyed ceremony, to be forgotten as soon as over.

In the circular gallery allotted to the spectators, which surrounded the hall where the two Chambers were assembled, in a part of it undistinguished from the rest by any decoration, appeared the Duchess of Orleans, with the Duke's sister, and all his children, excepting the two eldest sons, who were placed, during the whole ceremony, on each side of their father. The unobtrusive dress and demeanour of the whole family,—the absence of every appearance of exultation in the circumstances in which they were placed,—their undivided attention to what was going on, and the serious air with which the whole scene was regarded by them,—were remarked even by those the most occupied in the important business of the day. The vacant throne from which every vestige of a fleur-de-lis had disappeared, under the tri-coloured drapery with which alone it was canopied, seemed to suggest to their thoughtful minds a

recent and striking instance of the instability of all human greatness.

At the Revolution of 1789, the profound corruption which then pervaded every order of the State produced the dissolution of the whole social body. All rights, all privileges, all associations were attacked, and were still attempted to be defended, until ruthless anarchy involved aggressors and aggressed in one common ruin, and then exalted terror as the only means of securing liberty to the abject slaves it had made.

Far different was the situation of the country when it effected the marvellous Revolution which we have just witnessed. France, with a regenerated people, had enjoyed fifteen years' peace under the restored Government of the Bourbons. The national vanity had been offended at their returning with Europe in arms, but felt assured against any open attacks on that liberty which Louis XVIII boasted having bestowed. While, unfortunately, both he and his counsellors were too blind and too narrow-minded to act in the spirit of his Charter, or to be satisfied with the power it left in their hands. Great general prosperity had arisen from the subdivision of landed property, and from the security at last felt in the possession of national domains. The remembrance of their former sufferings, the atrocities of their Republic, the disgrace of their Directory, their ruinous dreams of conquest and military despotism, had already become history to the more reasoning and better educated population of the present day.

The blessing of peace, the security of personal liberty, and the enjoyment of the fruits of their industry, were so justly appreciated, that nothing less

than the monstrous and infatuated attack made at once on all the rights they most valued, could have called forth the sudden and signal vengeance which such incorrigible perversity provoked. But this vengeance was confined to the Prince, who had excited it, and to the Ministers, who had weakly and basely made themselves his instruments. No body of people were obnoxious, no individuals, but the Ministers and a few dignitaries of the Church, who were supposed to have inculcated jesuitical doctrines, and to have encouraged the King, and his favourite Minister, in arbitrary measures, and attempts to establish the lost authority of the Church. The palace of the Archbishop of Paris was the only building, public or private, on which the people wreaked their vengeance during the memorable days of July. And here no robbery was committed, but the whole furniture and interior of the house pulled to pieces, and, together with the books of the library, left strewed about the floors. Summary justice was administered by the people on those among them (and they were few) who were detected pillaging or secreting any articles of value, even during those moments of confusion. At the Tuileries some busts of Charles X, and the wardrobe of his family, were all that was touched by the people, armed and unarmed, who rushed through the apartments of that palace on the 29th of July. The busts were thrown out of the windows ; and the scattered female attire served to dress up some of the rabble, who appeared, thus accoutred, at the windows, to the no small amusement of the crowd below.*

* At one of the windows of the Duchesse de Berri's apartment in the Pavillon Marsan, where a magnificent ball had

Wine or spirits they avoided, and rejected when offered; so afraid did they seem of being led into excesses which might make them disgrace their cause, or incapacitate them from its accomplishment.*

A people thus conducting themselves—thus resisting both intemperance and pillage—guiltless of any outrages on individuals, or any destruction of property, but what was absolutely unavoidable in the pursuit of their purpose, forms a striking and remarkable contrast with the same people in 1790,—besieging their King in his palace, and their own Deputies in their Chamber,—encouraging violence, and justifying bloodshed by their murderous and cruel punishment of individuals, and by their attempted destruction of every thing that most honoured and distinguished their country,—bewildered by the most extravagant and flimsy sophisms, and led by the vilest demagogues, who ended by covering their country with scaffolds, and deluging it with blood.

been given, not six weeks before, to the two Courts of Naples and France, a man appeared in a silver gauze gown, and a hat with high feathers, his face covered with rouge, calling to his companions below, “ Venez, messieurs, je reçois, je reçois !”

* On the Boulevard, almost immediately at the corner of the Porte St. Martin, where a murderous attack was kept up by the people, mounted on the projecting parts of the arch, on the troops below, who were thus placed between two fires, the mistress of a little pastry-cook’s shop, who with her family had retired to the farthest part of their small tenement, to avoid the balls which flew around them, were at last summoned to their door by such knocking as they dared not refuse. It was merely to implore a draught of water, of which the woman declared she had given away during the night eighty buckets, in single goblets, indiscriminately to the people and the troops, equally dying of thirst, and rejecting wine.

On the late occasion, the moment the arms were out of the hands of the people, and the city in complete possession of its inhabitants, every thing returned, as if by magic, to its natural course. On the Monday of the week succeeding that of the Revolution, while the streets were yet rough with the unreplaced stones which had served for the barricades, and the leaves were yet green on the trees which strewed the Boulevards for the same purpose, the shops were all open, the business of a great town going on, and every body quietly wondering and rejoicing at what had taken place. In the garden of the Tuileries not a flower-bud was injured, not an orange tub displaced, although, four days before, horse, foot, and artillery of the Royal Guard had been driven through them pell-mell, pursued by the impetuous and irresistible rush of the triumphant people. Certain it is, however, that these troops were as much morally as physically vanquished. They fought without either obstinacy or spirit. Resistance had been so little calculated on by the Court, that no precautions had been taken to supply the immediate wants of the troops they employed. They were exhausted by hunger and thirst; they hated the service on which they were engaged, and were affected by the overwhelming heat of the weather, which passed unheeded by their opponents, during the excitement of their valorous resistance.

A considerable body of the guards, who had been marched from St. Cloud, and who had not yet been called on to act, were lying in the Champs Elysées, already complaining of fatigue and exhaustion: when they were at length (not without some difficulty) brought up to the garden-front of the Tuileries to

support their comrades in the Place du Carousel, and assist in defending the palace from the fierce assault of the people on that side. Numbers of hands were thrust through the iron railing of the Rue de Rivoli, with a five-franc piece, offered in vain, for sustenance of any kind, while the wants of the people were eagerly supplied by the whole population not actually with weapons in their hands. These feelings, however, ceased with resistance, and numberless instances could be given of every kind care and attention being paid to the wounds of those who had been observed bravely to discharge their odious duty. While thus circumstanced, about noon of Thursday, the 29th of July, a party of lancers were observed issuing from the middle gate of the Tuileries, followed by a fourgon with four horses, and evidently very heavily laden; then another party of lancers and a second fourgon followed as before, while three more carriages of the same description took the road by the river side towards St. Cloud. From this moment, it was remarked that all spirit of aggression or of defence seemed to have abandoned the troops, convinced, as they must have been, that their employers now despaired of their cause, by endeavouring thus to secure valuables they had no longer any hope to defend. The flame which had broken forth with such unextinguishable force at Paris, quickly communicated itself to all the surrounding towns and villages. The tri-colour flag, which the Restoration had so unwisely rejected, and had thereby converted into a rallying point for certain sentiments, as well as into the colours of a party,—the tri-colour was every where immediately hoisted by the people; but so perfectly without

opposition, so much with the consent and approbation of the better order of inhabitants, that every thing that followed in consequence was free from the character of malignity and devastation which accompanied the first Revolution. To maintain order, the National Guard of every district immediately formed itself. The old uniforms, which had been proscribed for above two years, again made their appearance. Among their numbers were soon enrolled not only the most respectable inhabitants, but hundreds of others, who had no other recommendation but good will to lend their arm to the cause. Their dress and appearance certainly gave no promise of the orderly manner in which they conducted themselves,—half clothed, and less than half armed; some with a rusty hanger, others with a single pistol or an old gun, hundreds with nothing but a stick; many without stockings, some without shoes, not a few without hats, and many more without coats;—such was the appearance of fifteen hundred men who marched into St. Germain on the morning of the 2d of August, arriving from Rouen, and the surrounding parts of Normandy, to the aid and assistance of their victorious countrymen at Paris. They were divided into six companies, each having a tri-colour flag, of various substance, and size, belonging to it, all inscribed *La Charte*, or merely *Paris*, where, although the combat was over, they persisted in going, to show, as they said, their good will to the cause, and what their deputies had to count upon in case of further resistance. The town of St. Germain was apprised of their arrival. They were immediately marched under the alleys of trees on the terrace, and were, in a moment, all

seated around their banners on the grass, and reposing themselves, after a march of four leagues, from Mantes. Here, in half an hour, they were supplied by the Municipality with a plentiful breakfast of bread, wine, sausages, ham, and other cold meats. One man presided over the distribution to each company. Every body was orderly, in good humour, and satisfied with their fare. Those wearing the uniform of the National Guard, and the other well-dressed persons among them, (of whom there were many, the sons and brothers of the tradespeople in the towns of Normandy,)—these persons were, for the most part, provided for in the inns and private houses of St. Germain: the others never left the shaded alleys of the terrace. After eating and drinking as much as they chose, but with a care to avoid inebriety, which caused a great part of a remaining barrel of wine to be actually emptied on the earth, to exclude the possibility of any abuse of its contents,—they then began dancing, after the fashion of their province, rounds of fifty or sixty men together, to the untuneful music of their own singing; and afterwards playing at single-stick, for which Normandy, it seems, is famous. The hospitality of St. Germain was not confined to eating and drinking. Between two and three hundred pairs of shoes had been provided for such as had worn out theirs on the journey, or who had begun it without any. They were, in a few minutes, all appropriated by those whose necessities were certainly undeniable.

After having been thus refreshed and thus treated, between two and three o'clock they were, by beat of drum (the only music they had with

them) recalled, every man to his own banner, and were marched away, without leaving a single straggler, as quietly and as orderly as could have been the best equipped and best disciplined Regiment of Guards.

Of exactly the same complexion were the twenty thousand inmates of Paris, who, on the very same day, voluntarily joined the party of National Guards which General Pajol was leading to Rambouillet, to hurry the departure of the abdicated King and his family. In the agitated state of the public mind, their personal safety in the neighbourhood of Paris could no longer be assured. Warned of the visit they were about to receive, the departure of the Court anticipated its necessity; and the whole of this vast undisciplined body returned peaceably to Paris, satisfied with having effected their purpose before they had reached the place of their destination, and bringing back with them (for the most part undamaged) the horses and carriages of all descriptions which they had civilly, but peremptorily, demanded of their owners in the streets of Paris, to aid in conveying them to a distance of thirty miles.

When all these great purposes were effected—when they had banished for ever from the soil of France the abdicated Family—when they had seated on the throne a Prince of their own choosing, on their own terms—when they had seen their Charter reformed, enlarged, and re-assured to them, their National Guard springing into existence and activity over the whole country, their culpable ministers in prison, and those called to the administration of

affairs in the new-modelled monarchy submitted anew to the choice of their fellow-citizens, as their representatives, in these circumstances, when nothing seemed wanting to their political felicity, the natural mobility of their disposition, their lively and excitable feelings, have been leading them again to risk the peaceful enjoyment of all the blessings in their power. The great body of workmen and artisans, whom the ebullition of the moment had called off from all sober occupation, and deprived of their daily means of living—the numerous individuals dependent on the employment or the favours of the Court, formed a mass of idle and discontented population, which was prompt to receive any impressions, and to be led into any excesses. Numerous bodies of this description infested their streets, instigated by a daily press, which, having ruled omnipotent in the late convulsion, was unwilling to be reduced to the sober influence allowed to it in a well-established Government. The people, too, recently made aware of their power, and having (unfortunately by the misdeeds of the Court) been put into the right as to their late assumption of that power, recurred to the same means to overawe justice, to insult the King of their own choice, and to frighten their sober fellow-citizens. The high-minded forbearance and patient measures of the King have hardly yet repressed these excesses. But now that their institutions are defined, that their Government is really actuated by the spirit it professes, they must learn the (perhaps) harder lesson, of placing with confidence such power in the hands of their Sovereign as will enable him to maintain his own rights as well as theirs. Conscious that these rights are imprescriptible, they must surround him with such splendour

as will gratify their natural taste for magnificence. They must allow him all the honours and all the attractions which he can no longer misuse, and which no longer lead either to political power or obnoxious privileges. They must convince themselves, that it is not by reducing their King to the condition of a citizen, that they raise their citizens in importance: that the most distant approach to anarchy, to contempt of the laws, or to a government (under whatever name) too weak to defend itself, conducts more surely to despotism, than any power confided to the hands of those legally appointed to exercise it: that the first necessity of a free government is strength; and that both strength and freedom depend on the means of maintaining the institutions of that government against all individual character or preponderance, and against all combinations of circumstance.

What may be the effect of the late revolution, and the order of things induced by it, on the future social existence of France, it is impossible to foresee. What new era in the history of civilised man this revolution has probably commenced, is another question, of yet deeper and more serious import.

The population of most of the European states, crowded by a fifteen years' peace, appears to have received a simultaneous impulse.

The great question of numerical majorities marshalled against all exclusive institutions, and against all accumulations of property, seems about to be placed, in the most unequivocal terms, before all the Governments of Europe. On the manner in which they receive and reply to these intimations depend such fearful chances as the mind almost recoils from investigating.

On the one side, more popular institutions may be

feared, as possibly leading to a want of public peace and security: on the other side, strengthening the arm of power in the old institutions may serve only to envenom opposition, and to produce prolonged disorder. England must not forget that she was long, to France, the guiding star of liberty. England had her Rebellion, stained, as in France, by the unnecessary sacrifice of her least offending monarch. England, too, had her worthless Restoration, which soon, as in France, ended in the necessary and final dismissal of a family that no misfortunes could either alter, or amend. What England has enjoyed for near a century and a half, France, by her late glorious effort, is now endeavouring to secure and to consolidate. We may feel an honest pride in having thus led the way in the career of enlightened and rational liberty: but it becomes England to watch with jealous attention the language and the conduct of demagogues, who, in this as in every other country, seek individual distinction at the price of public tranquillity, and point to the easy (because well deserved) overthrow of the ancient monarchy in France, rather as an example to follow, than as a necessity to avoid.

May both England and France, by the liberal wisdom of their conduct in these difficult circumstances, and by their superior intellectual lights serve to guide the other European states as to their real interests, and allow us to witness and to profit by the great changes in political and social existence which are inevitably taking place, unscathed by their effects!

London, March, 1831.

ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE

LETTERS ADDRESSED BY LORD ORFORD

TO THE MISS BERRYS.*

To the first edition of Lord Orford's works, which was published the year after he died, no Memoir of his Life was prefixed: his death was too recent, his life and character too well known, his works too popular, to require it. His political Memoirs, and the collections of his Letters which have been subsequently published, were edited by persons, who, though well qualified for their task in every other respect, have failed in their account of his private life, and their appreciation of his individual character, from the want of a personal acquaintance with their author.

The Life contained in Sir Walter Scott's Biographical Sketches of the English Novelists labours under the same disadvantages. He had never seen

* First published in Bentley's Chronological Edition of Lord Orford's Letters.

Lord Orford, nor even lived much with such of his intimates and contemporaries in society as survived him.

Lord Dover, who has so admirably edited the first part of his correspondence with Sir Horace Mann, knew Lord Orford only by having been carried sometimes, when a boy, by his father Lord Clifden to Strawberry Hill. His editorial labours with these letters were the last occupation of his accomplished mind, and were pursued while his body was fast sinking under the complication of disease, which so soon after deprived society of one of its most distinguished members, the arts of an enlightened patron, and his intimates of an amiable and attached friend. Of the meagreness and insufficiency of his *Memoir of Lord Orford's Life* prefixed to the letters, he was himself aware, and expressed to the author of these pages his inability then to improve it, and his regret that circumstances had deprived him, while it was yet time, of the assistance of those who could have furnished him with better materials. His account of the latter part of Lord Orford's Life is deficient in details, and sometimes erroneous as to dates. He appears likewise to have been unacquainted with some of his writings, and the circumstances which led to and accompanied them. In the present publication these deficiencies are supplied from notes, in the hands of the writer, left by Lord Orford, of the dates of the principal events of his own Life, and of the writing and publication of all his works. It is only to be regretted that his autobiography is so short, and so entirely confined to dates.

In estimating the character of Lord Orford,

and in the opinion which he gives of his talents, Lord Dover has evinced much candour and good taste. He praises with discrimination, and draws no unfair inferences from the peculiarities of a character with which he was not personally acquainted.

It is by the Review* of the Letters to Sir Horace Mann, that the severest condemnation has been passed and the most unjust impressions given, not only of the genius and talents, but of the heart and character of Lord Orford. The mistaken opinions of the eloquent and accomplished author of that Review are to be traced chiefly to the same causes which defeated the intentions of the two first biographers. In his case, these causes were increased, not only by no acquaintance with his subject, but by still farther removal from the fashions, the social habits, the little minute details, of the age to which Horace Walpole belongs,—an age so essentially different from the business, the movement, the important struggles, of that which claims the critic as one of its most distinguished ornaments. A conviction that these reasons led to his having drawn up, from the supposed evidence of Walpole's works alone, a character of their author so entirely and offensively unlike the original, has forced the pen into the feeble and failing hand of the writer of these pages, has imposed the pious duty of attempting to rescue, by incontrovertible facts acquired in long intimacy, the memory of an old and beloved friend, from the giant grasp of an author and a critic, from whose judgment, when

* See Edinburgh Review.

deliberately formed, few can hope to appeal with success. The candour, the good-nature of this critic,—the inexhaustible stores of his literary acquirements, which place him in the first rank of those most distinguished for historical knowledge and critical acumen,—will allow him, I feel sure, to forgive this appeal from his hasty and general opinion to the judgment of his better informed mind, on the peculiarities of a character often remarkably dissimilar from that of his works.

Lord Dover has justly and forcibly remarked, “that what did the most honour both to the head and the heart of Horace Walpole, was the friendship which he bore to Marshal Conway; a man who, according to all the accounts of him that have come down to us, was so truly worthy of inspiring such a degree of affection.”*

He then quotes the character given of him by the editor of Lord Orford’s works in 1798. This character of Marshal Conway was a portrait drawn from the Life, and, as it proceeded from the same pen which now traces these lines, has some right to be inserted here. “It is only those who have had the opportunity of penetrating into the most secret motives of his public conduct, and into the inmost recesses of his private life, who can do real justice to the unsullied purity of his character;—who saw and knew him in the evening of his days, retired from the honourable activity of a soldier and of a statesman, to the calm enjoyments of private life; happy in the resources of

* Sketch of the Life of Horace Walpole, by Lord Dover. See vol. i. p. 14.

his own mind, and in the cultivation of useful science, in the bosom of domestic peace—unenriched by pensions or places—undistinguished by titles or ribbons—unsophisticated by public life, and unwearied by retirement.”

To this man, Lord Orford's attachment, from their boyish days at Eton school to the death of Marshal Conway in 1795, is already a circumstance of sufficiently rare occurrence among men of the world. Could such a man, of whom the foregoing lines are an unvarnished sketch—of whose character, simplicity was one of the distinguished ornaments—could such a man have endured the intimacy of such an individual as the Reviewer describes Lord Orford to have been? Could an intercourse of uninterrupted friendship and undiminished confidence have existed between them during a period of nearly sixty years, undisturbed by the business and bustle of middle life, so apt to cool, and often to terminate, youthful friendships? Could such an intercourse ever have existed, with the supposed selfish indifference, and artificial coldness and conceit of Lord Orford's character?

The last correspondence included in the present publication will, it is presumed, furnish no less convincing proof, that the warmth of his feelings, and his capacity for sincere affection, continued unenfeebled by age. It is with this view, and this alone, that the correspondence alluded to is now, for the first time, given to the public. It can add nothing to the already established epistolary fame of Lord Orford, and the public can be as little interested in his sentiments for the two individuals addressed. But, in forming a just estimate of his character

the reader will hardly fail to observe, that those sentiments were entertained at a time of life when, for the most part, the heart is too little capable of expansion to open to new attachments. The whole tone of these letters must prove the unimpaired warmth of his feelings, and form a striking contrast to the cold harshness, of which he has been accused in his intercourse with Madame du Deffand, at an earlier period of his life. This harshness, as was noticed by the editor of Madame du Deffand's letters, in the preface to that publication, proceeded solely from a dread of ridicule, which formed a principal feature of Mr. Walpole's character, and which, carried, as in his case, to excess, must be called a principal weakness. "This accounts for the ungracious language in which he so often replies to the importunities of her anxious affection; a language so foreign to his heart, and so contrary to his own habits in friendship."*

Is this, then, the man who is supposed to be "the most eccentric, the most artificial, the most fastidious, the most capricious of mortals—his mind a bundle of inconsistent whims and affectations—his features covered with mask within mask, which, when the outer disguise of obvious affectation was removed, you were still as far as ever from seeing the real man?" "Affectation is the essence of the man. It pervades all his thoughts, and all his expressions. If it were taken away, nothing would be left.†"

* See Preface to Madame du Deffand's Letters, p. xi; and vol. v. p. 152 of this Collection. 4to.

† See Edinburgh Review, vol. LVIII. p. 233.

He affected nothing ; he played no part ; he was what he appeared to be. Aware that he was ill qualified for politics, for public life, for parliamentary business, or indeed for business of any sort, the whole tenour of his life was consistent with this opinion of himself. Had he attempted to effect what belongs only to characters of another stamp—had he endeavoured to take a lead in the House of Commons—had he sought for place, dignity, or office—had he aimed at intrigue, or attempted to be a tool for others—*then*, indeed, he might have deserved the appellation of artificial, eccentric, and capricious.

From the retreat of his father, which happened the year after he entered Parliament, the only real interest he took in politics was when their events immediately concerned the objects of his private friendship. He occupied himself with what really *amused* him. If he had *affected* anything, it would certainly not have been a taste for the trifling occupations with which he is reproached. Of no person can it be less truly said, that “affectation was the essence of the man.” What man, or even what woman, ever *affected* to be the frivolous being he is described ? When his critic says, that he had “the soul of a gentleman usher,” he was little aware that he only repeated what Lord Orford often said of himself—that from his knowledge of old ceremonials and etiquettes, he was sure that, in a former state of existence, he must have been a *gentleman usher about the time of Elizabeth*.

In politics, he was what he professed to be, a *Whig*, in the sense which that denomination bore in his younger days—*never* a Republican.

In his old and enfeebled age, the horrors of

the first French Revolution made him a Tory; while he always lamented, as one of the worst effects of its excesses, that they must necessarily retard to a distant period the progress and establishment of civil liberty. But why are we to believe his contempt for crowned heads should have prevented his writing a memoir of "Royal and Noble Authors?" Their literary labours, when all brought together by himself, would not, it is believed, tend *much* to raise, or much to alter his opinion of them.

In his letters from Paris, written in the years 1765, 1766, 1767, and 1771, it will be seen, that so far from being infinitely more occupied with "the fashions and gossips of Versailles and Marli than with a great moral revolution which was taking place in his sight," he was truly aware of the state of the public mind and foresaw all that was coming on.

Of Rousseau he has proved that he knew more, and that he judged him more accurately, than Mr. Hume and many others who were duped by his mad pride and disturbed understanding.

Voltaire had convicted himself of the basest of vain lies in the intercourse he sought with Mr. Walpole. The details of this transaction, and the letters which passed at the time, are already printed in the quarto edition of his works. In the short notes of his life left by himself, and from which all the dates in this notice are taken, it is thus mentioned:

"Although Voltaire, with whom I had never had the least acquaintance, had voluntarily written to me first, and asked for my book, he wrote a letter to the Duchesse de Choiseul, in which, without saying a syllable of his having written to me first, he told

her I had officiously sent him my works, and declared war with him in defiance '*de ce bouffon de Shakspeare*,' whom in his reply to me he pretended so much to admire. The Duchesse sent me Voltaire's letter; which gave me such a contempt for his disingenuity, that I dropped all correspondence with him."

When he spoke in contempt of d'Alembert, it was not of his abilities; of which he never pretended to judge. Professor Saunderson had long before, when he was a lad at Cambridge, assured him, that it would be robbing him to pretend to teach him mathematics, of which his mind was perfectly incapable; so that any comparison "of the intellectual powers of the two men" would indeed be as "exquisitely ridiculous" as the critic declares it. But Lord Orford speaking of d'Alembert complains of the overweening importance, which he and all the men of letters of those days in France, attributed to their squabbles and disputes.

The idleness, to which an absolute government necessarily condemns nine-tenths of its subjects, sufficiently accounts for the exaggerated importance given to and assumed by the French writers, even before they had become, in the language of the Reviewer, "the interpreters between England and mankind." He asserts, moreover, "that all the great discoveries in physics, in metaphysics, in political science, are ours; but no foreign nation, except France, has received them from us by direct communication: isolated in our situation, isolated by our manners, we found truth, but did not impart it."* It may surely be asked, whether France will

* Edinburgh Review, vol. LVIII. p. 233.

subscribe to this assertion of superiority, in the whole range of science? If she does, her character has undergone a greater change than any she has yet experienced in the course of all her revolutions.

Lord Orford is believed by his critic to have "sneered" at every body. Sneering was not his way of showing dislike. He had very strong prejudices, sometimes adopted on very insufficient grounds, and he therefore often made great mistakes in the appreciation of character; but when influenced by such impressions, he always expressed his opinions directly, and often too violently.

The affections of his heart were bestowed on few; for in early life they had never been cultivated, but they were singularly warm, pure, and constant; characterised not by the ardour of passion, but by the constant pre-occupation of real affection. He had lost his mother, to whom he was fondly attached, early in life; and with his father, a man of coarse feelings and boisterous manners, he had few sentiments in common. Always feeble in constitution, he was unequal to the sports of the field and to the drinking which then accompanied them; so that during his father's retreat at Houghton, however much he respected his abilities and was devoted to his fame, he had little sympathy in his tastes, or pleasure in his society. To the friends of his own selection his devotion was not confined to professions or words: on all occasions of difficulty, of whatever nature, his active affection came forward in defence of their character, or assistance in their affairs.

When his friend Conway, as second in command under Sir John Mordaunt, in the expedition to St.

Maloes, partook in some degree of the public censure called forth by the failure of these repeated ill-judged attempts on the coasts of France, Walpole's pen was immediately employed in rebutting the accusations of the popular pamphlet of the day on this subject, and in establishing his friend's exemption from any responsibility in the failure. When, on a more important occasion, Mr. Conway was not only dismissed from being Equerry to King George III, but from the command of his regiment, for his constitutional conduct and votes in the House of Commons, in the memorable affair of the legality of General Warrants for the seizure of persons and papers, Walpole immediately stepped forward, not with cold commendations of his friend's upright and spirited conduct, but with all the confidence of long-tried affection, and all the security of noble minds incapable of misunderstanding each other, he insisted on being allowed to share in future his fortune with his friend, and thus more than repair the pecuniary loss he had incurred. Mr. Conway, in a letter to his brother, Lord Hertford, at this period, says: "Horace Walpole has on this occasion shown that warmth of friendship that you know him capable of so strongly, that I want words to express my sense of it;"* thus proving the justice he did to Walpole's sentiments and intentions.

In the case of General Conway's near relationship and intimacy from childhood, the cause in which his fortunes were suffering might have warmed a colder heart, and opened a closer hand than Mr. Walpole's; but Madame du Deffand was a recent

* See vol. iv, p. 416.

acquaintance, who had no claim on him, but the pleasure he received from her society, and his desire that her blind and helpless old age might not be deprived of any of the comforts and alleviations of which it was capable. When, by the financial arrangements of the French Government, under the unscrupulous administration of the Abbé Terray, the creditors of the state were considerably reduced in income, Mr. Walpole, in the most earnest manner, begged to prevent the unpleasantness of his old friend's exposing her necessities and imploring aid from the minister of the day, by her allowing him to make up the deficit in her revenue, as a loan, or in any manner that would be most satisfactory to her. The loss, after all, did not fall on that stock from which she derived her income, and the assistance was not accepted ; but Madame du Deffand's confidence in, and opinion of, the offer, we see in her letters.

During his after life, although no ostentatious contributor to public charities and schemes of improvement, the friends, in whose opinion he knew he could confide, had always more difficulty to repress than to excite his liberality.

That he should have wished his friend Conway to be employed as commander on military expeditions, which, as a soldier fond of his profession, he naturally coveted, although Mr. Walpole might disapprove of the policy of the minister in sending out such expeditions, surely implies neither disguise, nor contradiction in his opinions.

The dread which the reviewer supposes him to have had, lest he should lose caste as a gentleman, by ranking as a wit and an author, he was much too

fine a gentleman to have believed in the possibility of feeling. He knew he had never studied since he left college; he knew that he was not at all a learned man: but that the reputation which he had acquired by his wit and by his writings, not only among fine gentlemen but with society in general, made him nothing loathe to cultivate every opportunity of increasing it. The account he gave of the idleness of his life to Sir Horace Mann, when he disclaims the title of "the learned gentleman," was literally true; and it is not easy to imagine any reason why a man at the age of forty-three, who admits that he is idle, and who renounces being either a learned man or a politician, should be "ashamed" of playing loo in good company till two or three o'clock in the morning, if he neither ruins himself nor others.* He wrote his letters as rapidly as disabled fingers would allow him to form the characters of a remarkably plain hand. No rough draughts or sketches of familiar letters were found amongst his papers at Strawberry Hill; but he was in the habit of putting down on the backs of letters, or on slips of paper, a note of facts, of news, of witticisms, or of anything he wished not to forget, for the amusement of his correspondents.

After reading "The Mysterious Mother," who will accede to the opinion, that his works are "destitute of every charm that is derived from elevation, or from tenderness of sentiment?"

With opinions as to the genius, the taste, or the talents of Lord Orford, this little notice has

* See Edinburgh Review, vol. LVIII. p. 232.

† Idem, p. 237.

nothing to do. It aims solely at rescuing his individual character from misconceptions. Of the means necessary for this purpose, its writer, by the "painful pre-eminence" of age, remains the sole depositary, and being so, has submitted to the task of repelling such misconceptions. It is done with the reluctance which must always be experienced in differing from, or calling in question, the opinions of a person, for whom is felt all the admiration and respect due to super-eminent abilities, and all the grateful pride and affectionate regard inspired by personal friendship.

M. B.

October, 1840.

SOME ACCOUNT
OF THE
LIFE OF THE MARQUISE DU DEFFAND.*

It would be difficult now to give a detailed account of the early part of the life of the Marquise du Deffand, and it would certainly ill repay the trouble it might cost, by any interest it could afford to an English reader.

The three Volumes of her Letters, or rather of Letters addressed to her, published at Paris, are prefaced by a *Notice Historique sur Madame du Deffand*, which contains little more than the name of her family, the dates of her birth, marriage and death, and some of the bon-mots attributed to her. In the little that is added relative to her education, to her society, and to her habits of life at different periods, there is a crowd of inaccuracies. The Editor of the present volumes has been enabled to avoid these inaccuracies, and to supply many of the particulars wanting, from the large mass of letters, and other original papers bequeathed by Madame

* Prefixed to her Letters to the Hon. Horace Walpole.

du Deffand to Mr. Walpole, from many memoranda of his dictated by her, and from the editor's acquaintance with several persons, who lived in intimacy with her during the last twenty years of her life, a period subsequent to the date of any of the letters published at Paris. It has not therefore been found necessary to alter, or to shorten, any part of the following account, written some time before the appearance of the French publication.

Marie de Vichy Chamrond, Marquise du Deffand, was born in 1697, of a noble family in the province of Burgundy. Her eldest brother, the Comte de Vichy Chamrond, after acquiring the rank of Maréchal de Camp in the French service, retired in the year 1743, on account of his health, to his estate of Chamrond, near Roanne, in that district of Burgundy called Briennois. He had married a lady of good family, of the same province, of the name of d'Albon, by whom he had a daughter, and two sons, both in the army.

She had a younger brother in the church, the Abbé de Chamrond, who became *Trésorier de la Sainte Chapelle* at Paris, and lived at Montrouge near that city. By their grand-mother, a Duchesse de Choiseul,* they were connected, though distantly, by the ties of blood, with the Duc de Choiseul, so long prime minister in France; and it is on this account that Madame du Deffand, in the course of the following letters, always calls the Duc and Duchesse de Choiseul *mes parens*, and by a sort of anachronism in their relationship, grand-papa and

* Marie Boutillier de Chavigny, wife of Cæsar Auguste, Duc de Choiseul.

grand-mama. The Duchesse de Luynes, long a favourite attendant of the Queen of Louis XV, was Madame du Deffand's aunt, and obtained for her, after she became blind, a pension of six thousand livres from the Queen, which she enjoyed till her death.

Brienne de Lomenie, Archbishop of Toulouse, and afterwards Cardinal de Lomenie, was her great nephew. The spirit of political intrigue, which distinguished his character, and of which Madame du Deffand seems to have been early aware, at length succeeded in raising him to the administration of affairs, during the last struggles of the old Government of France, and exposed him to the contempt he deserved for aspiring to such a situation at such a moment.*

She mentions in her letters a sister settled at Avignon, who died in 1769, with whom she seems never to have had much connexion. Her nephew, the Marquis d'Aulan, whom she sent for to Paris in the year 1778, was son to this sister.

Mademoiselle de Chamrond, for so Madame du Deffand was called before her marriage, was educated, like other young French women of fashion, in a convent at Paris. She was placed in that of La Madeleine de Trenelle, in the rue de Charonne. Among her papers are preserved several letters addressed to her, between the age of sixteen and nineteen, by a priest, who attended the pupils of this convent as confessor, or as he was then called *directeur*, which letters prove, that she had thus

* He was nicknamed by the populace of Paris the Cardinal de l'Ignominie.

early entertained doubts upon religious subjects, which were unfortunately rather increased than diminished by the zealous, but ill-directed arguments of the priest. Mr. Walpole says, that, "her parents, alarmed at her sentiments, sent her the famous Massillon to talk to her. She was not awed by his character, nor dazzled by his arguments, but defended herself with good sense, and the prelate was more struck by her ingenuity and beauty, than shocked at her heresy." He adds that, "from that time till her death, at the age of eighty-three, she never affected scepticism, and always wished to be devout, as the state of the greatest happiness even in this world." This happy state, however, from the mismanagement of her mind in early youth, and its subsequent want of all proper culture, she never attained.

From the frequent complaints she makes in her letters of the badness and neglect of her education, we must suppose that the instruction given to the pupils of la Madeleine de Trenelle was not better calculated to form the mind, or to cultivate the understanding, than that of the other seminaries of the same kind, at that period. Indeed, she repeatedly expresses the regret, which every woman endued with any degree of superiority of intellect must feel, for not having received that real, regular education, that method, and those habits of thinking which are indiscriminately inculcated on men; among whom, perhaps, it is rather a matter of surprise, that a greater number should not have distinguished themselves, than that few women should have risen to eminence, under the various difficulties and inconveniences which they have to encounter.

It has been justly offered, by one of their own sex, as a reason for their inferiority upon all subjects, that their exertions must always be half spent in overcoming the obstacles which this want of education and habits of thought necessarily occasion.*

As Mademoiselle de Chamrond's fortune was very small, she was married by her parents to the Marquis du Deffand,† probably the first person considered as a suitable match that offered for her, and the union was settled with as little attention to her feelings as was usual in French marriages of that age. Fashion and custom, while they rendered all previous remonstrance on these occasions both unusual and ineffectual, seem likewise to have established a tacit but acknowledged right on the part of the persons thus disposed of, to indulge in that liberty of choice after marriage, which before, had been absolutely denied to them.

Madame du Deffand appears to have availed herself of this privilege, and separated herself from M. du Deffand on finding him a weak character and a tiresome companion; how long after their marriage does not appear. Mr. Walpole says they always continued upon good terms, and that upon her husband's death-bed, at his own express desire, she saw him.

* "Si les femmes, même celles qui sont célèbres, ont toujours été médiocres, c'est qu'elles ont usé leurs forces à vaincre les obstacles."—See *Mélanges de Madame Necker*, vol. II. seconde partie, p. 82.

† In August 1718.

All those who knew her agree, that she never alluded to any particulars of her married life, and was averse to all recollections connected with it.

If the subjoined account, given in a late publication of letters among those of Mademoiselle d'Aïssé, be true, and from the character of truth and candour impressed upon the letters of that extraordinary and ill-fated person, there seems no reason to doubt it, Madame du Deffand must, indeed, have reflected with pain on conduct, at once so weak and so disgraceful; and to the melancholy remembrance of past misfortune, of which she often complains as tormenting her sleepless nights, must have been superadded that most oppressive of all evils, the consciousness of having deserved it.*

* Paris, 1728.

Je veux vous parler de Madame du Deffand : elle avait un violent désir, pendant long-temps, de se raccommoder avec son mari ; comme elle a de l'esprit, elle appuyait de très bonnes raisons cette envie ; elle agissait dans plusieurs occasions de façon à rendre ce raccommodement désirable et honnête. Sa grande mère meurt, et lui laisse quatre mille livres de rente ; sa fortune devenant meilleure, c'était un moyen d'offrir à son mari un état plus heureux que si elle avait été pauvre. Comme il n'était point riche, elle prétendait rendre moins ridicule son mari de se raccommoder avec elle, devant désirer des héritiers. Cela réussit comme nous l'avions prévu. Elle en reçut des complimens de tout le monde. J'aurais voulu qu'elle ne pressât pas autant, il fallait encore un noviciat de six mois ; son mari devant les passer naturellement chez son père, j'avais mes raisons pour lui conseiller cela ; mais comme cette bonne dame mettait de l'esprit, ou pour mieux dire de l'imagination au lieu de raison et stabilité, elle emballa la chose de manière que le mari amoureux rompt son voyage et vient s'établir chez elle, c'est-à-dire à dîner et

As some extenuation of her conduct in this respect, it must be remembered that her youth

souper, car pour habiter ensemble elle ne voulut pas entendre parler de trois mois, pour éviter tout soupçon injurieux pour elle et son mari. C'était la plus belle amitié du monde pendant six semaines; au bout de ce temps-là, elle s'est ennuyée de cette vie, et a repris une aversion pour son mari. Outrée, et sans lui faire des brusqueries, elle avait l'air si désespérée et si triste, qu'il a pris le parti d'aller chez son père. Elle prend toutes les mesures imaginables pour qu'il ne revienne point. Je lui ai représenté durement toute l'infamie de ses procédés: elle a voulu par instances, et par pitié me toucher et me faire revenir à ses raisons; j'ai tenu bon, j'ai resté trois semaines sans la voir; elle est venue me chercher. Il n'y a sorte de bassesses qu'elle n'ait mis en usage pour que je ne l'abandonnasse pas. Je lui ai dit que le public s'éloignoit d'elle comme je m'en éloignois; que je souhaiterois qu'elle prît autant de peine à plaire à ce public, qu'à moi; qu'à mon égard, je le respectois trop pour ne lui pas sacrifier mon goût pour elle. Elle pleura beaucoup, je n'en fus point touchée. La fin de cette misérable conduite c'est, qu'elle ne peut vivre avec personne, et qu'un amant qu'elle avoit avant son raccommodement avec son mari, excédé d'elle, l'avoit quittée, et quand il apprit qu'elle étoit bien avec M. du Deffand, il lui a écrit des lettres pleines de reproches; il est revenu. L'amour-propre ayant réveillé des feux mal éteints, la bonne dame n'a suivi que son penchant, et sans réflexion, elle a cru un amant meilleur qu'un mari; elle a obligé ce dernier à abandonner la place. Il n'a pas été parti, que l'amant l'a quittée. Elle reste la fable du public, blâmée de tout le monde, méprisée de son amant, délaissée de ses amies; elle ne sait plus comment débrouiller tout cela. Elle se jette à la tête des gens pour faire croire qu'elle n'est pas abandonnée; cela ne réussit pas: l'air délibéré et embarrassé règne tour à tour dans sa personne. Voilà où elle en est, et où j'en suis avec elle.—See "*Lettres de Mesdames de Villars, de la Fayette, de Tencin, de Coulanges, de Ninon de l'Enclos, et de Mademoiselle d'Aïssé.*" Paris, 1806. Vol. III.

was passed at a moment when the profligacy of French manners was at its acmé. The example of the Regent had given to vice a sanction and an authority, which precluded even the necessity of a mask; and it was not likely that in the succeeding reign of a weak Prince, who had breathed from his infancy this corrupted atmosphere, any reform should take place, or any alteration be observable, except in the fashion of evil. Gallantry, under certain arbitrary, and often fanciful ideas of decency was permitted with impunity to both sexes. Excess in the use of wine was by no means considered as disgraceful even to women of the highest rank: and, at their private suppers, the license both of conversation and manners would have startled the better taste, if not better morals, of the intimate society of the much abused and insulted Marie Antoinette.

In the midst of this general depravity, this sanctioned profligacy of manners, one must rather wonder that Mme. du Deffand should have preserved a strong and incorruptible love of truth and sincerity, and a lively sense of her own failings and weakness, than that such weakness, unsupported by any religious principle, and unassisted either by virtuous habits, or virtuous example, should have betrayed her youth into irregularities she saw practised so generally, and with such impunity. It is said that she had the disreputable honour of pleasing the Regent, Duke of Orleans, and of being for a short time the object of his licentious and degrading love.

As she was only twenty-six years old when the Regent died,* this connexion (if indeed it existed)

* The Regent Duke of Orleans died in the year 1723.

must have taken place early in her life, and long before the circumstance related by Mademoiselle d'Aïssé.

Her intimacy, many years afterwards, with the President Hénault, was of a very different description. By the license of French manners, connexions between those who had no legal tie upon their persons or affections were so far from being considered as disgraceful, that however they might commence, if they lasted long enough to deserve the name and assume the character of friendship, they were not only suffered, but often respected; and, in many cases, a marriage between persons so circumstanced would, instead of rendering their mutual sentiments more respectable, have been considered as imprudent and discreditable to both parties. In whatever manner, or at whatever period, her acquaintance with the President Hénault began, it lasted without interruption till his death, in the year 1770, though with little real satisfaction on her side during the last years of his life, and with none on his, if we may believe Marmontel, who says in his *Memoirs*, speaking of Madame du Deffand, “*Qu’elle tyrannisoit encore le Président Hénault, qui naturellement très-timide étoit resté esclave de la crainte, long-tems après avoir cessé de l’être de l’amour.*”

But Marmontel’s evidence upon this subject is suspicious, because he belonged to another of the many factions which at that time divided the literary world of Paris. With one or the other of these factions all the pretended wits and pretended patrons sided and took an active part, while their associates of the female sex, never the most moderate either in their feelings or demonstrations, were often falsely judged, and immoderately praised or as immoderately

blamed;—the common fate of all women who, influenced by fashion, by custom, or by choice, step out of that dignified retirement, where they can alone exert with propriety superior talents, superior intellect, or even superior virtues.

Madame du Deffand, in her letters to Mr. Walpole, often regrets her having in an evil hour acquired the reputation of a *bel-esprit*, as exposing her to the silly display of every pretender to wit; and often, as she thought, to the serious malice and ill-will of those whose claims to distinction were better founded.

In the year 1732, we find her already in correspondence with Voltaire, who tells her, “Ce qui est beau et lumineux est votre élément. Ne craignez pas de faire la disserteuse, ne rougissez point de joindre aux graces de votre personne la force de votre esprit; faites des nœuds avec les autres femmes, mais parlez-moi raison.”

Her acquaintance with Voltaire had probably commenced at the little Court of Sceaux, where the Duchesse du Maine had retired, after her release from the consequences of that incomprehensible conspiracy against the power of the Regent, into which the vague ambition of a weak mind had induced her to precipitate both herself and her husband. At Sceaux, instead of plotting revolutions, or rather changes in the decorations of despotism, with Celle-mare and Alberoni, she contented herself with contriving plans for fêtes, suggesting subjects for sonnets, and reigning over a circle of dependants and *beaux esprits*, with probably but little more, or little less *ennui* than she would have experienced in the larger field of politics, where she had by such ill-cal-

culated measures attempted to shine. It was at Sceaux likewise that Madame du Deffand became acquainted with Madame de Staal, whose *Memoirs*, written by herself, and long since published, give so entertaining, because so natural and unaffected, a picture of her own character and adventures, and of those of her capricious, self-conceited Princess.

Early in the year 1752, Madame du Deffand began to feel, and to dread the approach of a calamity almost sufficient to justify her subsequent complaints of human life, and her regret at the necessity of existence. Her sight became so feeble, that we find, by a letter from Voltaire to M. de Formont, in February, 1752, her difficulty in writing already obliged her to have recourse to an amanuensis.* Soon afterwards she made a journey into her native province of Burgundy, probably on account of her health; and in April of this year, we find her established at Chamrond, the seat of her brother the Comte de Vichy, where she remained till the November following. She afterwards spent some months at Macon and Lyons, and did not return to Paris till the end of the year 1754.

During the whole of this time, her eye-sight had been growing gradually worse and worse, and it now totally forsook her. In March, 1754, she writes to her aunt, the Duchesse de Luynes, “Je suis aveugle, Madame; on me loue de mon courage; mais que gagnerois-je à me désespérer? Cependant je sens tout le malheur de ma situation.” And Voltaire, who was not aware of her total want of sight, had

* Voltaire's Works, *Correspondance générale*. Vol. LIV Beaumarchais' edition.

before thus addressed himself to M. Formont, the correspondent already quoted:—"Ce que vous me dites des yeux de Madame du Deffand, me fait une peine extrême. Ils étoient autrefois bien brillans et bien beaux. Pourquoi faut-il qu'on soit puni par où on a péché ! et quelle rage a la nature de gâter ses plus beaux ouvrages ! Du moins Madame du Deffand conserve son esprit, qui est encore plus beau que ses yeux."

After this gallant lamentation upon the loss of Madame du Deffand's eyes, it may be here the most proper place to bring some corroborating evidence of their beauty, and to give some idea of the general character of her person. Besides the instances of individual admiration, which we have already noticed, every body who knew her old, concur in asserting that she must have been remarkably pretty in her youth. Mademoiselle d'Aïssé, who only knew her young, says, "elle est belle, elle a beaucoup de grace." The loss of sight to a woman of fifty-seven, considered only as a diminution in the brilliancy of her eyes, would indeed have been a loss of comparatively small importance, and especially to Madame du Deffand, in whose countenance it induced no deformity.

Her eyes were closed, but in no respect disfigured, and the rest of her features remained unaltered ; they were neat, regular, and uncommonly well formed, and there was an air of cleanliness and delicacy diffused over her whole person, which she retained to extreme old age, and which is perceivable even in the original of the engraving prefixed to the present work. She was particularly averse to exciting pity by her misfortune, and endeavoured to make it forgotten

as much as possible in society, by always looking at the person she addressed and the thing she was doing; and by being singularly quick and adroit at avoiding in every respect the awkward manners of a blind person. While the event of her total loss of sight remained doubtful, she described herself to Mr. Walpole as having suffered much agony of mind, and dreadful depression of spirits; but after it became a certain and irremediable evil, she seems to have submitted to it with a resolution and calmness which did her honour; and it appears that her friends (in society at least) were sensible of no diminution of her natural liveliness and vivacity.

When Mr. Walpole first became acquainted with her, she had already been blind eleven years, and it was certainly in her correspondence only that he complained of her want of gaiety, and her disposition to melancholy reflections. Her conversation is described by every body who has ever partaken of it, as singularly lively and entertaining; and, above all, as marked by a degree of sincerity in her sentiments, and a frank avowal of her opinions, that must have formed a striking and agreeable contrast with the artificial manners, and subdued feelings, which the state of society in which she lived made almost necessary to those who took a more active part in the world.

But her power of entertaining others could be of little avail to herself, during those hours of oppressive solitude, in which her mind must naturally have dwelt with anguish upon her then recent misfortunes, and the melancholy future it entailed upon her.

In such circumstances, one cannot wonder at her seeking to secure to herself some certain means of

avoiding the dark chasms which solitude must now make in her existence. It was under these impressions, during her residence with her brother, the Marquis de Vichy, at Chamrond, that she became acquainted with Mademoiselle de Lespinasse, afterwards better known as the friend of d'Alembert, and since introduced to the more intimate acquaintance of the public by three volumes of her Letters, published at Paris. These letters outstrip all romance in their exaggerated expression of sentiment, and their bold security of justifying every excess of passion by its violence. Their author abjures the dictates of reason, not with regret and self-reproach at abandoning an unerring guide, whose excellence we acknowledge even while unable to obey its injunctions; but triumphs in having freed herself from an odious trammel, to be despised, and set at nought by all minds capable of the delirious exaltation of ungovernable passion.

Mademoiselle de Lespinasse was born at Lyons, in the year 1732. She was a natural child of Mme. d'Albon, whose legitimate daughter the Marquis de Vichy had married. The illegitimacy of Mademoiselle de Lespinasse's birth, and the circumstances attending it, were well known at Lyons, and in the register of the parish in which she was born, she was designated as the legitimate child of a citizen of Lyons, whose name was given to her.* Yet as she

* The following is the certificate of her baptism, which Madame du Deffand had had copied from the parish register at Lyons, and verified before a magistrate there, in the year 1753.

“ Le dix-neuvième Novembre, mil sept cent trente deux a été baptisée, Julie Jeane Eléonore, née hier, fille légitime du

was born in wedlock, the d'Albon family seem always to have entertained a dread, from which Madame du Deffand herself was not exempted, that she might some time or other attempt to legitimate her birth, and give herself a right to share the fortune of her parents; and we see in her letters, that she acquired much credit in the world by the sacrifice of these supposed rights, from motives of delicacy to the memory of Madame d'Albon, her mother. Upon the death of this mother, with whom Mademoiselle de Lespinasse was then living, she was immediately received by M. and Mme. de Vichy, at Chamrond, where she had already passed four years when Madame du Deffand found her there in 1752, in the capacity of a sort of governess to their children, and of humble companion to themselves. This situation, which probably under any circumstances she could have ill brooked, they made so disagreeable, that before Madame du Deffand arrived, she had determined to leave the Marquis de Vichy's family, and lodge herself in a convent at Lyons, upon the wretched pittance of a hundred crowns, (about twelve pounds sterling a year), which had been settled upon her by Madame d'Albon, and was all she had in the world to depend upon.

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Sieur Claude Lespinasse, bourgeois de Lyon, et de dame Julie Navare, le Parrain est Louis Basiliat, chirurgien juré de Lyon, la Marraine dame Julie le Chat, représentée par dame Madeleine Gannivet, épouse du dit Sieur Basiliat. Le dit enfant est né chez le Sieur Basiliat. Le père n'a signé pour être absent : ces deux témoins ont signé la minute.

“BASILIAT.—AMBROSE Vicaire.”

“Extrait mot à mot des Registres de St. Paul de Lyon, expédié le 29 Avril, 1753.

“Signé

CAIRE, Vicaire de St. Paul.”



Madame du Deffand, after trying in vain, at her brother's desire, to persuade her to remain in his house, formed the project of attaching her to herself, as the companion which her now confirmed blindness seemed to require.

Mademoiselle de Lespinasse had left Chamrond in October, 1752, while Madame du Deffand was still an inmate there. From this time a correspondence of letters took place between them, and in the April following, when Madame du Deffand was herself at Lyons, she first communicated her plan to the person most immediately concerned in its execution, offering her a lodging in the apartment she was herself going to occupy in a convent at Paris, and an annuity of four hundred livres a year.

This proposal, as may be guessed, was gratefully received by Mademoiselle de Lespinasse. It was opposed by the Marquis de Vichy and his wife's family, merely, as Madame du Deffand says, out of pique at Mademoiselle de Lespinasse, for having persisted in her resolution of leaving them; but probably their opposition was corroborated by the fears already mentioned, of her entertaining some idea of being able to legitimate her birth, by the assistance of the friends she might acquire in the world. However, as the forlorn situation in which fortune had placed her, gave her at least the absolute power of disposing of her person, she availed herself of her liberty to accept Madame du Deffand's offer, and in May, 1754, became an inmate of the community of St. Joseph, in the Rue St. Dominique, where Madame du Deffand, since her return from Burgundy, had fixed her residence at Paris. This community had been established by the celebrated Madame de



Montespan, and the apartment which Madame du Deffand occupied within its walls, was a part of that which had been reserved by the *pious Foundress* for her occasional retreats from the Court, and from the King, which the fashionable devotion of that day had made necessary, or advisable, at the great festivals of the Church, even to those, who at all other times, lived the least according to its precepts.

This apartment, although within the enclosure of a convent, was entered by a separate court, and had nothing to do with the hours, or restrictions of the community.

The first years of Madame du Deffand's association with her young companion were a blessing and a comfort to both parties;\* and by no means what Marmontel, in his Memoirs, has thought fit to describe it, a melancholy slavery to Mademoiselle de Lespinasse. That there must have been mutual faults in the conduct and circumstances which led to their separation in 1764, that there was an unwarrantable jealousy and suspicion on the one side, and a visible failure in attention and marks of interest on the other, could hardly be doubted by any one who has read Marmontel's intended panegyric on the subsequent conduct of Mademoiselle de Lespinasse, and his account of her cruel behaviour to d'Alembert. It is still further confirmed by the publication of her letters, where we see a mind so entirely engrossed,

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\* In corroboration of this opinion, two letters from Mademoiselle de Lespinasse to Madame du Deffand, selected from several others in the same style, written about this time, during Madame du Deffand's occasional absences from Paris, are subjoined.



not by one, but by a succession of great passions, as must, and by her own avowal did, make all other interests, occupations, and company, not only indifferent, but troublesome to her.

It has been already mentioned, that Madame du Deffand and Mademoiselle de Lespinasse separated in the year 1764, ten years from their first meeting.\* In the autumn of the following year, Madame du Deffand became acquainted with Mr. Walpole. From this time her own letters will best fill up the story of her remaining life. It would be superfluous, and indeed impossible to trace the beginning of Madame du Deffand's acquaintance with the series of distinguished persons who frequented her society, and courted her correspondence.

All the letters addressed to her prove how much both the one and the other were sought, by those from whom such a distinction would be the most flattering; and all her own letters prove how unavailing the applause of friends, the flattery of wits, and the homage of the world, to the real comfort and happiness of life, to that enviable situation of mind

“ Quod se sibi reddat amicum,  
Quod purè tranquillet.”

This Madame du Deffand seems never to have known. Courted as she was, to the last moment of a protracted life, by all the great, the gay, and the distinguished, both of her own country and those of every other, whom business or pleasure led to Paris, she might naturally be supposed to enjoy

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\* The only communication which ever afterwards took place between them, were two letters, written within a month after their separation. They are subjoined to this account.



the most agreeable existence that her age, sex, and infirmity could admit: yet we see Madame du Defand devoured by that *ennui* which she considers the most insupportable ill of the human mind, and which her whole life seems to have been consumed in an ineffectual effort to avoid.

We see her repeatedly complaining of existence as an irremediable evil, and yet owning her repugnance to quit it. We see her by turns dissatisfied with all her friends, and for ever doubting the reality of friendship; though eagerly seeking its support, exacting its attentions, and indeed, on her own part, fulfilling its duties. We see her yet more constantly discontented with herself than others: “Si je ne fais pas cas des autres, j’en fais encore moins de moi.”—“J’ai plus de peine en vérité à me supporter, que je n’en ai à supporter les autres.” Much of this *ennui* must certainly be attributed to her blindness, which making her entirely dependent upon others for every species of occupation and amusement, converted society and conversation, from an indulgence and a luxury, into an absolute necessary of life; but much too, must fairly attach to her character; to the habits of a mind naturally lively and acute, uncorrected by any real education, unsustained by any real religious principles, and consequently unenlightened by any of those great and benevolent views of human nature, which assure superior minds of the existence both of virtue and friendship, while it leads them to tolerate deviations from the one, and to forgive neglects in the other; because they consider the human character, in spite of all its vices and all its follies, as the work of an infinitely benevolent Being, in which, as in all His creation, benevolence must necessarily predominate.



Of herself, her talents, and endowments, she seems to have entertained a very humble opinion, and she owns all the faults and weaknesses of her mind with a sincerity, a regret, and an absence of all affectation, which certainly formed the principal charm of her character, and indicated its capability of becoming much superior to what it ever really was. Mr. Walpole, in a manuscript note upon her character, drawn by herself, says—"Her severity to herself was not occasional or affected modesty. She constantly thought and spoke unfavourably of her own amazing parts; and knowing no language but her own, and never having taken any studied pains (though she had read a vast deal) to improve herself, she imagined that she was more ignorant than many others. But the vivacity and strength of her mind, her prodigious quickness, her conception, as just as it was clear, her natural power of reasoning, her wit, the simplicity of her eloquence, her scorn of whatever was false, or affected, and her long acquaintance with, and knowledge of the world, her intercourse with the brightest geniuses of the age, and of that best age (at least such as remained), raised her to a level with them."

Her natural quickness, indeed, seems sometimes to have hit upon truths which she had no power of detecting by thought, or of applying by inference. She often feelingly regrets to Mr. Walpole that she is not devout, seeing only in the practises of devotion an occupation of time, and a defence against her dreaded enemy *ennui*, without seeming aware that nothing but fixed principles on the subject of religion, an unshaken belief in the wisdom and benevolence of the dispensations of a Creator, can



reconcile us in advancing years to the increased evils, and diminished comforts of existence. Nothing, indeed, but a perfect and devout reliance on that Being, incapable of the changes we feel in ourselves and see in all around us, can produce resignation to the present, and hopes of the future; the only real support of a protracted life.

Reading, unanimated by any of these consoling ideas, unconnected with any serious subject, and deprived of all pursuit but the mere passing of the present moment, became as intolerable to her as much of the society in which she had formerly delighted. It was wittily said by one of that society,\* that when she talked to him of her reading, it always put him in mind of the common French phrase on the subject of expense, "*Qu'elle ne s'étoit jamais rien refusé que le nécessaire.*" Having lived all her life with wits and beaux-esprits, she had the sense to despise their follies, to see their mistakes, and to laugh at their arrogance, without possessing those real acquirements, and that soundness of intellect which would have allowed her to correct, or supply in her own mind, the deficiencies she saw in theirs. She for ever, therefore, complains of the dullness, insipidity and bad taste of the age.

The increasing dread of solitude, which her blindness entailed upon her, with her increasing years and infirmities, induced her in the year 1767, to receive another inmate into her family, much upon the same footing as Mademoiselle de Lespinasse had been, although of very different abilities and

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\* M. du Bucq.—See *Melanges de Madame Neckar*, vol. i. p. 319.



character. Mademoiselle Sanadon had none of the liveliness, either of parts or feelings, that distinguished Mademoiselle de Lespinasse; and though Madame du Deffand often complains of her dullness, and the small resources of her conversation, yet she seems always sufficiently content with her conduct towards herself, and aware that some constant companion, some company which she could always command, had become absolutely necessary to secure her mind against that dread of desertion and abandonment, which now began to associate itself to all her former aversion to solitude. As an additional check to this constitutional malady, and (to use her own expression) as a sort of parapet, to prevent her imagination from considering too intensely, and dwelling too constantly upon this melancholy view of her situation, in the year 1778 she sent for her nephew, the Marquis d'Aulan, to Paris. After he had remained there some months, she invited his wife to join him, and lodged them both within the precincts of the community of St. Joseph.

Monsieur and Madame d'Aulan remained with her till the latter end of the year 1779, when she allowed them to return to their usual residence at Avignon, convinced that she sought in vain to relieve, or palliate the incurable evil of a diseased and enfeebled mind.

At length that hour arrived which, though it was to terminate a life she had long borne with disgust, was still to bring before her a dissolution which she had never contemplated without extreme anxiety—that hour, which though common to all, every one seems equally disposed to forget, till its immediate



approach leaves them neither time for thought, nor power for rational exertion.

To Madame du Deffand, who had the misfortune to be insensible to the consoling nature of these tenets, and the encouraging hopes they hold out, the idea of immediate dissolution must at any period have been sufficiently appalling. But death seems at last to have approached by such slow and gradual steps, as to have made the final stroke hardly perceivable.

In her letters of July and August, 1780, she complains of being more than usually languid, and in that of the 18th of August, seems to intimate that it might be the last time Mr. Walpole would hear from herself. This intimation proved true. From the 22nd of August she kept her bed, more from excess of weakness and entire want of sleep, with consequent fever, than from any positive complaint or pain. On the 8th of September, Mr. Walpole had written to herself, expressing his extreme anxiety about her. To his inquiries she showed herself still much alive, and desirous, but unable to dictate an answer. Her anti-room continued every day crowded with the persons who had before surrounded her supper table, and the Maréchale de Luxembourg quitted her bedside but a few hours previous to her death. Mr. Walpole continued to receive twice a week an exact account of her situation from her secretary Wiart. The fever sometimes increased, sometimes diminished, but never entirely left her. Her weakness became excessive, but she suffered no pain, and possessed her memory, understanding, and ideas, till within the last eight days of her existence, when a lethargic insensibility took



place, which terminated in death, without effort or struggle, on the 24th of September, 1780.\*

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* The following letter, from her faithful and intelligent servant to Mr. Walpole, giving an account of her death, and some particulars relative to her interment, may not be uninteresting to the reader.

“ Paris, 22 Oct. 1780.

“ Vous me demandez, Monsieur, des détails de la maladie, et de la mort de votre digne amie. Si vous avez encore la dernière lettre qu'elle vous a écrite, relisez-la, vous y verrez qu'elle vous fait un éternel adieu, et cette lettre est, je crois, datée du 18 Août. Elle n'avoit point encore de fièvre alors, mais on voit qu'elle sentoit sa fin approcher, puisqu'elle vous dit, que vous n'auriez plus de ses nouvelles que par moi. Je ne puis vous dire la peine que j'éprouvois en écrivant cette lettre sous sa dictée, je ne pus jamais achever de la lui relire après l'avoir écrite—j'avois la parole entrecoupée de sanglots. Elle me dit: *vous m'aimez donc*. Cette scène fut plus triste pour moi qu'une vraie tragédie; parceque dans celle-ci on sait que c'est une fiction, et dans l'autre je ne voyois que trop qu'elle disoit la vérité, et cette vérité me perçoit l'âme. Sa mort est dans le cours de la nature, elle n'a point eu de maladie, ou du moins elle n'a point eu de souffrances. Quand je l'entendois se plaindre, je lui demandois si elle souffroit de quelque part, et elle m'a toujours répondu non. Les huit derniers jours de sa vie a été une léthargie totale—elle n'avoit plus de sensibilité; elle a eu la mort la plus douce, quoique la maladie ait été longue.

“ Il s'en faut beaucoup, Monsieur, qu'elle ait désiré des honneurs après sa mort: elle a ordonné par son testament l'enterrement le plus simple. Ses ordres ont été exécutés; elle a aussi demandé à être enterrée dans l'église de St. Sulpice sa paroisse, et c'est où elle repose. On ne souffriroit pas dans la paroisse qu'elle fût décorée après sa mort de quelques marques de distinction; ces Messieurs n'ont pas été parfaitement contens. Cependant, son Curé l'a vue tous les jours, et avait même commencé sa confession; mais il n'a pas pu achever, parce que la tête s'est perdue, et qu'elle n'a pu

She was buried, according to her own directions, in the plainest manner, in her parish church of St. Sulpice. By her will, she made the Marquis d'Aulan her heir, and appointed him and the Prince de Beauvau her executors.

To her faithful servant and secretary, Wiart, she bequeathed nearly a thousand pounds in money, and an annuity of about fifty pounds a year for his own and his wife's life; to the Prince de Beauvau, as a friendly remembrance, some of her ornamental china, and a choice of her books: to Mr. Walpole, the whole of her MSS. papers, letters, and books, of every description, with a permission to the Prince de Beauvau to take a copy of any of the papers he might desire, before he conveyed them to Mr. Walpole.*

This permission Mr. Walpole suspected he had extended to the subtraction of some of the original papers.

The rest were all deposited at Strawberry Hill, together with the voluminous correspondence which had taken place between Madame du Deffand and Mr. Walpole.

recevoir ses sacremens : mais M. le Curé s'est conduit à merveille, il a cru que sa fin n'étoit pas si prochaine. Je garderai Tonton^a jusqu'au départ de Mr. Thomas Walpole ; j'en ai le plus grand soin. Il est très doux, il ne mord personne, il n'étoit méchant qu'auprès de sa maîtresse. Je me souviens très bien, Monsieur, qu'elle vous a prié de vous en charger après elle."

* To this permission was probably owing the publication of three volumes of Madame du Deffand's Correspondence, which appeared at Paris; the originals of almost all of which, were at Strawberry Hill.

^a Her dog.

Mademoiselle de Lespinasse à Madame la Marquise du Deffand, à Montmorenci.

Vendredi, neuf heures.

Enfin, Madame, j'ai eu de vos nouvelles, et quoi qu'il soit assez simple que je n'en aie reçu qu'aujourd'hui, j'étois prête à me plaindre de ce que vous me faisiez souffrir une privation qui m'étoit aussi sensible. Si vous pouviez juger de tout ce que votre absence me coûte, cela me vaudroit sinon un second baptême, du moins une seconde agonie. Il est singulier, mais il est pourtant vrai, que c'est un des momens les plus heureux de ma vie que celui de cette agonie, puisque j'ai le bonheur de vous convaincre de la tendresse et de la sincérité de mon attachement. C'est ce même sentiment qui fait que j'apprends avec chagrin que vous ne vous portez pas mieux que quand vous êtes partie. Mais, Madame, êtes-vous de bien bonne foi avec vous-même, quand vous dites que vous n'avez rien à vous reprocher ? Non, sans doute vous ne mangez point trop, peut-être même pas assez, mais ne pourroit-on point trouver à redire à l'espèce et la qualité des choses dont vous mangez ? Je vous avoue que je le crains, et je vous assure que c'est après avoir mieux examiné que cet homme qui faisait des représentations à M. le Président.

Je suis bien flattée, Madame, et encore plus touchée, s'il est possible, de la bonté et de l'amitié dont votre lettre est remplie ; vous m'avez fait sentir que la santé n'est pas le premier bien, car s'il est vrai, comme vous voulez bien me le dire, que mon absence vous ait été un peu pénible, j'ai un vrai regret de ne vous l'avoir pas sacrifié, mais assuré-

ment j'aurois été désolée d'avoir pris aujourd'hui des pillules à Montmorenci ; jamais je n'en ai été aussi fatiguée, et aussi malade. Je ne suis pas sortie de ma chambre, et si je ne suis pas mieux demain, je ne sortirai pas de mon lit, quoique je sois priée à souper chez M. de Boufflers. J'ai l'honneur de vous souhaiter le bon soir, Madame. Dieu veuille que votre nuit soit meilleure que la dernière !

J'ai envoyé Cassandre à M. de Clermont ; j'ai donné vos ordres à M. Deschamps. Non seulement je ne vous manderai point de nouvelles, mais je ne sais pas même s'il y en a. On conte une belle histoire d'un chat et d'un savetier de la paroisse de St. Roch, mais comme elle m'a paru un peu longue, je n'en ai écouté que la moitié, mais j'espère bien qu'elle me reviendra. Pour lors, Madame, si vous ne la savez point, j'aurais l'honneur de vous la conter moins ennuyeusement, s'il m'est possible, que je ne l'ai entendue aujourd'hui. J'avois bien envie de vous nommer les gens que j'avois vus, mais, Madame, vous choisiriez et nommeriez le contour. Voyons donc cependant si vous ne vous méprendrez point : j'ai vu M. Bourgelat ; *j'ai vu* M. de Condom ; *j'ai vu* M. Dussé ; *j'ai vu* Mademoiselle Sanadon. Non, Madame, celui que vous pensiez, n'y étoit point.

*Mademoiselle de Lespinasse à Madame la Marquise
du Deffand, à Montmorenci.*

Samedi, trois heures.

Je sors de chez Mademoiselle de Courton, où j'ai dîné avec Mademoiselle Sanadon : elles m'ont chargée, Madame, l'une et l'autre, de vous faire mille très-

humbles complimens. Mademoiselle de Courton va partir pour Grosbois, et Mademoiselle Sanadon va venir aux Tuileries avec moi.

Il me tarde bien d'apprendre que votre nuit a été meilleure. Vous voyez bien que je n'avois pas tort de dire que vous aviez quelques reproches à vous faire, du gâteau, de la médecine, et de la brioche ne sont pas faits pour votre estomac.

Non, Madame, je n'oublierai point ce que vous avez ordonné pour lundi, et je ferai de mon mieux pour vous mener M. d'Alembert. Je dois le voir aujourd'hui, et même passer une partie de la soirée avec lui chez Madame de Boufflers : c'est ce qui fait que j'ai l'honneur de vous écrire à l'heure qu'il est, pour ne pas déranger l'ordre établi d'aller tous les matins à l'hôtel de Luxembourg. Je suis bien reconnoissante des bontés de Madame la Duchesse de Boufflers, et je regrette bien de n'être pas à portée de cultiver celles de Mademoiselle Amélie.

Vous savez bien que Madame de Châtillon est accouchée d'une fille.

Voilà cette histoire que je vous ai promise, Madame.

Samedi, à une heure après minuit.

Il est trop tard pour conter. Je sors de chez Madame de Boufflers où j'ai soupé, ou plutôt ont soupé MM. les Abbés Erfai, et Bon ; M. Turgot, M. d'Alembert, et Madame de Beson. La soirée a été très-gaie : je suis persuadée que vous vous seriez divertie. Je suis bien trompée si l'Abbé Bon ne vous plaisoit beaucoup : il m'a paru d'une conversation facile, raisonnable, avec une gaîté douce, et un bon ton. Vous vous moquerez de moi d'oser juger ;

mais, Madame, je proteste contre la décision, ainsi vous me pardonneriez.

Je vais sans doute vous surprendre en vous apprenant que M. d'Alembert part demain pour St. Martin pour ne revenir que jeudi. On ne lui a point demandé s'il vouloit faire ce voyage, on lui a dit qu'il le falloit, et en conséquence Madame de Boufflers dit qu'elle l'enlève demain. Il m'a fait promettre de vous mander qu'il avoit beaucoup de regret au voyage de Montmorenci, car il comptoit bien y venir; il se faisoit un grand plaisir d'avoir l'honneur de faire la cour à Monsieur, et à Madame la Maréchale, et il s'afflige, Madame, d'être aussi long-tems sans vous voir.

M. de Condom a dû vous remettre les factum pour et contre Madame Aliot. J'ai pensé que vous pourriez en être curieuse: je vous supplie de vouloir bien ne les pas prêter, parce que je ne les ai point lus, et que je dois les rendre. Il est bien heureux (et je vous en fais mon compliment) que Madame la Maréchale ait abandonné le projet du voyage de Lorraine; j'espère que vous en profiterez et qu'elle n'y substituera point d'autres absences. J'ai dit à M. Deschamps ce que vous lui ordonniez. Je vais me coucher, il est un peu tard, ayant un bain, et une messe dans ma matinée.

Je relis ma lettre, et je ne comprends pas ce qui a pu me porter à vous parler de Madame de Châtillon. Vous savez mieux que moi la séparation de Madame la Duchesse de Grammont: je l'ai apprise ce soir à l'hôtel de Goufier.

*Mademoiselle de Lespinasse à Madame la Marquise
du Deffand, à St. Joseph.*

Mardi, 8 Mai, 1764.

Vous m'avez fixé un terme, Madame, pour avoir l'honneur de vous voir : ce terme me paroît bien long, et je serois bien heureuse si vous vouliez l'abrégé. Je n'ai rien de plus à cœur que de mériter vos bontés. Daignez me les accorder, et m'en donner la preuve la plus chère, en m'accordant la permission de vous aller renouveler moi-même l'assurance d'un respect, et d'un attachement qui ne finira qu'avec ma vie, et avec lesquels j'ai l'honneur d'être,

Madame, votre très-humble,
et très-obéissante servante,
LESPINASSE.

Madame du Deffand à Mademoiselle de Lespinasse.

Mercredi, 9 Mai, 1764.

Je ne puis consentir à vous revoir sitôt, Mademoiselle. La conversation que j'ai eue avec vous, et qui a déterminée notre séparation, m'est dans le moment encore trop présente. Je ne saurois croire que ce soit des sentimens d'amitié qui vous fassent désirer de me voir : "il est impossible d'aimer ceux dont on sait qu'on est détesté, abhorré, etc. etc., par qui l'amour-propre est sans cesse humilié, écrasé, etc. Ce sont vos propres expressions, et la suite des impressions que vous receviez depuis long-tems de ceux, que vous dites être vos véritables amis ; ils peuvent l'être en effet, et je souhaite de tout mon

cœur qu'ils vous procurent tous les avantages que vous en attendez ; agrément, fortune, considération, etc. etc. Que feriez-vous de moi, aujourd'hui—de quelle utilité pourrois-je vous être ? Ma présence ne vous seroit point agréable, elle ne serviroit qu'à vous rappeler les premiers temps de notre connoissance, les années qui l'ont suivie, et tout cela n'est bon qu'à oublier. Cependant, si par la suite vous veniez à vous en souvenir avec plaisir, et que ce souvenir produisît en vous quelque remords, quelque regret, je ne me pique point d'une fermeté austère et sauvage, je ne suis point insensible, je démêle assez bien la vérité. Un retour sincère pourroit me toucher, et réveiller en moi le goût et la tendresse que j'ai eus pour vous. Mais en attendant, Mademoiselle, restons comme nous sommes, et contentez-vous des souhaits que je fais pour votre bonheur.

SOME ACCOUNT
OF THE
LIFE OF RACHAEL LADY RUSSELL.

THE biographers of those who have been distinguished in the active paths of life, who have directed the councils or fought the battles of nations have, perhaps, an easier task than those who engage to satisfy the curiosity sometimes excited by persons whose situation, circumstances, or sex, have confined them to private life. To the biographers of public characters, the pages of history, and the archives of the state, furnish many of the documents required; while those of private individuals have to collect every particular from accidental materials, from combining and comparing letters, and otherwise insignificant papers, never intended to convey any part of the information sought in them.

In this predicament the author of the following pages is placed. The veil which covered the unassuming virtues of Lady Russell in early life, naturally increases a desire, in intelligent minds, to become acquainted with her sentiments and situation before she was called to the exercise of the most difficult virtues, and the display of the most heroic courage.

Few of her sex have been placed in such a distinguished situation. Still fewer, after having so conducted themselves, have, like her, shrunk from all public notice, and returned to the unobtrusive performance of accustomed duties, and the unostentatious consolations of accustomed piety.

The incidents in the life of Lady Russell will be found so few, and her superior merits remain so much confined within the pale of private life and female duties, that, unlike most heroines, her character deserves to be held up yet more to the *example* than to the *admiration* of her countrywomen.

Lady Rachael Wriothesley was the second daughter of Thomas Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, by his first wife, Rachael de Ruvigny, of an ancient Huguenot family in France. She was born about the year 1636 : her mother died in her infancy ; and her father married, for his second wife, Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Francis Leigh, afterwards created Earl of Chichester, by whom he had four other daughters, one of whom only survived him.

As Lady Rachael was born at the beginning of those political disturbances which so long agitated England, her early education was probably less sedulously attended to, and fewer means of accomplishment afforded her than would have been the case in more peaceable times. This may be conjectured from the many grammatical errors, and the often defective orthography in all her unpremeditated letters in early life ; until the practice of writing much on her own and her children's affairs had given her greater habits of correctness.

Lord Southampton, during the first period of the disputes between Charles and his Parliaments, (as

his illustrious friend Lord Clarendon informs us,) disapproved of the measures of the Court, and conceiving himself also to have been individually oppressed, kept so much aloof from all intercourse with it, that he was considered as one of the peers the most attached to the cause of the people. Lord Strafford's Government he also greatly disliked; and it was not till after he had seen the course of justice perverted on his trial, and the popular tide setting so violently against all Monarchical Government, that Lord Southampton reluctantly allowed himself to be attached to the Court first, by being made a privy councillor, and soon after gentleman of the bed-chamber to the King. As he had previously refused to sign the protestation of the two Houses of Parliament, for disabling their members from holding any place either in Church or State, he was believed to have accepted these offices, expressly to show how little he regarded the framers and advisers of such measures.

He afterwards accompanied the King to York and to Nottingham, was present at Edgehill, and went from thence to Oxford, where he remained with the Court during the rest of the war;—a war, of whose success he despaired from the beginning, and during the whole course of which, he was the unvarying and indefatigable advocate of peace. During the conferences at Uxbridge, which lasted twenty days, and which, together with Sir Edward Nicholas, the Secretary of State, he conducted on the part of the King, Lord Clarendon remarks of him, that “although a person naturally loving his ease, and allowing himself never less than ten hours’ repose, he was then never more than four hours in bed;” bending his whole soul towards effecting an

union which he never ceased to consider as the greatest blessing which could befall his afflicted country.

After this attempt, which violence on the one side and obstinacy on the other rendered abortive, Lord Southampton faithfully persevered in his attendance on the daily-diminishing Court of the misguided Charles, whilst he was yet a free agent. Afterwards, when he was a prisoner, in the power of his own provoked subjects, now become enraged persecutors, Lord Southampton made every possible attempt to deliver him from their hands;* and when at length the sacrifice of his life expiated the culpable weaknesses of his character, and eventually secured the permanent liberty of his people, Lord Southampton was one of the four faithful servants who asked and obtained permission to pay the last sad duty to his remains, divested of all accustomed ceremonial. After this event Lord Southampton retired to his seat at Tichfield, in Hampshire, obstinately rejecting every subsequent advance from Cromwell to court his friendship or engage his compliance.†

* The King was for some time at Lord Southampton's house at Tichfield, in Hampshire, as the visiter, and under the protection of the old Countess of Southampton, his mother, after he left Hampton Court, and before he was conducted by Colonel Hammond to the Isle of Wight.

† "When Cromwell was near his house in the country, upon the marriage of his son in those parts,^a and had a purpose to have made him visit; upon a private notice thereof, he immediately removed to another house at a greater distance." Clarendon's Life, p. 414. fol. edition.

^a Richard Cromwell was married to a daughter and co-heiress of Richard Major, Esq. of Hursley, in Hampshire."

During this retirement, which lasted from 1648 to the Restoration, his daughter, Lady Rachael, born about 1636, must have been exactly at the age dedicated to those occupations which it has been agreed to call the education of females.

Under such circumstances, though her opportunities of acquiring the usual accomplishments of her sex and station might be few and insufficient, yet the cultivation of her mind and heart was probably not neglected; and the same integrity of character, the same piety and purity of conduct which distinguished her father, must have been instilled, both by precept and example, into the minds of his children. In Lady Rachael, they were implanted in a soil congenial with every noble sentiment, both of the heart and of the intellect.

Her first ideas on the subject of Government we must suppose to have been all favourable to royalty, and to the unfortunate family who had been deprived of its honours. In religion, she was educated a strict Protestant, with every predilection for its doctrines, which her mother's family, professing a faith persecuted in the country to which they belonged, were likely to encourage.

Lord Southampton's liberality of sentiment on matters of religion is thus commemorated by Clarendon, who, in speaking of his toleration towards Dissenters, thinks it proper to make, what must now be considered a very unnecessary apology for his friend's opinions. "He was a man of exemplary virtue and piety, and very regular in his devotions; yet was not generally believed by the bishops to have an affection keen enough for the Government of the Church; because he was willing and desirous

that something more might have been done to gratify the Presbyterians than they thought just.”*

To her father's liberal way of thinking on these subjects, she probably owed the pure strain of truly Christian charity as well as piety which runs through her letters, and on all occasions animated her conduct.

Her maternal uncle, the Marquis de Ruvigny, was long at the head of the Protestant interest in France, as Deputy-General of the reformed Churches; which, before the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, who was no other than a minister plenipotentiary from the Protestant subjects of France, at the Court of their Roman Catholic Sovereign. He is described as having been a very accomplished person, possessing considerable ability, courage and conduct; and was so much in the favour of Louis XIV and Cardinal Mazarin, that he often obtained from them a hearing for those of his persuasion, which they refused to other applicants.

At the Synod, which, after the death of Cromwell, in 1659, Louis XIV allowed to assemble, he named Ruvigny *Député-Général*, subject to the approbation of the meeting, while Cardinal Mazarin gave them at the same time to understand, that no other choice would be acceptable to or accepted by the King.†

* Continuation of the Life of Clarendon, p. 415, folio edition.

† Ruvigny afterwards, for form sake, laid his commission on the table of the Synod, that their choice might be *supposed* free; when, with that neglect of truth so common in the conduct of all public affairs in France, “on remercia le Roi du choix qu’il avoit fait, et de ce qu’il n’avoit pas voulu imposer la nécessité de le suivre.”—Benoit’s Histoire de l’Edit de Nantes, vol. III, p. 312.

Ruvigny at the same time received permission to be present at the deliberations of the Synod, and to deliver his opinion there, a liberty refused to former Deputies-general, because nothing political was allowed or supposed to be touched on in these assemblies.

Ruvigny had early obtained the favour, and entitled himself to the support of Cardinal Mazarin. During the occasional banishments from the Court to which the Frondeurs had compelled that artful minister, Ruvigny had been one of the persons of the Reformed Religion on whose attachment to his interests, and on whose activity for his return, he had the most counted. On the Cardinal's establishment in permanent power, he considered the above appointments as a reward for Ruvigny's services. Ruvigny, however, had other pretensions, but was given to understand, that any military employment, or any further advancement, must be purchased by a change of his religion. To his religion he was sincerely and steadily attached, although it would seem, that in his character of Deputy-General of the Reformed Church, he was sometimes suspected (by its zealous adherents in the distant provinces) of sacrificing its interests to compliances with the views of the Court; while, in fact, his favour with the King and the Cardinal often obtained for his Church both a knowledge of the designs of their enemies, and a patient hearing of their grievances.*

* "Les ministres d'état étoient inaccessibles pour tout autre que pour lui (*Ruvigny*), ou, s'ils faisoient à quelqu'autre la grace de l'écouter, ils lui faisoient toujours des réponses déso-bligeantes." Benoit, Hist. de l'Edit de Nantes, vol. iv, p. 330.

That he was afterwards employed diplomatically in England by Louis XIV, was indeed an instance of very extraordinary favour to one of his persuasion. His connexions in England, from his sister's alliance there, contributed probably to his first appointment. He was sent with some message of compliment to Charles soon after his Restoration, and during the embassy of the Count de Soissons. We afterwards find him accredited in England, and much in the confidence of both Courts in the year 1668. He returned to Paris in July of that year, and was again in London in 1669, while M. de Comminges was still Ambassador to the Court at Whitehall. The services or the manners of Ruvigny seem, however, to have been much more agreeable to Charles than those of Comminges; for, in a letter to the Duchess of Orleans, his sister, at the beginning of his disgraceful money transactions with France in June, 1669, he desires to avoid telling Comminges (of whose abilities he expresses no good opinion) anything about the intended treaty, while in a former letter to the same person, he mentions having "said to Ruvigny every thing that was upon his harte;" and after Colbert had succeeded Comminges as Ambassador, regrets, in another letter of the 2nd September, 1669, "that France had not been as forward in their intentions towards us when Ruvigny was here." On the recall of Colbert in 1674, he was himself made Minister Plenipotentiary, and remained so till the appointment of Courtin in 1676. Within ten years afterwards, Ruvigny was indebted to the same especial favour with Louis XIV for permission to emigrate to England with his family from his attachment to his religion, on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes; a

permission at that time granted to no other Protestant noble.*

In the intermediate time he had exerted himself actively but ineffectually to save the life of Lord Russell, the husband of his niece. It is even said by Dalrymple, on the authority of a letter of Barillon's, of the 19th of July, 1683, in the Dépôt des Affaires Etrangères, at Paris, which he does not give, that the younger Ruvigny had prevailed on Louis to write to Charles in favour of Lord Russell, and was himself to be the bearer of the letter; that his journey was only prevented by Charles having anticipated the event of every application, civilly telling Barillon, "Je ne veux pas empêcher que M. de Ruvigny ne vienne ici, mais Milord Russell aura le col coupé avant qu'il arrive.†

The fact, however, of this letter having been ever promised, is more than doubtful, from the following note of the elder Ruvigny to Lady Russell, after Lord Russell's arrest. It makes no mention of any such interference, which he would surely have announced with eagerness to his unhappy niece.

* He had previously secured to himself and sons letters of naturalization. In a letter of his to Lady Russell, of January, 1680, which accompanied some family papers relative to pecuniary concerns, he says, "Je vous envoie aussi nos lettres de naturalité, qui seront mieux entre vos mains qu'entre les miennes. Je vous prie, et Madame votre sœur aussi, (*Lady Elizabeth Noel*,) de les conserver. Elles peuvent servir, puisque il n'y est rien de plus incertain que les événements." Devonshire MSS.

† In the octavo edition of Sir John Dalrymple, he suppresses the extract from the letter of Barillon, but still leaves the anecdote on his authority.

A Paris, le 14 Juillet, 1683,

“J’ay une grande impatience, ma chère nièce, d’être près de vous. Il y a trois jours que le Roi est arrivé : il a eu la bonté de consentir à mon voyage. Si je pourrois courir la poste, je serois bientôt à Londres. J’achette des chevaux et je ferai toute la diligence que mon âge me permet. Dieu vous console et vous fortifie. “RUVIGNY.”*

Of Ruvigny’s two sons, the elder (as is known) was killed at the battle of the Boyne, and the second, in defiance of the confiscation of his paternal estate,† entered into the service of King William, was by him created Earl of Galway, and died unmarried in 1729.

How or when Lord Southampton became acquainted and formed his connexion with the Ruvigny family is not known. Such was the total neglect which was began to be shown to the Protestants in France at this period, and so much did their religion exclude them from every public record, that the author of these pages, after much inquiry at Paris some months ago, in the King’s and other libraries, assisted by those most capable of such researches, was not able to discover to what district of France the family of Ruvigny belonged. The only record made of it, and of its armorial bearing in any of the genealogical works of France was thus colaterally

* Bedford MSS.

† “Le Roi donna il y a quelques jours, à l’Abbé de Polignac la confiscation des biens de M. de Ruvigny, qui s’appelle en Angleterre Milord Galway. 10 Mai, 1711.” Nouveau Mémoire de Dangeau par M. de Monterey, p. 213.

noticed in the "*Dictionnaire Héraldique, Généalogique et Historique*, par M.D.L. C.D.B. *M. de la Chesnaye des Bois*. Massué Seigneur de Rayneval en Picardie, dont le Marquis de Ruvigni et Milord Galloway. D'azur au Cor enguiché d'or."*

It had been surmised they were of the Province of Brittany, from the circumstance of the Marquis de Ruvigny having been the counsellor and confident of Marguerite de Rohan, the daughter and heiress of the last Protestant Duc de Rohan, on the subject of a supposed brother, whose birth, her mother, the Duchesse de Rohan, declared she had concealed only to avoid the violence and the artifices of the Roman Catholics to get possession of the heir to his father's power and influence with the Protestants of France. But as the birth and existence of this son had been concealed even from her husband himself, many doubts were entertained of his legitimacy, which people seemed to have believed, or disbelieved, according to their religious persuasion. His early death in one of the sorties from Paris, in the wars of the Fronde, put an end to the process, which, had it not been for the prudent counsels of Ruvigny, would already have taken place between the brother and sister. There are some curious details on this subject worthy the "*Causes Célèbres*," in Benoit's History of the Edict of Nantes.†

Since the above was published, the author has found in a note to the curious old French Memoirs first published at Paris, in the year 1834, under the title of *Historiettes de Tallemant de Réaux*, the following notice of Ruvigny's sister, the Countess of Southampton. The text says that Ruvigny, "s'en

* Vol. III. p. 487.

† Idem, p. 54.

alla en Angleterre voir le Comte de Southampton qui avoit épousé Madame de Maisonfort sa sœur.” The note adds the following particulars relative to her: “La sœur de Ruvigny étoit une fort belle personne. Elle fut mariée en premières noces avec un gentilhomme du Perche nommé la Maisonfort. Cet homme s’enivra de son tonneau, et de telle sorte, que quand on lui dit qu’il y prit garde, il répondit qu’il falloit mourir d’une belle épée. Il en mourut en effet; la voilà veuve:—c’étoit une coquette-prude. St. Pradil, de la Maison de Jussue en Angoumois a été le plus déclaré de tous ses galans. Il lui donnoit fort souvent des divertissemens qu’on appelaient des *Saintes Pradillades*; c’étoit des promenades où il y avoit les vingt quatre violons et collation. Un jour qu’ils revenoient de St. Cloud un peu tard, ils versèrent sur le pavé, le long du cours. Il y avoit sept femmes dans la carrosse; il crioit, Madame de Maisonfort, où êtes-vous? Chacune contre faisait sa voix, et disait, ‘Me voici.’ Puis, quand il l’avoit tiré, et qu’il voyoit que ce n’étoit pas elle, il les laissoit là brusquement, et avoit envie de les jeter dans l’eau. Il ne la trouva que toute la dernière. Elle avoit de plaisans excès de dévotion. Au milieu d’une conversation enjouée, elle s’alloit enfermer dans son cabinet et y faisoit une prière, puis elle revenoit. Un grand seigneur anglois devint amoureux d’elle à Paris, et l’épousa. Elle est morte il y a près de quinze ans, et a laissé deux filles qui ont été mariées en Angleterre.”* Elizabeth married to Viscount Campden afterwards Earl of Gainsborough and Rachael married to Lord Russell.

* For many details of the early life of Ruvigny and his connexion with the House of Rohan, see “*Historiettes de Tallemant de Réaux*,” vol. III. Article Mesdames de Rohan.

Lord Southampton died in 1667. His thoughtless and unfeeling master had, for some time, been desirous to snatch from his dying hand the treasurer's staff which he still held, that he might place it with those, to whom he could with less shame and less fear of remonstrance confide the opprobrious secret of his political dishonour. The disgrace of Clarendon, which happened within a few months after the death of his friend, seems to have formed a melancholy era in the avowed venality and profligacy of the Court of Charles. Lord Southampton's second wife dying, he married for the third time, a daughter of Francis Duke of Somerset, widow of Viscount Molyneux. By this third marriage he left no children.

Of his second marriage, one only out of four daughters survived him, who, inheriting her mother's fortune,* left entire possession of Lord Southampton's estates to the two surviving children of his first marriage, Elizabeth and Rachael, who thus became considerable heiresses. The Lady Elizabeth married Edward Noel, son of Viscount Campden, created afterwards Earl of Gainsborough. The subsequent marriage of the Lady Rachael with Francis Lord Vaughan, eldest son of the Earl of Carberry, about the year 1653, was settled, according to the fashion of that day, by the intervention of parents, and at so early a period of life, that, to use the words in which on a subsequent occasion Lady Russell herself expresses an opinion of early marriages, (founded, perhaps, on her own experience,)

* Elizabeth, daughter and heiress of Sir Francis Leigh, afterwards created Earl of Chichester.

in such unions, "it is acceptance rather than choosing on either side."

But, however little her choice might have been consulted in this connexion, her conduct, so long as it lasted, was not only blameless, but such as entitled her to the love of all around her, and to the lasting attachment of her husband's family. We have a letter written so early as the year 1655, when she was living with Lord Vaughan, at his father's house in Wales,* in which she is thus addressed:

"Dear Madam,

"There is not in the world so great a charm as goodness; and your Ladyship is the greatest argument to prove it. All that know you are thereby forced to honour you, neither are you to thank them, because they cannot do otherwise. Madam, I am among that number, gladly and heartily I declare it, and I shall die in that number, because my observance of your virtue is inseparably annexed to it. I beseech you, Madam, to pardon this scribbling, and present your noble husband with my most affectionate service; and I shall in my prayers present you both to God, begging of him daily to increase your piety to Him, and your love to each other."

Of Lord Vaughan's character, habits, or particular

* Golden Grove in Carmarthenshire.—At a fire which happened there in 1729, many family papers were destroyed, among which we have probably to regret the means of becoming acquainted with many details of Lady Russell's early life.

disposition, nothing is to be traced in the materials to which the author of these pages has had access, except we may infer, from a message sent to him in a subsequent letter to his wife from the same correspondent already quoted, that he disliked writing, and was dilatory in all sorts of business, as Lady Vaughan is besought (evidently in raillery) "not hereafter to hinder my Lord Vaughan from writing to me; I am confident, whatsoever excuse you make for him, he had a most eager desire to write this week. I know his Lordship so well, that he cannot delay to make returns of civility. If it had been his custom to defer and put off to the last hour, I might believe your Ladyship: but in this particular, I must beg your Ladyship's pardon. I was at Abscourt the last week, and found Mr. Estcourt courting your aunt.* She received his addresses with great satisfaction and content. I think, Madam, under favour, you were not so kind to my Lord Vaughan."

In the year 1665, she became a mother, but her child lived only to be baptized, and she had no other children by Lord Vaughan. In the autumn of the same year, while the plague was raging in London, we find her again with Lord Carberry's family in Wales. A letter from her half-sister Lady Percy,† after expressing her great desire to have Lady Vaughan with her at Petworth, and how

* Elizabeth, sister to the Lord Treasurer Southampton, married Mr., afterwards Sir Thomas Estcourt, Knt. a Master in Chancery.

† The only surviving child of Lord Southampton by his second marriage. She was the wife of Jocelin Percy, the last Earl of Northumberland, whose father, at the date of this letter, was still alive.

much her company was desired by all the family, says, "I am glad for nobody's sake but Lady Frances's,* that you are there," (*at Ludlow*), "for I am sure she is sensible of her happiness in enjoying you."

In the year 1667, we find Lady Vaughan a widow, living with her beloved sister, Lady Elizabeth Noel, at Tichfield, in Hampshire, the seat of their father Lord Southampton, which Lady Elizabeth Noel, as the eldest of the two daughters by his first marriage, had recently inherited: his property at Stratton at the same time falling to the lot of Lady Vaughan.

Of the commencement of her acquaintance with Mr. Russell we are ignorant. That it existed more than two years before it terminated in their union, we know from a letter of Lady Percy's to Lady Vaughan, in the summer of 1667, where she mentions Mr. Russell in a manner to leave no doubt of his having manifested his sentiments for her sister. "For his (Mr. Russell's) concern, I can say nothing more than that he professes a great desire, which I do not at all doubt, he, and every body else has, to gain one who is so desirable in all respects."

Mr. Russell was then only a younger brother, and Lady Vaughan a very considerable heiress, without children by her first marriage. The advantages of such a connexion must have been considered, in the eye of the world, as entirely on his side, and the diffidence inspired by this idea, as well as the feelings of doubt which always

* Lady Frances Vaughan, eldest daughter of Lord Carberry.

accompany strong attachment, seem to have made him very backward in interpreting Lady Vaughan's sentiments in his favour.

As the inequality between them existed only in matters of interest, their mutual feelings could not long be mistaken by each other. Lady Vaughan was entirely her own mistress, and they were married about the end of the year 1669, she retaining the name of Vaughan, till Mr. Russell, having by the death of his elder brother Francis Lord Russell* succeeded to his title, she assumed that of Lady Russell.

The first letters in the following series are addressed by Lady Vaughan to her husband, Mr. Russell, in the spring of the year 1672. They are continued, at distant intervals, to within a twelvemonth, of his death. They are few, for during the fourteen happy years of their union, they were little apart. Their only moments of separation seem to have been some visits of duty to his father, when living entirely at Woburn, or during his elections for two successive Parliaments; some short absences in London, on private or political business, and his attendance at Oxford during the only session of the Parliament so suddenly dismissed by Charles.

These letters are written with such a neglect of style, and often of grammar, as may disgust the admirers of well-turned periods, and they contain such frequent repetitions of homely tenderness, as may shock the sentimental readers of the present day. But they evince the enjoyment of a happi-

* In 1678.

ness, built on such rational foundations, and so truly appreciated by its possessors, as too seldom occurs in the history of the human heart. They are impressed too with the marks of a cheerful mind, a social spirit, and every indication of a character prepared, as well to enjoy the sunshine, as to meet the storms of life.

Thus gifted, and thus situated, her tender and prophetic exhortations both to her Lord and herself, to merit the continuance of such happiness, and to secure its perfect enjoyment by being prepared for its loss, are not less striking than his entire and absolute confidence in her character, and attachment to her society. It was thus, surely, that intellectual beings of different sexes were intended by their great Creator to go through the world together;—thus united, not only in hand and heart, but in principles, in intellect, in views, and in dispositions;—each pursuing one common and noble end, their own improvement, and the happiness of those around them, by the different means appropriate to their sex and situation;—mutually correcting, sustaining, and strengthening each other; undegraded by all practices of tyranny on the one part, and of deceit on the other;—each finding a candid but severe judge in the understanding, and a warm and partial advocate in the heart of their companion:—secure of a refuge from the vexations, the follies, the misunderstandings and the evils of the world, in the arms of each other, and in the inestimable enjoyments of unlimited confidence, and unrestrained intimacy.

In the death of her beloved sister, Lady Elizabeth Noel, in 1679, Lady Russell experienced a severe affliction. Although happy, and consciously happy

in an husband and children, who called forth every feeling that either could inspire to the warmest heart, *hers* was not one in which such feelings were exclusive.

There seems, indeed, to be as great a variety in the powers of human hearts, as of human intellects. Some are found hardly equal to the modified selfishness which produces attachment to their most immediate connexions; some have naturally strong feelings concentrated on a few objects, but which diffuse no warmth out of their own narrow focus; while others appear endowed with an almost boundless capacity for every virtuous affection, which contracts undiminished to all the minute duties of social life, and expands unexhausted to all the great interests of humanity.

Such was the heart of Lady Russell, in which her friends, her country, her religion, all found a place.* She recurs to the character of her sister, under the name of a "*delicious Friend*," and uniting a fond remembrance of her feelings for her, in all those of her happiness with an adored husband, gratefully exclaims, "sure, nobody has ever enjoyed more pleasure in the conversations and tender kindness of a husband and a sister, than myself."†

Repeated acknowledgments and returns of this

* In a letter to Dr. Fitzwilliam, in the eventful year 1688, when her first and great interest in all public affairs no longer existed, she says, "my thoughts are too much crowded to get a passage to express what I feel. My religion and my country are dear to me, and my own hard fate will ever be a green wound."

† See Letter to Dr. Fitzwilliam, of July 17th, 1686, p. 62. Published Letters.

“tender kindness” form the striking feature of all the letters addressed to her husband ; but they bear marks at the same time of a lively interest in his pursuits, and of a mind open to all great public objects. Her account of the debate in the House of Commons, on the King’s message in April, 1677, is remarkably clear and well given, and we meet with several passages which intimate her acquaintance with political affairs, as well as her anxiety about Lord Russell’s participation in them. Whether the note she sent to him in the House of Commons succeeded in persuading him to the postponement of some intended measure, which it so strongly urged, we cannot now ascertain ; but his having preserved and indorsed this note as being received while the House of Commons was sitting, shows the impression which, from its relation to the subject of debate, it must have made on him.

The birth of her eldest daughter, in 1674, was followed by that of another daughter, in 1676, and her domestic happiness seemed to be completed by the birth of a son, in November 1680.

The frequent mention made of these children in the following letters—of their health, their progress, and their amusements, prove how much every thing that concerned them occupied as well as interested their parents. Such details would be tedious, were it not consoling to trace the minute features of tenderness in characters, capable at the same time of the sternest exertions of human fortitude.

Although Lady Russell felt all the soul-sufficing enjoyments of perfect affection in the society of her husband, she allowed no exclusive sentiment to withdraw either him or herself from the world in which

they were born to live, nor from the society which made that of each other more dear to them. Their summers at Stratton, to which she always adverts with pleasure, were diversified by their winters spent at Southampton House,* from whence, if business, or country sports, called her companion, she sought society, and collected for him in her letters, all the little anecdotes, public or private, that could serve to amuse his absence ; proving how compatible she deemed cheerfulness to be with devotion, and the reasonable enjoyment of trifles in this world, with an attentive regard to the great interests of the next.

From devotion, and devoted resignation to the will of Heaven, who ever required or obtained more than Lady Russell? Whose implicit faith in the inscrutable ways of the Almighty, was ever exposed to severer trials? And where, and when, were the consoling doctrines of Christianity ever applied to more poignant distress, or productive of more admirable effects, than on her life, her conduct, and her character? Yet her devotion separated her in no degree either from the affections, the interests, or the amusements of the world. She appeared at a Court, in the profligacy of which she did not participate ; and amused herself in a society, whose frivolity she avoided.

The tenor of her faith degraded not the social affections of the heart, by placing them in contra-

* It was situated on the north side of Bloomsbury Square. On Lady Russell's death, in 1723, Southampton House descended to her grandson, Wriothesley, Duke of Bedford, and received the name of Bedford House. It was pulled down by Francis, Duke of Bedford, in 1800.

distinction to the duties she owed to a superior Being. She drew not up in terrible array the Divine will against her enjoyments, but endeavoured gratefully to partake of all the innocent pleasures offered both to our animal and intellectual existence by its benevolent Creator. She lowered not the spirituality of her nature, by clogging it with the language of worldly passion, nor the performance of minute observances. But, with a mind, at once exalted and purified by her faith, she looked up from the depths of human suffering, with trembling hope, to the immense mercies, and with unshaken confidence to the consoling promises of an Almighty Being,

“Who must delight in virtue;
And that, which he delights in, must be happy.”

Such was Lady Russell's intimate acquaintance with the sentiments and character of her husband, and such her confidence in the purity of his intentions and conduct, that when she found herself in the dreadful predicament of separation, by means which even the anxiety of affection could never have deemed possible, the “amazement” on which she dwells so often, and with such peculiar anguish in her subsequent letters, doubled a blow for which nothing could have ever prepared her.

But her mind, instead of being overwhelmed, rises equal to a situation in which she could never have conceived herself liable to be placed. Her quiet domestic spirit immediately assumes an activity, which probably afterwards as much surprised herself, as it called forth the admiration of those who witnessed it.

We have no record from herself of these cruel moments. She was otherwise employed than in giving an account of her feelings; they must have been such as were hardly defined to herself. And when we recollect her previous habits of life, and those of most of her sex and country at that time, we shall appreciate her character and conduct in a very different manner from that of any lively French-woman of the same period, already in the habits of political intrigue, who might, in Lady Russell's circumstances, have found almost as much to gratify her vanity, as to alarm her feelings.

From the manner in which Lord Russell was taken up, there is little doubt that the Court, with the dastardly policy which their crooked measures made necessary, would willingly have connived at his escape. It would have saved them from the odium of his death, and would have allowed them, by vilifying his character, more easily to get rid of others, whose greater activity as well as fewer scruples, made them, in fact, much more dangerous enemies.

Burnet tells us, that the day before Lord Russell was arrested, a messenger was observed waiting for many hours, at, or near, his door—"A measure that was taken in so open and careless a manner, (the back door of his house not being watched) as led to the suspicion that it was intended to frighten him away." This insidious measure was not unobserved by those whom it was meant to entrap. Lady Russell was sent to consult with their friends, whether or not Lord Russell should withdraw himself.

With what an anxious mind such consultations must have been made, we may easily conceive, but

no unworthy weakness, no exaggerated fears for his safety, suggested a wish on her part, contrary to the conduct which his friends, as well as himself, thought consonant with his innocence and his honour.

From this moment, till after her husband's death, we know little of Lady Russell, but what is recorded in the history of her country, where her name will be embalmed with her Lord's, while passive courage, devoted tenderness, and unblemished purity, are honoured in the one sex, or public patriotism, private virtues, and unshaken principles, revered in the other.

Lord Russell was so well aware of the virulence of his enemies, and of the character of his real offences towards them, that his innocence of those alleged, was ineffectual in producing in his mind any hope of escape, when once within their power. From the first instant of his arrest, he gave himself up as lost. Such feelings (however little expressed) could not have been concealed from the anxious mind of the being who shared his every thought. But as in him they produced no despondency, so in her they caused no relaxation from every honourable endeavour to rescue him from such mortal danger. During the fortnight that elapsed between his commitment to the Tower, and his trial,* she was continually employed in procuring information as to what was likely to be urged against him, and in adopting every measure of precaution. Such was her known intelligence on this occasion, that we find in the report

* Lord Russell was committed to the Tower on the 26th June; tried on the 13th July; and executed in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields on the 21st July, 1683.

of the trial, the Chief Justice and Attorney-General* seem to think themselves vindicated from every suspicion of neglect, in not previously communicating the pannel of the jury to Lord Russell, by endeavouring to prove that a list of names had been given to his wife.† Her appearance in court, at his trial, has been said to have caused a thrill of anguish through the numerous audience.‡ The Attorney-General, to avoid allowing Lord Russell the aid of a legal adviser, anticipated the answer of the Chief Justice to his request to have a person to take notes for him, by saying he would be allowed to employ a servant, to which the Chief Justice immediately added :—“Any of your servants shall assist you in writing any thing you please.”

When Lady Russell rose from her husband's side, on his replying, “My wife is here to do it,” the interesting situation in which she stood, must have recalled with peculiar force to the minds of the spectators, all her father's services, her husband's unsuspected patriotism, the excellence of his private life, and their known domestic happiness. It would seem, indeed, to have made some impression even on the minds of his prosecutors, as a milder tone is immediately assumed by the Chief Justice acquiescing in the employment of Lady Russell, “if my Lady will give herself that trouble;” and the Attorney-General follows, by offering him “two persons to write for him,” if he please.

* Sir Francis Pemberton was Chief Justice, and Sir Robert Sawyer, Attorney-General.

† See Howell's State Trials, vol. ix. p. 583.

‡ The crowd was so great, that the Counsel complained of not having room to stand. See Howell's State Trials, vol. ix. p. 594.

Whatever effort such services might require on the part of Lady Russell, let it not be supposed that these were the greatest exertions of her reason, nor the greatest triumph of her admirable character over the severest calamities, to which a nature like hers could be exposed. She was *here* supported by hope, however feeble, by active and urgent occupation, by the presence of the object of her cares. It must be regretted, that we know not how she supported herself through that fatal day, nor how she received the unlooked-for intelligence of the death of Lord Essex, her relation and friend, whose suicide in the Tower was supposed materially to have influenced the issue of the trial in the midst of which it was announced.* We only know that she had sufficient power over her feelings, neither to disturb the court, nor distract the attention of her husband.

From the moment of his condemnation, she was unceasingly occupied in various attempts to obtain a mitigation of the sentence. All were unavailing against the fears and the malice of the unforgiving James. The King, in spite of the general facility of his temper, resisted the daughter of his oldest and most faithful servant, kneeling before him for the life of her husband; and the Duchess of Portsmouth, in spite of her venality, resisted an offer of a hundred thousand pounds to procure his pardon.†

* In a letter to Dr. Fitzwilliam, of the 11th July, 1686, she says,—“If the Duchess of Portsmouth told me true, that they said the Jury could not have condemned my Lord, if my Lord Essex had not died as he did.” See Published Letters, p. 100.

† This offer is mentioned in the notes to Lord Russell’s trial, vol. ix. p. 684, of Howell’s State Trials, as having been said to be made by the Earl of Bedford to the Duchess of Portsmouth, without giving the authority on which it rests.

The same cause stifled even an attempt at delivering the letter to which Ruvigny is said to have obtained from Lewis in favour of his relation. Every means had been previously attempted, every resource tried, except that of a desertion of those principles, which formed his sole crime in the eyes of his relentless enemy.*

While indefatigably pursuing the slightest hope of mercy, while offering to accompany him into perpetual exile, never did his heroic wife, for a moment, propose to him the purchase of his life by any base compliance, or by the abjuration of the noble truths for which he was persecuted. When pressed by Tillotson and Burnet to leave such an abjuration behind him, she shared his steady adherence to his principles, as she shared in his sufferings for them.†

On a subsequent occasion (of much honour to Tillotson) she had the unsought and quiet triumph of recommending to him the practice of that submission which he had "so powerfully tried himself, and instructed others to."‡

* All particulars of Lord Russell's trial and behaviour are here purposely avoided, as they have been so lately detailed to the public, with every additional interest that can be given to such a narrative, by an author, who is heir to all the patriotism, as well as all the talents of his ancestor.

† "Tillotson was so apprehensive of Lady Russell's displeasure at his pressing his Lordship, although with the best intentions, upon that subject, that when he was first admitted to her after her Lord's death, he is said to have addressed her in this manner, that he thanked God, and then her Ladyship, for that opportunity of justifying himself; and they soon returned to the terms of a cordial and unreserved friendship." Birch's Life of Tillotson, p. 124.

‡ See Published Letters, p. 259, Tillotson consults her, if he

Lord Russell's gratitude for the exalted tenderness of his wife's conduct, his sense of her magnanimity, and his opinion of her character, prove him to have been worthy of a blessing he appreciated so justly. His whole mention of her, in his last interviews with Burnet, is perhaps the noblest eulogy ever pronounced on the difficult virtues of a woman. It can be given in no words so impressive as those of the person to whom it was addressed.

Burnet, it is known, not only saw Lord Russell every day in prison, but accompanied him to the scaffold, and wrote a detailed account of everything that passed between them, and of all that occurred during the last hours of his life. He tells us, that, three days before his execution, on Lady Russell's retiring, "he (Lord Russell) expressed great joy in that magnanimity of spirit he saw in her, and said the parting with her was the hardest thing he had to do; for he was afraid she would be hardly able to bear it: the concern about preserving him filled her mind so now, that it, in some measure, supported her; but when that would be over, he feared the quickness of her spirits would work all within her."

The morning before he suffered, he tells Burnet, "he wished his wife would give over beating every bush, and running so about for his preservation; but, when he considered that it would be some mitigation of her sorrow, afterwards, that she had left nothing undone, that could have given any probable hope, he acquiesced, and indeed I never saw

must absolutely accept of the Archbishopric of Canterbury, repeatedly offered him by King William.

his heart so near failing, as when he spake of her. Sometimes I saw a tear in his eye, and he would turn about and presently change the discourse.

“At eleven o’clock (on Friday evening) my Lady left him; he kissed her four or five times, and she kept her sorrow so within herself, that she gave him no disturbance at their parting. After she was gone, he said, now the bitterness of death was passed, and ran out into a long discourse concerning her, how great a blessing she had been to him, and said, what a misery it would have been, if she had not had that magnanimity of spirit joined to her tenderness, as never to have desired him to do a base thing for the saving of his life. Whereas otherwise what a week I should have passed, if she had been still crying on me to turn informer, and be a Lord Howard; though he then repeated what he had often before said, that he knew of nothing by which the peace of the nation was in danger.

“But he left that discourse, and returned to speak of my Lady. He said there was a signal providence of God in giving him such a wife, where there was birth, fortune, great understanding, great religion, and a great kindness to him. But her carriage in this extremity went beyond all. He said he was glad that she and her children were to lose nothing by his death; and it was a great comfort to him, that he left his children in such a mother’s hands, and that she had promised to him to take care of herself for their sakes, which I heard her do.”*

* Extracted from Burnet’s MSS: “Relation of what passed during Lord Russell’s confinement.” Transcribed in the handwriting of Lady Russell. Dev. MSS.

After having made a last ineffectual attempt to obtain a respite from Saturday to Monday ; on Friday, the morning previous to his execution, Lady Russell conducted her children to the presence of their dying father. Burnet, the only witness on this occasion, says, "I saw him receive them with his ordinary serenity." He retired before their father had bestowed on them his last benediction and embrace.

Lady Russell returned alone in the evening. She found her husband in a composure of mind, which had already excited the admiration of those who had witnessed it, and which had now endured seeing for the last time everything that made life most desirable to him. But she too well knew that his severest trial yet remained ; and by a noble sacrifice of self-indulgence—a suppression of every selfish feeling, which nothing but the purest tenderness could dictate to the most exalted mind, she parted from his last embrace, without allowing a single sob of passion to awaken corresponding feelings in him, which must have banished his heavenly composure.

She retired in silent anguish to that melancholy home, to which she was never again to welcome him ;—she retired to count the wretched minutes of those hours which were to elapse before the fatal stroke was given, which left no restraint on her unbounded grief.

In this dreadful predicament, we look anxiously round for some sympathetic mind, capable of rallying her fainting spirit, and of soothing her sorrows, by entering into their poignancy. Public pity, and public praise, could as yet be but "the whistling of a name," which must rather have excited, than

quieted her feelings. Her children were almost infants ; her beloved and favourite sister was no more ; Lady Northumberland was not in England ; and although they had always lived on terms of sisterly affection and amity, hers was a mind too inferior to that of Lady Russell, to have afforded her much support.

Lady Shaftesbury, her cousin, was merely a good and pious soul, sensible of her inability to offer more than her pity and her prayers. She was left then in these cruel moments to the powers of her own mind,—to her solemn engagement to live for her children,—to her strong, pure, unsophisticated piety, and to the magnanimous sense she entertained of the cause in which she was suffering, which dictated many years afterwards an avowal, that “there was something so glorious in the object of my greatest sorrow, I believe *that* in some degree kept me from being then overwhelmed.”*

She was roused, during the first days of her despondency, by an attempt to attack the memory of her Lord in denying the authenticity of the paper he had delivered to the sheriffs on the scaffold. This paper, already printed, was immediately in the hands of the public, and produced that effect on the sober understandings of Englishmen, which might have been anticipated from it.

Such an effect was anticipated by the Court. Burnet and Tillotson were, the day after Lord Russell’s execution, summoned before the King and the Duke of York in council, and taxed with being the advisers and authors of that paper. The inno-

* Lady Russell to the Bishop of Salisbury (Burnet) 16th Oct. 1690. See Published Letters, p. 274.

cence of Tillotson was proved by his last attempt to enforce very contrary doctrines on Lord Russell in a letter to him, which it is but justice to Tillotson's subsequent conduct to believe he heartily regretted. The heavier suspicion fell on Burnet.

Lady Russell's letter to the King on this occasion,* is that of a person roused by a sense of duty and of innocence to repel injuries, of which they are almost reckless of the consequences. She neglected not, however, to do justice to Burnet's conduct and sentiments, which was the means of allowing him time and opportunity to withdraw himself from the power of a Government, to which he had then the honour of being obnoxious.

It is said that the Duke of York had proposed that the execution of Lord Russell should have taken place in Bloomsbury Square, before the windows of his own house. Christian charity forbids our believing this story merely on report, even of James II.† But it is certain that the effect produced on the public mind by the death of Lord Russell had much exasperated the Court; and as those who injure are the last to forgive, they were angry at every attempt to honour his memory, and opposed the least mark of respect to his remains. Permission to put an escutcheon over his door had, how-

* See Published Letters, p. 7.

† Lord Russell was executed in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields. Burnet, who was in the carriage with him, mentions in the account already quoted of his conduct, during his last moments, that, "As we came to turn Little Queen Street, he said, I have often turned to the *other* hand with great comfort, but now I turn to this with greater, and looked towards his own house; and then, as the Dean (Tillotson) that sat over-against him told me, he saw a tear or two fall from him."

ever, been obtained by Lord Halifax. This, and an intimation from the King, that he did not mean to profit by the forfeiture of Lord Russell's personal estate, are thus acknowledged in a letter from Lady Russell to Lord Halifax.

"'Tis so much my interest, my Lord, (relying as I do upon your Lordship's judgment and favour to me,) to be careful in humbly acknowledging those I do receive, that unless you will be strictly just to me, you will imagine this is sent to your Lordship from other ends than upon my word it is, since I could never in expectance of a future advantage by it, constrain myself to do uneasy things, (as doing this is, to so discomposed a mind as mine;) but to be kindly used, and not any way appear I have a sense of it, would if it be possible, add to that intolerable pressure my sad heart mourns under. All other considerations would permit me to excuse myself from, or at least to defer an exercise I am rendered so utterly unfit for; especially unless I might complain in such sad words as my raging griefs fill my amazed mind with, and indeed offers me no other without putting a force upon myself, which being unfit to do at this time, I ask your Lordship's pardon for what I have said, and in real compassion as to one very miserable, you must give it to, my Lord,

"Yours, &c. &c."

"I think fit to acquaint your Lordship that I have written to my uncle Russell,* to present my

* The Honourable John Russell, then Colonel of the 1st Regiment of Foot Guards. The letter is in these words:

"Apology, dear Uncle, is not necessary to you for any thing

thanks to the King, but have intimated in another paper that he may, if he sees fit, read it to the King, having written it with that design: if this be enough, I like it better than doing more; but if your Lordship is of another mind, tell but my Lord Vaughan so, and I shall know it before the letter be given. If it be seasonable to move in the other, I presume your Lordship will not forget me.

“ I hear the sergeant has been troublesome to your Lordship; it would be impertinent to trouble you with all that has passed, but I think I have not been to blame, for he demanded it only upon the account that I was to have the personal estate, and I promised him satisfaction when I had the grant.”

I do, nor is my discomposed mind fit to make any; but I want your assistance, so I ask it freely. You may remember, Sir, that a very few days after my great and terrible calamity, the King sent me word, he meant to take no advantage of any thing forfeited to him; but terms of law must be observed, so now the grant for the personal estate is done, and in my hands, I esteem it fit to make some compliment of acknowledgment to his Majesty. To do this for me, is the favour I beg of you; but I have written the enclosed paper in such a manner, that if you judge it fit, you may, as you see cause, show it to the King, to let him see what thanks I desire should be made him; but this is left to you to do as you approve. Truly, Uncle, 'tis not without reluctance I write to you myself, since nothing that is not very sad can come from me, and I do not love to trouble such as I am sure wish me none. I ask after your health, and when I hear you are well, 'tis part of the only satisfaction I can have in this wretched world, where the love and company of the friends and dearest relations of that dear and blessed person must give me all I can find in it now. 'Tis a great change, from as much happiness as I believe this world can give, to know no more, as never must,

“ Yours, &c.”^a

^a Dev. MSS.

Lord Halifax's answer is as follows :—

“ Madam,

“ It is enough that my zeal to serve you is favourably received ; but it doth not deserve so much notice as your Ladyship is pleased to take of it. I am ready to give myself a better title than yet I have to such obliging acknowledgments, whenever you will give me the opportunity, by laying your commands on me. In the mean time, I will not offer any thing to your Ladyship's thoughts, to soften or allay the violence of your affliction, since your own excellent temper, and the great measure of reason you are blessed with, will best furnish you with the means of doing it. I have not seen Colonel Russell, to speak with him, concerning the letter your Ladyship mentioned ; but, according to my present thoughts, if he delivereth a compliment from you to His Majesty, by your order, it may be less liable to inconvenience, or exception, than any thing that is put on paper. I must tell your Ladyship, there has been such a stir kept about setting up the scutcheon, and so much weight laid upon it by some, who might have been more sparing for your sake, though they would not be it for mine, that I am clearly of opinion, it is advisable to stay yet, for a considerable time, before any thing is moved in the other business. There are some other particulars which confirm me in this opinion, that I shall give you an account of, when I have the honour to wait on you : for I would by no means have your Ladyship exposed to the danger of a refusal ; which is best prevented by taking a seasonable time, and letting the wrong impressions wear out that may have been given for the present.

In pursuance of the liberty I had from your Ladyship, I left it to my Lord Keeper to set down what was to be given to the sergeant;* and he hath ordered £20 which I have desired your servant to pay, that you may receive no further trouble in it.

I am, Madam,
Your Ladyship's most humble, and most
obedient Servant,

“HALIFAX.”†

London, October 16th. 1683.

The earliest account we have of the state of Lady Russell's mind, at this juncture, is in a letter from herself to Doctor Fitzwilliam, of the 30th September, two months after the fatal catastrophe. It is written from Woburn, whither she had retired, with her children, from her desolate home in London, early in the month of August.

Doctor Fitzwilliam was a clergyman, whom she had known, from her infancy, as chaplain to her father, Lord Southampton, and who seems to have retained a devoted attachment to his children.‡ He had written to endeavour to assist her in lifting up her mind to Heaven, when all other consolation must have been useless. She replies, “I need not tell you, good Doctor, how little capable I have

* Probably the Sergeant at Arms, who had the charge of Lord Russell in the Tower.

† Dev. MSS.

‡ Doctor Fitzwilliam, after the death of Lord Southampton, had been for some time Chaplain to the Duke of York. He was now Rector of Cotenham, in Cambridgeshire, and a Canon of Windsor, both which preferments he lost at the Revolution, on refusal of the oaths to William and Mary.

been of such an exercise as this. You will soon find how unfit I am still for it; since my yet disordered thoughts can offer me no other than such words as express the deepest sorrow, and confused as my yet *amazed* mind is. But such men as you, and particularly one so much my friend, will, I know, bear with my weakness, and compassionate my distress, as you have already done, by your good letter, and excellent prayer.

“You, that knew us both, and how we lived, must allow I have just cause to bewail my loss. I know it is common to others to lose a friend; but to have lived with such a one, it may be questioned how few can glory in the like happiness; so, consequently, lament the like loss. Who can but shrink from such a blow!

“Lord, let me understand the reason of these dark and wounding providences, that I sink not under the discouragement of my own thoughts! I know I have deserved my punishment, and will be silent under it; but yet secretly my heart mourns, too sadly, I fear, and cannot be comforted, because I have not the dear companion and sharer of all my joys and sorrows. I want him to talk with, to walk with, to eat, and sleep with. All these things are irksome to me. The day unwelcome, and the night so too; all company and means I would avoid, if it might be: yet all this is, that I enjoy not the world my own way; and this sure hinders my comfort. When I see my children before me, I remember the pleasure he took in them; this makes my heart shrink. Can I regret his quitting a lesser good for a greater? Oh! if I did but steadfastly believe, I could not be dejected; for I will not injure myself

to say, I offer my mind any inferior consolation to supply this loss. No; I most willingly forsake this world, this vexatious, troublesome world, in which I have no other business, but to rid my soul of sin, secure by faith and a good conscience my eternal interests, with patience and courage bear my eminent misfortune, and ever hereafter be above the smiles and frowns of fortune."

This affecting picture of the struggles of a virtuous mind, under one of the severest trials imposed on our imperfect nature, is rendered doubly interesting by the noble exertions made by Lady Russell, even at this time, to neglect no immediate duty, either to the memory of her Lord, or to her children, or to those of her beloved sister.

In letters of this date, addressed to her by Mr. Hoskins, we find her availing herself of his advice and assistance, in the necessary arrangement of her affairs, and of the trust for her sister Lady Elizabeth Noel's children, which, by Lord Russell's condemnation for treason, had devolved on the King.

Mr. Hoskins, whose acquaintance Lady Russell mentions having first made at Lord Shaftesbury's,* seems, by his letters, to have been a person of such excellent good sense, as well as good feeling, that he deserved all the confidence Lady Russell placed in his advice, and all the gratitude she expresses for

* In a letter of June 1684, speaking of going to her house at Stratton, she says, "I depend on the conveniency of a gentleman who has most kindly and helpfully assisted me, by following my business for me, and whom I have engaged, as finding it almost necessary to my affairs, one Mr. Hoskins; I grew first acquainted with him at Lord Shaftesbury's, who used to call him cousin." Published Letters, p. 40.

his services, in matters to which her own mind must have been then peculiarly indisposed. Of the state of that mind his letters are a melancholy record. In the beginning of August of this year, he writes to her on having been obliged, by the sudden illness of a relation, to leave London.

“I was very sorry to leave your Ladyship when you thought my stay could be any way useful to you, and when I saw your grief rather increase than abate. I can use no arguments to you, to mitigate your sorrows, that your Ladyship is not well acquainted with already. All I can do is, to beg you to employ them, and give them all advantages in working their proper effects on you.

“Great persons are liable to great trials, and have better opportunities than common people to fit their minds to encounter them. Now, Madam, summon up all your strength, and acquit yourself as becomes you in this utmost assault; and I pray God assist you, for I must confess your loss is very great, of a very good man, for whom of all men I have known, one would have been the most willing to have died.”

In December of the same year, after giving her details about the measures necessary to be taken for the re-settlement of her sister's trust, he says:—“I cannot but very much approve the great care you have of my Lady Elizabeth Noel's children, answerable to your near relation and great friendship.” As Mr. Hoskins had been bred to the law, and had practised at the Chancery bar, his advice on this subject, and on many other points of business, was particularly useful to Lady Russell, whose landed possessions required such legal intelligence. Mr. Hoskins' anxiety at this time to save her all unnecessary

trouble, and yet to lead her by degrees to inform herself, and take some interest in her affairs as a duty, as well as a means of drawing off her mind from the perpetual contemplation of her sorrows, proves the just estimate they had both formed of each other's character.

In the beginning of the following year, Lady Russell had intimated to him, her intention of parting with a house-steward, who had been long in her service, but of whose conduct, in some matters relative to her Lord, she seems to have had doubts. Mr. Hoskins' advice to her on this subject, is so rational, that it is best given in his own words:—

“I shall not discourse to any, the resolution your Ladyship is taking concerning Mr. Watkins; but I heard before that he was apprehensive of it. I understood formerly from your Ladyship that it would be an uneasy thing to you, to part with any of your servants; but intending frugality, it will be necessary to lessen your family, especially your officers, and those that are most chargeable.

“I don't know all your Ladyship's servants, nor the qualifications of any of them; but if Mr. Watkins' business be only the expense of your household, surely it is not so difficult, and frequent reckonings will make it easier and secure your Ladyship. It requires a man of much honesty, rather than parts. My meaning hereby is, not to advise your Ladyship to live beneath your quality; but methinks it is beneath nobody to keep no more than they have business for. 'Tis the way to save trouble as well as charge, and to have business better done. I am of your Ladyship's opinion, that he never dared say *that* to his Lord you have been told, how vainly

soever he might pretend it. I have heard indeed, that he kept such company as no man in common discretion in his place would have done, whatever his inclinations were; but I know not how truly I was informed. Your Ladyship need not mention all the reasons that move you to part with him, especially those that will bring on you the trouble of fending and proving, and make an angry parting; but since your Ladyship does so charitably fore-cast for him the opportunity of getting into Lord Gainsborough's service, you can, for that end, but for a little while delay giving him warning."

In the close of the same letter, he says, "I am much pleased to hear your Ladyship so resolved to follow your business. Your Ladyship will require less help than most others, and are so much valued, that there is nobody of worth but will be glad to serve you. Nothing but your sorrows can hinder your doing all that is to be done; and give me leave, Madam, as often as it comes in my way, to mind your Ladyship, that the hopes your dear Lord had, that you would bear his loss with magnanimity, and nothing would be wanting to his children, loosened all the hold this world had of him.

"I am, with sincerity,
"Your Ladyship's, &c. &c."

Having been some time at Woburn with her, in March 1684, he says, (after treating of business), "I wish I could find your Ladyship had a little more overcome your mighty grief; to see how it had wasted your body, how heavy it lay upon your mind, and how hardly you struggled with it, made me melancholy all the time I was at Woburn."

“At all times and places, I shall sadly reflect on your Ladyship, and pray that God would comfort you, and lift up your drooping spirit.”

In the April following, after some details and arrangements about a new legal manager of her affairs, as steward of her Bloomsbury property, whom Mr. Hoskins had sought out for her, he continues: “I do indeed wish well to your Ladyship’s affairs; but what most concerns me is, to see you so overwhelmed with grief. I should not doubt their good success were you not so much oppressed with that: it pities me to see how hard you struggle with it, and how doubtful it is which will overcome. Continue, good Madam, to do your utmost; the more you strive, the more God will help. All the little services that I have done, or can do, your Ladyship, are not worth half the notice you take of them. I am troubled when I consider how little I could do for you in that great occasion, and any confidence you have in me, or opportunity you give me of serving you, lays the obligation on my side. There cannot be a greater pleasure in the world than to serve a person I so much value, both on your own account, and upon his of whom you were so deplorably bereft.”*

These and other letters, inform us that from the time she left London in August 1683, she remained at Woburn till the following spring, struggling in the midst of a sorrowing family, with her own deeper and

* Mr. Hoskins died several years before Lady Russell. He left one only child, a daughter and heiress, who married, in 1718, William, Marquis of Hartington, Lady Russell’s grandson.

more peculiar affliction. Her children, at the time of their father's death, were hardly of an age to feel their loss, still less to appreciate the blessing remaining to them in their mother. Her son was an infant not three years old, and her daughters, at the age of nine, and of seven, rather made her "heart shrink," (as she herself owns), from the recollection of the pleasure their father took in their society, than that it could afford much relief to herself. But in her children her duties to her husband were now concentrated, and from her children she looked for the only motives which could at present reconcile her to live, or in future interest her in life.

During this winter we find she had determined to occupy herself much with their early education. In a letter addressed to her from Burnet, in February 1684, he says, "I am very glad you mean to employ so much of your time in the education of your children that they shall need no other governess; for, as it is the greatest part of your duty, so it will be a noble entertainment to you, and the best diversion and cure of your wounded and wasted spirit."

This counsel she seems to have pursued; for there is no indication of her daughters having ever been separated from her, or ever having had any other instructress. To Dr. Fitzwilliam she particularly indulges herself at this time, in dwelling on the oppressed state of her mind; because, without reproving her grief, he was always guarding her against the offence to Heaven of over-indulgence in it. She tells him: "If, in the multitude of those sorrows that possess my soul, I find any refreshments, though, alas! such are but momentary, it is by casting off some of my crowded thoughts to compas-

sionate friends, such as deny not to weep with those that weep." And she afterwards says: "The liberty I take when I write to you, gratifies much more my weary mind than the matter one fills up paper with to others." At the same time she invites, and encourages him to continue the same habit of exhortation and reproof to her. "I am glad I have so expressed myself to you, as to fix you in resolving to continue the course you have begun with me, which is, to set before me plainly, my duty on all hands." And adds: "I will say for myself, I am very confident I shall ever so take either reproof, caution, or advice of a friend, in such a manner as I shall never lose a friend for acting the part of one to me."

She thus valiantly combats her ever-recurring sorrow by every rational means in her power, and appears indeed to have had a jealousy that it should be relieved by any of the ordinary applications to ordinary ills, or that she should owe the cure of such distinguished affliction, to any lesser means than those of reason and religion.

"It is possible I grasp at too much of this kind for a spirit so broke by affliction; for I am so jealous that time, or necessity, the ordinary abaters of all violent passions, (nay, even employment or company of such friends as I have left,) should do that, my religion or reason ought to do, as makes me covet the best advices, and use all methods to obtain such a relief as I can ever hope for: a silent submission to this severe and terrible Providence, without any ineffective unwillingness to bear what I must suffer; and such a victory over myself, that when once allayed, immoderate passions may not be apt to break out again upon fresh occasions and accidents,

offering to my memory that dear object of my desires which must happen every day, I may say every hour, of the longest life. I can live, that so, when I must return into the world, so far as to act that part is incumbent upon me in faithfulness to him I owe as much as can be due to man, it may be with greater strength of spirits, and grace to live a stricter life of holiness to my God."

In spite of her excellent resolutions, her duties, and her occupations, her wound was of a nature to mock all consolations but those applied by the lenient hand of time, assisted by the quieting assurances of her own conscience. Even these we find in this first period of her sufferings, were sometimes unavailing in defending her from dreadful and disturbing doubts as to the past. She says to Dr. Fitzwilliam, in April 1684: "Then I find reflections troubling me as omissions of one sort or other, that if either greater persuasions had been used, he had gone away; or some errors at the trial amended, or other applications made, he might have been acquitted, and so yet have been in the land of the living; (though I discharge not these things as faults upon myself, yet as aggravations to my sorrows;) so that not being certain of our time being appointed, beyond which we cannot pass, my heart shrinks to think his time possibly was shortened by unwise management. I believe I do ill to torment myself with such unprofitable thoughts."*

* The author considers it unnecessary to apologise for these frequent citations from the Published Letters, as no account of the feelings of another's mind can be so interesting as that given by themselves. And most readers, it is believed, will agree with what Burnet, in his own uncouth style, says of

“Such unprofitable thoughts,” however, she never allowed to distract her mind from the performance of any obvious or immediate duty.

In the spring of 1684, she had proposed going to Stratton for the purpose of examining some papers, and finally settling the trust already mentioned for her sister Lady Elizabeth Noel’s children.

Her feelings on the prospect of revisiting this scene of her lost happiness are best expressed by herself. “I am entertaining some thoughts of going to that now desolate place, Stratton, for a few days, where I must expect new amazing reflections at first, it being a place where I have lived in sweet and full content, considered the condition of others, and thought none deserved my envy. But I must pass no more such days on earth; however, places are indeed nothing. Where can I dwell that his figure is not present to me? Nor would I have it otherwise; so I resolve *that* shall be no bar, if it proves requisite for the better acquitting any obligation on me.”

This “obligation” was delayed for the present by the sickness and death of the Countess of Bedford,* which took place on the 10th of May, at Woburn, and by the subsequent illness of her own infant son. The dreadful anxiety she suffered on this last occasion was of use to her mind, by proving to her that she

that of Lady Russell, “You have so strange a way of expressing yourself, that I sincerely acknowledge my pen is apt to drop from my hand when I begin writing to you, for I am very sensible I cannot rise up to your strain.” Published Letters, p. 17.

* Anne Carr, daughter of Robert Carr, Earl of Somerset, by Frances, daughter of the Earl of Suffolk, the divorced wife of the Earl of Essex.

had yet something to lose. With her usual reason, as well as piety, she thanks Heaven for having "removed a threatened blow, which must have quickened my sorrows, if not added to them, the loss of my poor boy. He has been ill, and God has let me see the folly of my imaginations, which made me apt to conclude I had nothing left, the deprivation of which could be matter of much anguish, or its possession of any considerable refreshment. I have felt the falseness of the first notion, for I know not how to part with tolerable ease from the little creature; I desire to do so of the second, and that my thankfulness for the real blessing of these children may refresh my labouring, weary mind with some joy and satisfaction, at least in my endeavours to do that part towards them, their most dear and tender father would not have omitted."

In this same letter to Dr. Fitzwilliam, we learn, that she had indulged herself at this time in visiting the vault which contained the remains of her Lord.* The manner in which she mentions this circumstance, and apologises for it, makes it as impossible for us to blame her, as it was for her pious correspondent. She tells him: "I had considered, I went not to seek the living among the dead. I knew I should not see him any more, wherever I went, and had made a covenant with myself, not to break out in unreasonable fruitless passion, but quicken my contemplation, whither the nobler part was fled, to a country afar off, where no earthly power bears any sway, nor can put an end to a happy society."†

Instead of her intended journey to Stratton, which

* At Chenies in Buckinghamshire.

† Published Letters, p. 39.

she meant to have made alone, she removed from Woburn in the end of June, to Totteridge in Hertfordshire, for change of air for her boy, and for the nearer neighbourhood of a London physician. She carries with her her eldest girl, leaving the younger at Woburn with her grandfather. A letter of his to Lady Russell at this period, from its lively and pious expression of anxiety and affection both for the child and herself, must have been gratifying to her warmly affectionate heart.

“ Woburn, this 7th July, 1684.

“ Dearest Daughter,

“ There is nothing in this world can come so welcome to me, as to hear of increase of hopes, that God Almighty will be so infinitely good and gracious unto me, as to give unto my fervent prayers that dear child, which if it be his good and pleasure to grant to so unworthy a creature as I am, I shall look upon it all the days of my life as the greatest temporal blessing can be bestowed upon me, and that will supply and make up in a great measure the other great afflictions and crosses he has been pleased to lay upon me. Dear daughter, I look upon it as a good sign the holding up of his head, that the humour is gone, which I believe was the cause of the hanging down of his head. I pray Christ Jesus to give such a blessing unto the means, that I may have every day more and more hopes of seeing that day of rejoicing, in enjoying your company and his here again, which is the constant and fervent prayer of my soul unto my gracious God.

“ So, hoping to hear of some comfortable tidings by the bearer of that dear little one, being full of

prayers and fears for him and you, I rest with all the kindness in the world, which I am sure I shall do to my last breath,

“ Your most affectionate Father and Friend

“ to command,

“ BEDFORD.”

“ My dear love and blessing to my dear boy and Mrs. Rachael. I am much cheered with Mrs. Karterine’s company; she is often with me, and looks very well.”*

Their prayers were granted, and during the course of the summer the boy was restored to health. A project of going from Totteridge to Stratton, in September, is again put off by the proposed removal of the Court to Winchester, where Charles occasionally resided in autumn for the convenience of field sports. The near neighbourhood of Stratton would probably at this time have made the presence of its melancholy inhabitant as offensive to the Court, as an intercourse with the Court could have been to Lady Russell herself. She therefore returned from Totteridge to Woburn, in September, and soon after announces to Dr. Fitzwilliam her resolve “to try that desolate habitation of mine in London this winter. The doctors agree it is the best place for my boy, and I have no argument to balance that, nor could take the resolution to see London till that was urged; but by God’s permission I will try how I can endure that place; in thought a place of terror to me: but I know, if

* Devonshire MSS.

sorrow had not another root, *that* will vanish in a few days." Of her feelings on the nearer approach of her intended return to London, she must be again her own interpreter. She writes to Dr. Fitzwilliam, in November, from Woburn—"I have, you find, Sir, lingered out my time, and I think none will wonder at it, that will reflect the place I am going to remove to, was the scene of so much lasting sorrow to me, and where I acted so unsuccessful a part for the preservation of a life I could sure have laid down mine to have continued. 'Twas, Doctor, an inestimable treasure I did lose, and with whom I had lived in the highest pitch of this world's felicity. But having so many months mourned the substance, I think (by God's assistance) the shadows will not sink me."

She removed to London soon after the date of this letter. The death of Charles II, and the accession of James, in the February following, were events by no means indifferent to Lady Russell. Almost every previous and subsequent measure of Government was in some manner connected with her own misfortune, or had served to recall it. In the bitterness of her heart, during the second anniversary of her Lord's suffering, she says, "Sure never any poor creature, for two whole years together, has had more awakers to quicken and revive the anguish of its soul than I have had."

The death of Algernon Sydney; the trial of Mr. Hampden; the enormous fine consequent upon it, and the lesser fines levied upon those who had attempted to justify Lord Russell's memory; all these circumstances, in addition to the recent failure and

execution of Monmouth, powerfully conspired to destroy her resolution of not "breaking off that bandage, which," as she expresses herself, "time would lay over my wound."

The reflections suggested to her by Monmouth's attempt are so rational, and probably give so true a picture of the character of her Lord, as well as that of the circumstances in which he was involved, that they are as well entitled to form a part of the history of her country, as of that of her mind. "I take this late wild attempt to be a new project, not depending on, or being linked in the least to, any former design; if there was then any real one, which I am satisfied was not, no more than (my own Lord confessed) talk, and it is possible that talk going so far as to consider if a remedy to supposed evils might be sought, how it could be found. But as I was saying, if all this late attempt was entirely new, yet the suspicion my Lord must have lain under would have been great; and some circumstances, I do confess, must have made his part a hard one. So that from the deceitfulness of the heart, or want of true sight in the directive faculty, what would have followed, God only knows. From the frailty of the will I should have feared but little evil; for he had so just a soul, so firm, so good, he could not warp from such principles that were so, unless misguided by his understanding, and that his own, not another's; for I dare say, as he could discern, he never went into any thing considerable upon the mere submission to any one's particular judgment. Now his own, I know, he could never have framed to have thought well of the late actings; and therefore most probably must have sat loose from them.

But I am afraid his excellent heart, had he lived, would have been often pierced, from the time his life was taken away to this.”*

After the suppression of this “wild attempt” of Monmouth’s, the rapid strides of James towards the subversion of the religion and Government of his country, were not unmarked by Lady Russell. We find her reading all the principal political works of the day, convinced of the mischief and confusion likely to ensue; and referring every thing, with a melancholy constancy of feelings to their master-key, reproaching herself with still mourning the absence of one, whose virtues would have led to nothing but suffering in such depraved and melancholy times.

“The new scenes of each day make me often conclude myself very void of temper and reason, that I still shed tears of sorrow, and not of joy, that so good a man is safe landed on the happy shore of a blessed eternity. Doubtless he is at rest; though I find none without him, so true a partner he was in all my joys and griefs. I trust the Almighty will pass by this my infirmity. I speak it in respect to the world, from whose enticing delights I can now be better weaned. I was too rich in possessions whilst I possessed him. All relish now is gone.

“In the mean time, I endeavour to suppress all wild imaginations a melancholy fancy is apt to let in, and say, with the man in the Gospel, ‘I believe, help thou my unbelief.’”

She was this year detained unwillingly in London

* Published Letters, p. 65.

till the beginning of August, by the expected arrival of her uncle, M. de Ruvigny, his wife, and a niece, Mademoiselle de Ciré, who accompanied them from France. This young lady was unfortunately seized by the small-pox in London, and died in Lady Russell's house.

After removing her own children first to their grandfather's in London,* and then carrying them down to Woburn, she returned to comfort her afflicted uncle, and to take, what she conceived would be, a last leave of "as kind a relation, and as zealous, tender a friend as ever anybody had."† M. de Ruvigny must be said to have well deserved these epithets on the part of Lady Russell, as his principal and only business in England seems to have been, the solicitation of James II for the removal of the attainder of Lord Russell from his children.

Among the MSS. at Woburn are preserved copies, in Lady Russell's hand-writing, of two letters of Ruvigny to the King, and notes of several conversations with his ministers, Hyde and Godolphin, on the subject of this favour, which seems to have always been promised in a very illusory manner. Among these papers is one endorsed by Lady Russell—"Some discourse upon a visit from the Lord Treasurer (*Hyde*) to me."

She tells him how much M. de Ruvigny had praised the Lord Treasurer's kind assistance to him: that after her misfortunes and what she has felt, she shall certainly complain of no other dis-

* Bedford House, in the Strand.

† Published Letters, p. 69.

appointment: that however she seconded her uncle's endeavours, except he had moved in this matter, she had certainly let it rest.

The Lord Treasurer tells her that Ruvigny "had seemed to have set the effecting it much on his heart, and with the greatest kindness to me imaginable. I told my Lord I believed it, and indeed the friendship was so surprising, his Lordship knew very well the world imputed his coming to England to some other cause, or at least, thought he had been earnestly invited to it, for the last I positively affirmed he had not been; but as to the first, it was too deep for me to judge of.

"At the same time, I am sure nothing can be done *for* me now, that can diminish, or *to* me, that can augment what I feel.

"I do assure your Lordship I have much more care to make my children worthy to be great, than to see them so. I will do what I can that they may deserve to be so, and then quietly wait what will follow. That I am very solicitous, I confess, to do my duty in such a manner to the children of one I owe as much as can be due to man, that if my son lives, he may not justly say hereafter, that if he had had a mother less ignorant, or less negligent, he had not then been to seek for what, perhaps, he may then have a mind to have."*

On M. de Ruvigny's return to France, she rejoined her children at Woburn, where she continued till the Christmas following, professing to remain with Lord Bedford as long as he shall desire their company. "So whether I will come before him, or

* Bedford MSS.

make one company, I know not: he shall please himself; for I have no will in these matters, nor can like one thing or way better than another, if the use and conveniences be alike to the young creatures; whose service is all the business I have in this world."

The trial and acquittal of Lord Delamere, in January 1686, is a new cause of recurrence to her own harder fate: with the feelings suggested by it, she in vain reproaches herself:

"When I should rejoice with them that do rejoice, I seek a corner to weep in. I find I am capable of no more gladness; but every new circumstance,—the very comparing my night of sorrow after such a day, with theirs of joy, does, from a reflection of one kind or other, rack my uneasy mind. Though I am far from wishing the close of theirs like mine, yet I cannot refrain giving some time to lament that mine was not like theirs."

The revocation of the Edict of Nantes by Louis XIV, the number of Protestants, fugitives for conscience-sake, who arrived in England, the cruelties exercised against those who were not lucky enough to get away, and the severe regulations made to prevent their escape, produced this year, the liveliest sensation in England. The effects which these events had on the general feeling of the country have not, perhaps, been allowed their due weight among the causes which led directly to the Revolution: a Revolution which, profiting by the experience of the Rebellion, correcting the negligence and omissions of the Restoration, preserving all that was good in our previous government, and discarding much of the evil, finally established a system of institutions

the least dependent on the individual characters of men that had been witnessed, and consequently a scheme of polity, which more than a century's experience in trying and difficult times, has proved to be the best ever yet imagined for the government of men in an advanced period of civilisation.

Nothing could be more unlucky for the views of James, nor more unfavourable to his zealous ardour for the propagation of his religion, than this striking example, brought so near home, of what might be its persecuting spirit under a despotic Prince, nursed in its exclusive principles. James had been obliged, however unwillingly, to consent that a brief should be read in all the Protestant congregations of England in behalf of their suffering brethren from France.* To this brief his Chancellor, Jeffries, true, as keeper of the King's conscience, to what he knew were its real feelings, twice delayed to put the seal, and afterwards made the qualifications necessary to partake of the charity so many, and their observance so strict, that few could avail themselves of it.

The effect of these transactions on the truly Christian mind of Lady Russell may be easily guessed, and are confirmed to us by the manner in which she had previously expressed herself to Dr. Fitzwilliam, as to the qualities she required in a domestic chaplain. "I approve with you the Church of England,—the best Church and best offices and

* It was on this occasion that Tillotson, then Dean of Canterbury said to Dr. Beveridge, who refused to read the brief in the cathedral, as contrary to the Rubric, "Doctor, Doctor, charity is above Rubrics."

service in it upon the face of the earth that we know of. But, Sir, I shall covet one so moderate, as not to be impatient and passionate against all such as cannot think so too; but of such a temper as to be able to converse peaceably with such as may have freedom in my family, though not of it, without giving offence; and I take it to be the best way of gaining good people to our opinions.”*

Her letters, at this period are full of horror at the accounts which every post brought from France, of the persevering folly of Louis XIV, in attempting to dragoon his subjects into his own faith. The contemptuous pity with which she speaks of his conduct and sentiments,† forms a singular contrast to the language of excessive and inflated panegyric, with which he was addressed on this infatuated measure, not only by his dependent courtiers, but even by those whose genius and talents illustrated his reign, and by some, on whose pure mind and sound judgment, the prejudices of the times and of their religion, seem alone to have cast a cloud.‡

Lady Russell now saw the uncle, from whom she had so lately parted as for the last time, once again in England. The great age of M. de Ruvigny did not prevent him from availing himself of the especial permission he had obtained from the favour of

* Published Letters, p. 21.

† Idem, p. 78.

‡ The rational and profound La Bruyère, speaking of all that had been done by Cardinal Richelieu, says, “Il y a eu du tems de reste pour entamer un ouvrage, continué ensuite, et achevé par l’un de nos plus grands et meilleurs Princes, *l’Extinction de l’Hérésie*.”—*Caractères de La Bruyère*, vol. II. p. 54.

Louis XIV, to remove himself and family to England. Early in this year, Lady Russell talks of going to see him at Greenwich, where he had established himself, and where his residence probably attracted that of many poorer fugitives. Mr. Evelyn, in his Diary, mentions, that he assisted at a French sermon, in Greenwich Church, "to a congregation of above a hundred French refugees, of which M. de Ruvigny was the chief," and for whom he had obtained the use of the Parish Church, after the English service was over.

Among these refugees, Lady Russell, with her usual good sense, is disposed to look for some one to place about her son, now between five and six years old, to secure to him an early knowledge of the French language. His grandfather, it seems, thought the boy too young "to be put to learn in earnest," which would be the case with a tutor; but Lady Russell, although professing her intention "ever to take Lord Bedford along in all concerns of the child," yet says, "I think perhaps to overcome my Lord in that, and assure him he shall not be pressed. But I am much advised, and indeed inclined, if I could be fitted to my mind, to take a Frenchman; so I shall do a charity, and profit the child also, who should learn French. Here are many scholars come over, as are of all kinds, God knows."* With this anxious and rational attention to his education, his character, and his conduct, we shall find her following her son through life, regardless of her own fears, anxieties, or indulgence.

The confidence as well as respect inspired by the

* Published Letters, p. 90.

character of Lady Russell was such, that all who had any claim on her, either of friendship or connexion, were anxious to avail themselves of her advice, support, and intervention.

On occasion of a marriage, which she is requested at this time to propose to Lord Gainsborough for one of his daughters, she expresses the very natural reluctance she feels at being drawn again, for the first time, into the affairs of the world. "I have just dated my letter to my Lady Digby, of Coleshill, written in answer to hers, by which she desires me, in pursuance of a dying brother's advice, and her son's* inclination, to propose to Lord Gainsborough a marriage between the present Lord and Lady Jane. I have done it, though I wished she had made choice of any other person than myself, who, desiring to know the world no more, am utterly unfit for the management of any thing in it; but must as I can, engage in such necessary offices to my children, as I cannot be dispensed from, nor desire to be, since it is an eternal obligation upon me, to the memory of a husband, to whom and to his, I have dedicated the few and sad remainder of my days."†

Among the letters in this collection, will be found one addressed to her by Mr. Howe,‡ stating to her

* Afterwards distinguished by the honourable appellation of the *Good Lord Digby*.

† Published Letters, p. 90.

‡ The Rev. John Howe was a dissenting minister. He had been Chaplain to Cromwell, and was afterward a great friend of Tillotson's. He was a good orientalist, understood several modern languages, and was one of the most learned writers among the Dissenters. See Granger's Biographical History, vol. III. p. 219.

the probability of an advantageous marriage for the Earl of Bedford's (then) eldest son, Mr. Edward Russell. By the manner in which Mr. Howe expresses himself, we learn the great weight Lady Russell's opinion was likely to have with the lady, although personally a stranger to her, and the entire confidence reposed in her judgment by all the friends of the Bedford family. Her answer proves how much she deserved it. The marriage in question took place soon afterwards with much happiness to both parties.

Lady Russell's active friendship as well as patient courage were within two years after this date rewarded by a proposal of marriage for her own daughter, which must have been singularly gratifying to every feeling of her heart, which she herself calls a "glimmering of light I did not look for in my dark day."

Lord Cavendish, the generous and active friend of Lord Russell, who had shared his private friendship as well as political sentiments, who had gallantly proposed taking his place in the Tower, and favouring his escape by a change of clothes,—Lord Cavendish, now become Earl of Devonshire,* faithful to the

* This is the same person who, not long before, had been fined by the Court of King's Bench in the sum of thirty thousand pounds, for having given a blow to Colonel Culpeper, in the King's presence-chamber at Whitehall. Although a peer, the time-serving judges of James's Court of King's Bench had committed him to prison, until the payment of this enormous fine. He contrived to escape from a confinement, which we may suppose was not very strictly guarded, and retired to Chatsworth, from whence he addressed the following spirited letter, explanatory of his conduct, to Lord Middleton, then Secretary of State. [“ My

memory, and attached to the remains of his friend, proposed to unite their children by the marriage of his son with Lord Russell's eldest daughter.

The extreme youth of the parties* made it an affair to be first treated between their parents, which indeed was generally the case in the marriages of the young nobility at the times of which we are speaking. In the present instance, when much property was to be settled on both sides, and where the parties were too young to live together, the delays in the

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 "My Lord,

"About three weeks since, I was obliged to make a journey into the country, as well for my health, as to look after my own private affairs, still retaining and paying for a lodging in the prison, which I hope may free me from the imputation of an escape. Since that, the Lord Chancellor (*Jeffries*) (who I conceive has, regularly, nothing to do in this matter, it being foreign to his jurisdiction) has not only reviled the Marshal of the King's Bench with the most opprobrious language, and threatened to hang him, but likewise procured a warrant to be sent after me, signed by a puny (*puisé*) Judge, which your Lordship very well knows is not of force all over England. But had it been signed by my Lord Chief Justice himself, I cannot but insist upon that, which I take to be the right of all the peers of England, not to be imprisoned for debt. I think I have pretty well showed my readiness to submit to His Majesty's pleasure in all things that concern myself alone; but hope His Majesty in his justice will allow the great sums which my father lent, and was bound in for the King, his father, (not to mention the loss of his estate for many years), to be, at least, as just a debt as any that may arise from the late scandalous judgment given against me by the Court of King's Bench. I am yet to learn in what I have given his Majesty any just cause of offence, and must not forget that I was very moderate, at a time when a certain bawling lawyer, I could name, was very violent. My Lord, I beg the favour of your Lordship to acquaint his Majesty with the contents of this letter, and to excuse this trouble from, &c."—Dev. MSS.

\* She was fourteen, and he not sixteen years old.



final arrangement of their union were only troublesome to their parents. Lady Russell mentions, more than once, her perpetual occupation with lawyers, and the slowness with which the treaty of marriage creeps on. "I have," she says, "a well-bred Lord to deal with, yet inflexible, if the point is not to his advantage." And excuses her delays in answering letters, by saying: "But in earnest, I am in a great and constant hurry to do my duty to my child, and to my friend, sister Margaret Russell; which, by God's grace, I design to do as cordially as to my children. I meet with many difficulties in both, yet in my girl's there is no stop, but such as the former settlements cause, which (from any thing we can learn of yet) will hinder a conclusion till he is sixteen."\*

While Lady Russell was experiencing all the delays of the law in the settlement of the affairs of her family, James II seemed determined to abridge their tedious operations in the conduct of the affairs of the public, by substituting the more expeditious process of prerogative. It is unnecessary to dwell here on the political measures of this eventful and never-to-be-forgotten period. Lady Russell, we see by her letters,† marked, with an anxious and sorrowing eye, the progress of those principles from which she had herself so cruelly suffered.

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\* The marriage here alluded to, was between Lady Margaret Russell and Lord Strafford. It did not take place, from some insurmountable difficulties about the settlement of his affairs. But in a letter from him to Lord Halifax on the subject, he expresses himself "particularly obliged to Lady Russell on the matter we have written of."

† Published Letters, passim.



When Dykevelt arrived in England, at the beginning of this year, as Minister Plenipotentiary from the States of Holland, he was particularly charged to wait on Lady Russell. She has herself preserved notes of an interview which must have been so grateful to her feelings.

He told her he came by express order of the Prince and Princess of Orange to condole with her on her loss, and assure her of the lively interest they took in it, both as having a great and just regard for the two families to which she belonged, and as considering her Lord's death as a great blow to the interests of the Protestant religion; assuring her, at the same time, there was nothing in their power they were not ready to do, either for herself or her son. Mr. Dykevelt declared that he did not deliver this message in his private capacity, but that he was charged with it as a public minister. He afterwards added much of the high value and esteem the Prince and Princess had ever had of the private character of Lord Russell; and as a mark of what every body must have thought of his suffering, told her that when it was mentioned at the table of King James's minister at the Hague, Skelton himself had said: "The King indeed has taken the life of one man, but has lost that of thousands by it." It is to be regretted that Lady Russell's letter of thanks to the Princess of Orange for this distinguished attention, is not to be found, as it produced from the Princess an answer in warmer expressions of friendship and attachment than she was accustomed to use.\*

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\* See Published Letters, p. 132.



In June of this year Lady Russell makes her long-intended visit to Stratton. Her anticipation of the feelings she was likely to experience on returning, for the first time, to that place, seem to have lessened none of their poignancy. She describes herself as “indeed brimfull with the memory of that unfortunate and miserable change in my own condition, since I lived regularly here before. The poor children are well pleased to be a little while in a new place, ignorant how much better it has been both to me and them; yet I thought I found Rachael not insensible: and I could not but be content with it in my own mind. Those whose age can afford them any remembrance, should, methinks, have some solemn thoughts for so irreparable a loss to themselves and family; though after that, I would cherish a cheerful temper in them, with all the industry I can; for sure we please our Maker best, when we take all his providences with a cheerful spirit.\*

We have here again a striking instance of the admirable temper of Lady Russell's mind, anxious to prevent her own unhappy fate from influencing the character and happiness of those who were farther removed from its effects; and justly conceiving that the sorrows of human life are intended to purify and elevate the mind, not to depress and weaken it. These principles she not only professed but practised.

In a letter from Stratton, written at this time, and the day before the anniversary of her Lord's arrest, she says, “To-morrow, being Sunday, I purpose to

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\* Published Letters, p. 129.



sanctify it, if my griefs unhallow it not by unprofitable passion.” And how does she purpose to sanctify it? Not by Pharisaical observances—not by excessive indulgence in sorrow; but by a new exertion over her own feelings, by resolving, “After having given some hours to privacy in the morning, to live in my house as on other days, doing my best to be tolerably composed. It is my first trial; for all these sad years, I have dispensed with seeing any body, or till late at night. Sometimes I could not avoid *that*, without a singularity I do not affect. There are three days I like to give up to reflection; the day in which my Lord was parted from his family, that of his trial, and the day he was released from all the evils of this perishing world.”

Lady Russell remained at Stratton with her children till the end of this year. On her removal to town, she expresses herself in the same strain, of the occupation now given her by her daughter’s proposed marriage, of her business with lawyers, and many other worldly engagements. “I would fain be delivered from them, conclude my affairs, and so put some period to that inroad methinks I make in my intended manner of living the rest of my days on earth. But I hope my duty will always prevail over the strongest inclination I have. I believe to assist my yet helpless children is my business, which makes me take many dinners abroad, and do of that nature many things, the performance of which is hard enough to a heavy and weary mind, but yet I bless God for it.”

After all the impediments of the law were removed, the marriage was still farther delayed by the illness of the intended bride, who caught the measles



in the spring of this year. At last the celebration took place, on the 21st of June; a season, of all others, that which Lady Russell would least have chosen for such a purpose; but she tells us, "My Lord Devon hurried it off, being in great haste to go to Bath;" and her own feelings immediately yielded to the convenience of those of others.

The chastened joy with which she saw the completion of her wishes on this subject, and the feelings it excited, are expressed by herself in an affecting manner: "This very solemnity has afforded me, alas! many a thought I was forced to check with all my force, they making me too tender, though in retirement they are pleasant; and that way I can indulge myself in at present. Sure if departed souls know what we do, he approves of what I have done; and it is a reward upon his children for his patience, and so entire submission during his sufferings."

It is remarkable, that the principle circumstances in the life of Lady Russell are most of them connected, or contemporary, with great events in the history of her country.

Within a week after the marriage of her daughter, the memorable trial took place of seven prelates of the Church of England, who proved at once the strength of their faith, as well as the purity of their doctrine, by manfully resisting, in spiritual matters, not only the entreaties but the commands of a Prince, to whom, and to whose family, their unshaken fidelity afterwards willingly sacrificed every temporal advantage. In this instance, as in many others, it was the privilege and the reward of a truly great and laudable action, to occasion a much more extensive good than that at which it aimed.



The quiet and respectful, but steady resistance made by the bishops, drew out and exposed the obstinate bigotry of the King to his plans and opinions. It set an example of resistance, unaccompanied by violence, and anticipated the sentiments and gratitude of the nation for similar exertions in the state, by the lively interest and enthusiastic joy manifested on the success of these champions of the Church.

Such exertions were already made ; an association\* was already formed of names which are inscribed in the fastes of their grateful country. Measures were already taking, which, however they may have been subsequently reputed too weak by faction, and too strong by prerogative, have established for ever a standard to which to recur ; a rule by which to estimate our rights, our expectations, and our demands.

To say it was imperfect, that it was supported by some unworthy characters, and furthered by some exceptionable means, is only saying that it was the work of man. When we look to the civil and religious liberty it has secured to a great people for above a century, we shall believe that work of man approved and protected by Heaven.

Lord and Lady Cavendish remained for about three weeks after their marriage with Lady Russell, at Southampton House, and then removed with her and the Earl of Bedford to Woburn. The relief

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\* The Association, whose members invited over the Prince of Orange, was dated the 30th June, 1688, and was signed by the Earl of Shrewsbury, the Earl of Devonshire, Lord Lumley, the Bishop of London, Admiral Russell, and Mr. Henry Sydney, afterwards Lord Romney.



she expresses at finding herself once again in the quiet of the country, after the hurry and business of London, in the circumstances in which she had lately been placed, it is as impossible not to enter into, as it is not to admire the manner in which she united to the sentiment of her unremoveable sorrow, an exact, scrupulous, and cheerful discharge of her duties, and a strict watch over the effects which her feelings were likely to produce on her conduct. "The pensive quiet I hope for here, I think will be very grateful to my wearied body and mind; yet when I contemplate the fruits and labour of these last six months, it brings some comfort to my mind, as an evidence that I do not live only to lament my misfortunes, and be humbled by those heavy chastisements I have felt, and must for ever in this life press me sorely. That I have not sunk under the pressure, has been, I hope, in mercy, that I might be better fitted for my eternal state, and form the children of a loved husband, before I go hence. With these thoughts I can be hugely content to live, and the rather as the clouds seem to gather, and threaten storms, though God only knows how I may acquit myself, and what help I may be, or what example I shall give to my young creatures: I mean well towards them, if I know my heart."

These last paragraphs evidently relate to the critical state of the country. It was such as might well excite the anxiety of less thoughtful minds than that of Lady Russell, as to the future fate of all that was most dear to them.

In the month of August, Lord Cavendish was sent to finish his education by travelling on the Continent. His father was probably not sorry that



he should be out of the way of the difficult scenes that were likely to ensue, while he was yet too young to take an active part in them. He was first sent to Brussels, and from thence into France and Italy; and remained above two years abroad, returning to England at the end of the year 1690.

In the mean time, the happy issue of the measures that had been taken, placed the Prince and Princess of Orange on the throne of England. The active and honourable part borne by the heads of both the Russell and Cavendish families in these events, was alone sufficient to have deeply interested Lady Russell, independently of her own individual feelings, which we find strongly marked in all her letters.\*

She passed the remainder of this memorable year at Woburn, except a visit of two days to London in the beginning of October, where she mentions having "left all in amaze, and all talking of the same matter."—"I think I fear not for myself, but I am afraid what risk my children may run; and if that were not, our weak faith would furnish us with some other reason to justify our too great carefulness.†

Immediately after the landing of the Prince of Orange, she says to Dr. Fitzwilliam: "I have rambled the more (*in her letter*) because one is in prudence confined not to speak of matters one is strangely bent to be talking of." When we remember that two entire months elapsed between the landing of the Prince of Orange in this country, and the

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\* See Published Letters, *passim*.

† Published Letters, p. 174.



final departure of James, we shall feel that during the whole of that anxious period, it is difficult to conceive a position more interesting, or circumstances more embarrassing, than those in which the persons actively concerned in this great scene were placed, between the bad effects of an appearance of indifference, and too great, or premature eagerness, which might have ruined their game before their opponent had thrown up his.\* At last,

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\* The following letter, written from London on the 29th November, 1688, addressed to Lady Margaret Russell at Woburn, although containing merely the reports and gossip of the moment, may not be unentertaining to the reader:—

“ November 22, 1688.

“ I have taken a large size of paper, that I may have more room to quarrel with Lady Margett for saying so unkind a thing as that she obliges me with a short letter, it being a civility I never was guilty of to your Ladyship; but since you have given me the example, will endeavour to practise it. I hoped you had been so just as to believe that, next your company, you could not more oblige me than with a letter; and the longer they were, the greater favour they were esteemed by your humble servant. I have not had the happiness of seeing your aunt Bristoll, or hearing anything of her a great while: the last I did was when she was in tears for her nephew Frank's revolt, and that so many of her family should be rebels to the Crown. I heard the great Lady<sup>a</sup> (said) she could not go to bed last winter till she had heard one said lately that she hated all the Russells. I fear all this together will break my good friend's heart. I confess I never longed more to see her than I do now, but I think she stirs little abroad. Mr. Francis Russell's coach and six, and all his baggage, were taken going to him. Soon after the Prince landed, the packet-boat was taken going to Holland, but nothing of any great consequence, as I heard of. Letters of his to the States and other Princes, and one of Dr. Burnet's to his dear, and William Harbord's to his wife, with my dear and my duck, &c. &c., and Mr.

<sup>a</sup> James II's Queen, Mary of Modena.



in the beginning of December, while the Prince of Orange was yet at Salisbury, and Dr. Burnet in his suite, Lady Russell, who had always maintained a correspondence with the latter, sends him a special

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Foster's to his lady to send him some beds, lodgings being very ill. They serve to make jests on, but little else, I think. Mrs. Boyle has a daughter. I hear, but how true I cannot tell you, that the match is going on again with Miss Arlington and Lord Fanshaw. The Duke of Albemarle is dead. Lord Dover is gone to Portsmouth, being Governor of that place in the Duke of Berwick's room. Lord Milford and Duke of Northumberland are made of the bed-chamber, in Lord Churchill's and Duke of Grafton's places. They say Lord Feversham was upon his knees two hours, and cried and begged the King but to secure Lord Churchill; but he would believe nothing ill of him. Mr. Griffin is made a lord, and to be called Lord Griffin for his fidelity. They say the Queen is told Lady Cornbury lines<sup>a</sup> all her gowns with orange colour, and wears nothing but orange ribbons. They say our young Prince is to be brought back again next week from Portsmouth, and put into the Bishop of Canterbury's hands to be brought up: you may believe it, if you please. The great guns came by us yesterday, into town again; but the ammunition, I think, is lost. The King goes to Windsor to-morrow, and there, it is said, will encamp all his army that is left; but the good Queen stays to govern us here. The lords and bishops that were summoned on Tuesday, pressed very hard for a free Parliament: the King took till next morning to consider of it, and then agreed to it; and Lord Chancellor gave order for the writs to be ready to-day, that no time may be lost; so it is to be called with all speed, and commissioners, they say, are to be sent to the Prince, to know what he demands. The town names Lord Halifax, Lord Nottingham, Lord Carberry, for the commissioners; the two first were sent for yesterday, and were a great while with the King alone.

<sup>a</sup> The Lady Catherine Obrian, daughter of the Earl of Thomond, married to Edward Lord Cornbury, son of the second Earl of Clarendon. Lord Cornbury joined the Prince of Orange with his regiment at Salisbury.



messenger from Woburn. She had written to him on some previous occasions, and now tells him, "I have, I may say, created *this*, since the bearer of it has no other errand than to carry this paper, and

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Lord Lumley, they say, has secured Newcastle, and some other Lords, Hull; Lord Bath has taken Lord Huntington prisoner at Plymouth: his lady desired he might be exchanged for Lord Lovelace, who the Papists say is released. Lord Devonshire, they say, when the Prince's declaration was read, and that part of being invited in by the Lords temporal and spiritual, declared he was one, and Lord Delamere did the same, and it is said they declared for the King, the Protestant religion, and a free Parliament. Skelton is made Governor of the Tower, which it is said the city is less satisfied with than with Hales. We have no news of the Princess, but hope she is safe. It is said there was an order out that morning to have secured her. The Prince (*George of Denmark*) made his escape with the Duke of Ormond, much after the same manner: supped with the King on Saturday night, and went to bed, but soon rose again, and it is said made it his business at supper to condemn those that were gone, and how little such people were to be trusted; and sure the Prince could put no confidence in such, &c. Lady Littleton talks of coming after Christmas, if things are settled here.

"I have not kept my promise at the beginning, so hard it is for me to break an old custom; but to punish you a little, at present, is no grief to me being not at this time Lady Margaret's humble servant. Lord Dumbarton seized Colonel Kirke at the head of 3,000 or 4,000 men, going, as was suspected, to the Prince of Orange; and he is brought to London, and to be tried, as it is said, by a council of war. Lord Halifax, they say, made the most tender and obliging speech at council that was ever heard, but they do not give that character of Lord Clarendon's, but the contrary. Duke of Berwick has Lord Churchill's troop of guards, or the Duke of Grafton's, I know not which; and Lord Arran has his regiment of horse, and his brother his regiment. Colonel Kirke has been before the council this day, and the King has taken his word, and he is only confined to his chamber. Lord Churchill and Prince George have written the most submissive letters to the King that can



return charged, I hope, with such good reports as every good soul wishes for. Curiosity may be too eager, and therefore not to be justified; but sure it is unavoidable. I do not ask you should satisfy any part of it, farther than you can in six lines. But I would see something of your hand-writing upon English ground, and not read in print only the labour of your brains.\*

Burnet, it is known, wrote the declaration published at Exeter, explanatory of the intentions of the association which had invited over the Prince of Orange. His answer to Lady Russell's letter was, probably out of prudence, immediately destroyed, as no trace remains of any of his letters to her at this immediate juncture.

She tells Dr. Fitzwilliam, on the 8th of December, while still remaining in the country, "I confess one would be very glad to spend some hours in free discourse with a friend there is no need to disguise any thought before. When it is denied, one must be content as one can. I think having staid so long in the country, in the hurly-burly, we shall try it a little longer."†

She, however, removed to town with the Earl of

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be, and it is said there is one from the Prince of Orange too, but that it is not known what is in it. Sir George Hewet is gone ten days ago, and Mr. Heningame.

"Thursday night.

*"For the Right Honourable the Lady Margaret Russell,  
at Wooburn Abby, Bedfordshire.*

*Wooborne Bagg."*

Dev. MSS.

\* Published Letters, p. 188.

† Idem, p. 187.



Bedford, in time to witness the departure of the King, and the peaceable settlement by Parliament of the new Government; which she speaks of with the amazement it must necessarily have occasioned in all contemporaries:—"Those who have lived longest, and therefore seen the most change, can scarce believe it is more than a dream; yet it is real, and so amazing a reality of mercy, as ought to melt our hearts into subjection and resignation to Him, who is the dispenser of all Providences."\*

The young Lady Cavendish was present with her mother-in-law, the Countess of Devonshire, at the proclamation of William and Mary, and accompanied her to their first drawing-room in the evening of the same day.† The following account which she gives of it, in a letter to some young friend in the country,‡ is interesting from the memorable event and persons of which she speaks, as an eye-witness.

"February, 1689.

"It is a great affliction to me to be so far from my dear beloved *Silvia*, and to hear from her so seldom. How happy shall I be when I see you next; how many things I have to tell you: for I dare not trust affairs of so great concern in a letter. But when will that time come? I do not hear you speak of removing yet, to my grief. Pray leave your ugly prison as soon as you can, and come to your *Dorinda*.|| But now to my news; the House

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\* Published Letters, p. 191.

† The 13th of February, 1689, the day after the Princess arrived in London from Holland.

‡ Probably her cousin, Mrs. (Miss) Jane Allington.

|| These names, given to herself and to her correspondent,



of Lords did vote that the Prince and Princess should be made King and Queen, and it was carried by a good many voices, for Lord Nottingham and many more came off. Lord Nottingham had a great mind to come off before, but could not tell which way; then the Commons agreed also that the Prince and Princess should be King and Queen, but the Prince should have the sole administration of affairs in his hands; that the Princess should be no subject neither, as Queen Katherine and Queen Mary were, but a sovereign Queen, and her name put in every thing; but still he the management of affairs. This they agreed upon, and so did the Lords; then they went to the grievances, (that is) the too great power of the Crown. After they had agreed upon what power to give the King, and what to take away from him, (the particulars of which I cannot tell you,) my Lord Halifax, who is chairman, went to the Banqueting House, where the Princess and Prince were, and made them a short speech, desiring them in the name of all the Lords to accept of the Crown. The Prince answered him in a few words, and the Princess made curtsies. They say, when they named her father's faults, she looked down as if she was troubled; then Mr. Powle, the Speaker of the House of Commons, showed the Prince what they had agreed of, but made no speech. After this ceremony was ended, they proclaimed them King

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and afterwards to the King and Queen, were taken from some of the fashionable romances of the day, perhaps Clelia; as in a letter addressed to Lady Cavendish, just before her marriage, the writer says:—"There will be no talking to your sister, when she has read Clelia; for the wise folks say, it is the most improving book can be read." Dev. MSS.



and Queen of England. Many of the Churchmen would not have had it done that day, because it was Ash-Wednesday. I was at the sight, and, you may imagine, very much pleased to see *Ormanzor* and *Phenixana* proclaimed King and Queen of England, in the room of King James, my father's murderer. There was wonderful acclamations of joy, which, though they were pleasing to me, yet they frightened me too; for I could not but think what a dreadful thing it is to fall into the hands of the rabble—they are such a strange sort of people. At night I went to Court with my Lady Devonshire, and kissed the Queen's hand, and the King's also. There was a world of bonfires and candles in almost every house, which looked extremely pretty. The King applies himself mightily to business, and is wonderfully admired for his great wisdom and prudence in ordering all things. He is a man of no presence, but looks very homely at first sight; but if one looks long on him, he has something in his face both wise and good. But as for the Queen, she is really altogether very handsome; her face is very agreeable, and her shape and motions extremely graceful and fine. She is tall, but not so tall as the last Queen. Her room was mighty full of company, as you may guess.”\*

One of the first acts of the Government of William and Mary, after its peaceable establishment, was the reversal of Lord Russell's attainder.

His execution was already denominated a “murder” by a vote of the House of Commons; and a

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\* MSS.



committee was appointed to inquire who were "its advisers and promoters," as well as of that of all the other persons who had suffered for the Rye-House Plot. The publicity and length of their proceedings, and the examination of a multitude of witnesses, raked up every circumstance, and freshened every recollection which Lady Russell was in vain struggling to subdue. Thus while her feelings must have been highly gratified by the result of this inquiry, they were severely shaken by the measures which necessarily preceded it. Her sister, Lady Montagu, tells her, she is very sorry to find that her "thoughts have been so disturbed with what I thought ought to have some contrary effect."\*

Had Lady Russell's mind been of an ordinary stamp, she would certainly at this time have found more to elate, than to depress it. Honours were showered on the two families to which she was the most nearly allied, and in whose prosperity she was the most warmly interested;† and the respect and consideration acquired by her own individual conduct was such as no worldly distinctions could confer. To her enlightened mind, to her candid estimation of motives, and allowances for different modes of faith, her friend Dr. Fitzwilliam, refers his conscientious resignation of preferment under the new Government; and Tillotson applies for her

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\* Published Letters, p. 251.

† The Earl of Bedford was made one of the Privy Council and Lord Lieutenant of the counties of Bedford, Cambridge, and Middlesex. The Earl of Devonshire was made a Knight of the Garter, Lord Steward of the King's household, and acted as High Steward of England at the ensuing coronation of William and Mary.



sanction to his acceptance of the dignity offered him by King William. Such indeed was the deference paid to her opinion, and the importance attached to her good will, that even the confident mind of the Duchess of Marlborough thought it necessary to assure herself of Lady Russell's approbation, in the critical juncture of advising the Princess Anne to acquiesce in the settlement of the Crown on the Prince of Orange.\* From Lady Russell we find no intimation of this flattering reference; but the Duchess of Marlborough herself records, that she could not satisfy her own mind till she "had consulted with several persons of undisputed wisdom and integrity, and particularly with the Lady Russell of Southampton House, and with Dr. Tillotson, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury."† Both before and after Tillotson's exaltation to this dignity, we find him giving a detailed account to Lady Russell of the intended preferments in the Church, and assuring her of the respect which the King was disposed to pay both to her wishes and to those of Lord Bedford in his nominations to preferment in London.

To her friend Dr. Fitzwilliam she writes: "I am very sorry the case stands with you as it does, in reference to the oath; and still wonder, unless I could find Kings of divine right, why it does!

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\* It was this circumstance that suggested to the lively and enthusiastic mind of Madame de Staël, the belief that Lady Russell was afterwards consulted by the ministers of King William, and by Queen Anne herself, on political measures. See *Considérations sur la Révolution Française*, vol. III. p. 290.

† See account of the conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough, p. 23.



And all this in the acceptation of a word which I never heard two declare the meaning of, but they differed in the sense of it." After thus stating her rational opinion of the oaths he could not resolve to take, she most kindly assures him of her assistance and the continuance of her friendship wherever his conscientious sense of duty may lead him; and finally tells him:—"Whilst, in the mean time, I see those whose sincerity and ability I have equal value for, point blank contrary one to another; yet both will be, I doubt not, accepted at the great day of trial. I will take leave, Sir, to wish you converted."\*

With such sentiments, we shall not wonder that, having now in her hands, in more than one instance, the dangerous power of retaliation, and of reproach to those whom she felt had neglected, or been deaf to her supplications in the day of her distress, her manner of exerting this power proves how well she had profited by "the uses of adversity."

Lady Sunderland, the wife of him whose time-serving politics ended necessarily in his own disgrace,—of him who had been a principal minister and adviser of Charles II, at the time of Lord Russell's execution, now applied to his yet sorrowing widow for her intercession and good offices with the reigning powers.†

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\* Published Letters, p. 259. Dr. Fitzwilliam died, unmarried, soon after the date of this letter, which was in June 1696.

† Ann Digby, wife of Robert Earl of Sunderland, was the daughter of George, the last Earl of Bristol of that family. The character of this lady is thus given by the Princess Anne of Denmark to her sister the Princess of Orange, a few months



Lady Sunderland's letters to Lady Russell (which it would seem were frequent) are not extant; but the following expressions in her answer to one of them ought to have forcibly struck Lady Sunderland from the pen of Lady Russell:—"So unhappy a solicitor as I was once for my poor self and family, my heart misgives me when I aim at any thing of that kind any more." The rest of the letter proves, in the least offensive manner, that she was perfectly aware of the flattering and insincere character of the correspondent.\*

The following letter from Lord Halifax, in answer

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before the Revolution. "His Lady, too, (*i. e.* Lady Sunderland) is as extraordinary in her kind; for she is a flattering, dissembling, false woman; but she has so fawning and endearing a way, that she will deceive any body at first, and it is not possible to find out all her ways in a little time. Then she has had her gallants, though may be not so many as some ladies here, and with all these good qualities, she is a constant church-woman; so that to outward appearance, one would take her for a saint, and to hear her talk, you would think she was a very good Protestant; but she is as much one as the other: for it is certain that her Lord does nothing without her."—March 13, 1688.

"She goes to St. Martin's morning and afternoon, (because there are not people enough to see her in Whitehall chapel), and is half an hour before other people come, and half an hour after every body is gone, at her private devotions. She runs from church to church after the most famous preachers, and keeps such a clatter with her devotions, that it really turns one's stomach. Sure never was a couple so well matched as she and her good husband; for as she is throughout in all her actions the greatest jade that ever was, so he is the subtillest, workingnest villain that is on the face of the earth." March 20, 1688.—See Dalrymple's *Memoirs*, vol. II. p. 298, et passim.—See likewise frequent and more honourable mention made of this lady in Evelyn's *Diary*, vol. I.

* Published Letters, p. 252.

to one of condolence which Lady Russell had addressed to him on his losing two sons within the short space of a twelvemonth, expresses an entire confidence in her heart and understanding, as well as much devotion to her interests. It is written while under those feelings of dissatisfaction, to which his unpopularity with the triumphant Whigs had given rise, and which ended, soon after, in his resignation of the Privy Seal.

“ Madam,

“ I must own that my reason is not strong enough to bear with indifference the losses that have lately happened in my family; but, at the same time, I must acknowledge I am not a little supported by the continuance of your Ladyship’s favour to me, in the obliging remembrance I have received from you, and in your condoling the affliction of the man in the world that is most devoted to you. I am impatient till I have the honour of an hour’s conversation with your Ladyship, to ease my mind of the just complaints I have, that such returns are made to the zeal I have endeavoured to express, in my small capacity, for the good of England. I cannot but think it the fantastical influence of my ill stars, very peculiar to myself, all circumstances considered; but whilst I am under the protection of your Ladyship’s better opinion, the malice or mistakes of others can never have the force so much as to discompose,

Madam,

Your Ladyship’s most obedient servant,

“ HALIFAX.”

London, July 23, 1689.*

* Dev. MSS.

Lady Russell's answer to this letter is among those already published. It is remarkable for its good sense, its earnest recommendation of the consolations of religion, (to which Lord Halifax was supposed too much a stranger,) and for the manner in which it touches on her own misfortunes, and the ineffectual exertions of Lord Halifax to assist her on that occasion.* The high opinion which the new sovereigns were known to entertain of Lady Russell,

* The letter is as follows. Published Letters, p. 224.

“ My Lord,

“ For my part, I think the man a very indifferent reasoner, that, to do well, he must take with indifference whatever happens to him. It is very fine to say, ‘ Why should we complain that is taken back, which was but lent us, and lent us but for a time, we know ;’ and so on. They are the receipts of philosophers I have no reverence for, as I have not for anything unnatural. It is insincere, and I dare say they did dissemble, and felt what they would not own. I know I cannot dispute with Almighty Power ; but yet, if my delight is gone, I must needs be sorry it is taken away, according to the measure it made me glad. The Christian religion alone, believe me, my Lord, has a power to make the spirit easy under great calamity. Nothing less than the hope of being again made happy, can satisfy the mind. I am sure I owe it more, than I could have done to the world, if all the glories of it had been offered me, or to be disposed of by me. And I do sincerely desire your Lordship may experience the truth of my opinion. You know better than most, from the share you have had of the one, what they *do* afford, and I hope you will prove what expressions of esteem for me, *and willingness, as I hope, to have had me less miserable than I am ; if you had found your power equal to your will* engages me to make it, and that alone would have bound me, though my own unworthiness and ill-fortune had let you have forgot me for ever after my sad lot. But since you would not do so, it must deserve a particular acknowledgement for ever, from

“ Your Lordship's, &c.”

“ July, 1689.

and the favour she was supposed to possess, produced many applications for her patronage and interest. Of this interest she seems to have made the temperate and rational use which might have been expected from a delicate mind, united to a friendly disposition. Addressing Queen Mary, in favour of Lord Carberry's family, she says:—"It is a sensible trouble to me when I do importune your Majesty, yet I do sometimes submit, because I would not be quite useless to such as hope for some benefit by my means, and I desire to do what good I can."

The favours she asked were few; but for the friends whose interests she espoused, she exerted herself with all the earnestness and perseverance she could have practised for herself. In the letters already published, we find that the Lord Chancellor Cooper owed his having been first appointed a King's counsel at the early age of twenty-four, to her immediate application to King William in his behalf; and that the difficulties this appointment afterwards experienced from the Attorney-General, and the Commissioners of the Great Seal, were successfully removed by Lady Russell's repeated statements to Lord Halifax, and the Attorney-General Pollexfen, on the subject; to the latter of whom she says, with the conscious feeling of one seldom a suppliant, and to whom all motives of self-interest were unknown:—"I undertake few things, and therefore do very little good to people; but I do not like to be balked when I thought my end compassed." The high character and future success of Mr. Cooper in his profession, prove that she did not lightly adopt the interests of those whom she determined not to abandon.

Lady Russell's health she acknowledges with gratitude, had not sunk under her mental sufferings, but that, on the contrary, she had enjoyed a freedom from bodily pain, "to a degree I almost never knew; not so much as a strong fit of headache have I felt since that miserable time, who used to be tormented with it very frequently."* But she now began to perceive the approaches of infirmity, and to feel it particularly, in the alarming form of a rapidly increasing weakness of sight. She complains of the badness of her eyes in the year 1689; but seems not to have been aware of any local disease in them, till about two years afterwards, when her increased blindness obliges her to take advice, to abstain from writing by candlelight, and shortly after from reading.

It has been said that Lady Russell wept herself blind; this is not a true statement of her case; for although she tells us herself, "My eyes are ever ready to pour out the marks of a sorrowful heart, which I must even carry to my grave," the complaint in her sight proved to be a cataract on her left eye, a disease which is known to have no connexion with the lachrymal ducts.

In the year 1690, she had a new cause for tears, in the death of her last remaining sister, Lady Montagu, and of her nephew, Lord Gainsborough, within a few weeks of each other. Of the one she says: "After forty years' acquaintance with so amiable a creature, one must needs, in reflecting, bring to remembrance so many engaging endearments as are yet, at present, embittering and painful." Of the other, that "he was the only son

* Published Letters, p. 63.

of a sister and friend I loved with too much passion." And she owns to Dr. Fitzwilliam that he conjectures truly as to the state of her mind: "Every new stroke to a weary and battered carcase, makes me struggle the harder; and though I lost, with my best friend, all the delights of living, yet I find I did not a quick sense of new grief.*"

The return of Lord Cavendish from abroad, in the autumn of this year, separated her from her eldest daughter. During his absence, Lady Cavendish had continued living with her mother and sisters; she was now established with her husband in the house of his father.

Lady Russell's attention to every minute particular relative to her children, is marked by a letter which she addresses at this time to Lady Derby, the Mistress of the Robes to Queen Mary, recommending to her protection, and to her advice, the young Lady Cavendish, now frequenting Court by the particular desire (as it would seem) of the Queen, and separated, for the first time, from "too fond a mother."†

In the following year (1692) we find Lady Russell's younger daughter, Katherine, expressing herself with great anxiety to her sister, Lady Cavendish, about their mother's increasing blindness: "Indeed it is very sad to think how much she has lost her eye-sight in as little a time as three weeks or a month. She uses nothing to them, which makes me more impatient to hear from the doctor; though I do extremely fear he can do her no good,

* Published Letters, p. 295.

† Idem, p. 295.

as she does think herself.”* Soon after, she herself tells Dr. Fitzwilliam that she is “resolved to be strict in observing the directions I am under for my bad eyes, which I am not sensible I hurt by what I *can* do, which is writing. As for reading I am past that contentment, especially print. Your hand is plain, and so well known to me, I make a shift to see it.”

Her bodily ills, and the cruel prospect of blindness, she seems to have supported with the same patient magnanimity, and to have allowed them to interfere almost as little with her duties as she had done the sufferings of her mind. “While I can see at all, I must do a little more than I can when God sees it best that outward darkness shall fall upon me, which will deprive me of all society at a distance,† which I esteem exceedingly profitable and pleasant.”

She was now occupied in settling the marriage of her younger daughter with Lord Roos, the eldest son of the Earl of Rutland. This, although she herself calls it, “the best match in England,” from her ignorance of the young man’s character, and from some peculiar circumstances relative to his birth and rights of inheritance, she had paused in accepting. John, Lord Roos, his father, afterwards Earl and Duke of Rutland, had been divorced by act of parliament, in 1670, from his first wife;‡ and two sons by that marriage were disabled by the same act of parliament from succeeding to his

* Dev. MSS.

† She means corresponding with absent friends.

‡ The Lady Anne Pierpont, daughter of Henry, Marquis of Dorchester.

honours and estates, himself having permission to marry again.

This Divorce Bill had caused great debates in Parliament, and had become, at the time, almost a party question. It had been forwarded by all the Protestant interest, and the opposers of the Duke of York, as an encouragement and example for the King to attempt a divorce from Catherine of Portugal.*

Under these circumstances, Lady Russell tells Dr. Fitzwilliam:—"I do own, when it was first proposed, I was, as it were, surprised; but when I came to consider seriously, and discourse with friends, and also with such others as I could then get to talk with, and found reason to conclude that a reverse of Parliament was all the scruple I need have, I was content to hear more of it, and not refuse the best match in England for an imaginary religious scruple.

"But if a divorce is lawful, as agreeing with the word of God, I take a marriage after it certainly to be so. And as for the estate, as we enjoy that by man's law, and that man can alter, and so may alter

* "When there was a project in 1669 for getting a divorce for the King, to facilitate it there was brought into the House of Lords a bill for dissolving the marriage of Lord Rosse (*Roos*), on account of adultery, and to give him leave to marry again. This bill, after great debates, passed by the plurality of only two votes, and that by the great industry of the Lord's friends, as well as the Duke's enemies, who carried it on chiefly in hopes it might be a precedent and inducement for the King to enter the more easily into their late proposals; nor were they a little encouraged therein, when they saw the King countenance and drive on the bill in Lord Rosse's favour. Of eighteen bishops that were in the House, only two voted for the bill, of which one voted through age, and one was reputed a Socinian."—See Evelyn's Diary, vol. II. p. 361.

again, which is a risk I am willing to run, if there should be enough left.”*

Having been confirmed in these sentiments, and having allowed time for both herself and her daughter to become acquainted with their future son-in-law and husband, the marriage took place in the summer of the following year. We have, in the volume of Letters already published, an entertaining account of all the honours which accompanied the journey of Lord and Lady Roos, and the ceremonies of their arrival at Belvoir; ceremonies, perhaps, “more honoured in the breach than in the observance,” which then took place at weddings, even in the highest life.†

Lady Russell had excused herself going to Belvoir with all the rest of the wedding company, but followed them thither, before, as she says, she had acquitted herself of all her formal congratulations; “for if I do more than a very little at a time, I find my eyes ache, and that I am sure is naught; and a very little sight is too precious a good to be neglected.”

From Belvoir she writes:—“Heretofore, whatever engagements I had a-days, the nights were free to me; but my ill eyes can now not serve me at all when once a candle is lighted, so that since Lord Rutland came hither I have been mistress of no time; if I had, I should not have lived in a continual noise and hurry as I have done.”‡

* Published Letters, p. 305.

† See a letter of Sir James Forbes to Lady Russell. Published Letters, p. 312.

‡ Published Letters, p. 316.

Still, however, with her usual pious gratitude to Heaven, she rejoices in the goodness of God, who, when she feared the utter loss of sight, had let her "thus long see the light, and given her time to prepare for the bodily darkness that must overtake her."

Happily the operation of couching for a cataract was already known, and practised in England. It was successfully performed on Lady Russell's eye in the following June. Her handwriting after this period testifies how much her sight and power of employing it were improved. It was a considerable time, however, before she ventured to write much with her own hand. In a letter of the 13th August, 1695, in the first part of which she had made use of an amanuensis, she says, "I venture to write thus much with my first eye; my new one does not yet alter much, though I think I do feel better than at first; but there is something still before it."*

The same year in which Lady Russell obtained this relief from the dreadful infirmity with which she was menaced, the Houses of Russell and Cavendish received an accession of honours which few families have acquired by more essential services to their country. The Earls of Bedford and Devonshire were, in April, advanced to the dignity of Dukes.

The reasons assigned, in the preambles of their patents, for conferring these titles, honour at once the sovereign and the subjects.†

In that of the Duke of Bedford, particular mention

* Bedford MSS.

† The preamble to the Duke of Devonshire's patent was penned by Lord Somers.

is made of his son Lord Russell. The King, in bestowing the highest dignity in his gift, declares, "We think it not sufficient that his (*Lord Russell's*) conduct and virtues should be transmitted to all future generations upon the credit of public annals, but will have them inserted in these our royal letters patent, as a monument consecrated to the most accomplished and consummate virtue in the said family, &c. &c. Now, then, to comfort one of the best of fathers for so unspeakable a loss, to solemnise the memory of that most excellent son, and to excite the emulation of a worthy grandchild, born to so great hopes; that he may with more vigour tread in the steps of his truly great father, we do give our command for these marks of honour," &c. &c.

Although Lady Russell had professed, on a previous occasion of distinction to the Russell family, "I would have assisted to my power for the procuring thereof, but for any sensible joy at these outward things I feel none:" still this honourable memorial of all she had lost in a husband, and all she hoped for in a son, could not be viewed by her with indifference.

The lenient influence of eleven years had now soothed the acuteness of her sorrows. She had seen the Government which had oppressed her, proscribed—the power which she had found implacable, fallen in the dust:—the Religion whose political predominance she dreaded, in circumstances to require that toleration which it was believed unwilling to allow:—the man whose vindictive spirit had inflicted the great misfortune of her life, himself an exile, after having ineffectually implored assistance

from the father of him whom he had persecuted,* She had seen the triumph of those principles for which her beloved Lord had suffered, the immense effects produced by a steady adherence to them, and his name now for ever coupled with the honour and the freedom of his country.

The sober age of Lady Russell forbade her feeling these circumstances as she would have done in earlier life, when the partner of all her joys and sorrows might have shared them with her.

We must have supposed her, too, often recurring, even now, with anguish to the idea of his life having been sacrificed so near the overthrow of that power which he had so honourably combated, and often indulging in (what she herself called) "unprofitable thoughts," as to the distinguished part that he *might* have acted in the great Revolution which so soon followed his death, and in which he *might* have been a leader, instead of a martyr, to the liberty he loved.

In private life, too, she had had repeated occasions to experience the interest her conduct and character had inspired in all who approached her. Neither the humility of her truly Christian mind, nor the unfading sense she still entertained of her irreparable loss, could prevent her receiving rational consolation from the consciousness of having deserved, as well as obtained, such sentiments. Her heart was neither enfeebled by age nor deadened

* The application said to have been made by James to the Earl of Bedford, after the landing of the Prince of Orange, for his assistance and interest in the country, and the affecting reply of the old Earl, recalling the loss of his son, are well known.

by suffering. At a much more advanced period of life, we see in a letter to her cousin Lord Galway, how much alive she even then was, at the age of seventy-six, to the opinions, the feelings, the affection of her friends, to honest praise, and to the luxury of loving and being beloved.*

She had now the satisfaction of having married both her daughters into the most distinguished families of their country; and she found her alliance so eagerly sought, that before her son was thirteen years old, she received (according to the custom of those days) a proposal from Sir Josiah Child, for marrying him to Sir Josiah's granddaughter, the Lady Henrietta Somerset, daughter of Charles, Marquis of Worcester.† The proposal was made in a letter to Mr. Howe, (the dissenting clergyman already mentioned), to be communicated to Lady Russell. By a second letter to the same person, we see that Lady Russell had by no means received the proposal as Sir Josiah thought it merited. He tells Mr. Howe,—“I received your favour of the 22nd inst., and your letter of the

* See Published Letters, p. 383.

† The Marquess of Worcester had married Rebecca Child, daughter and heiress of Sir Josiah—of whom Burnet gives the following character:—“This summer Sir Josiah Child died; he was a man of great notions as to merchandise, which was his education, and in which he succeeded beyond any man of his time. He applied himself chiefly to the East-India trade, which by his management was raised so high, that it drew much envy and jealousy both upon himself and upon the country: he had a compass of knowledge and apprehension beyond any merchant I ever knew: he was vain and covetous, and thought too cunning, though to me he seemed always sincere.”—Burnet's Hist. vol. iv. p. 328.

28th: and the answer intimated in your first was so cold, that I concluded the noble Lady either understood not the considerableness of the proposal, or had predetermined the disposal of her son some other way, and did expect to hear no more of it: the rather I thought so, from that expression in your letter, that the young Lord was in the course of his education, which I never knew to be a bar to parents discoursing of the matching of their children, which are born to extraordinary great fortunes; and that being the case of the noble young Lord, as well as of my granddaughter, made me the forwarder without her mother's privacy to write that letter to you, that so great a fortune as God's providence has cast upon her, might fall into the best and most pious noble family I know, for such I esteem my Lord Bedford's to be."*

Either this great fortune did not tempt Lady Russell, or she thought her son as yet too young to enter into such distant engagements for him; or she had already in view the marriage which two years afterwards he contracted with Miss Howland, the only daughter and heiress of John Howland, Esq., of Streatham in Surrey, by another daughter of Sir Josiah Child.†

As soon as she had fixed on the future companion of her son, she entered with all the good

* Dev. MSS.

† The ceremony of marriage took place in May, 1695; and in compliment to the large succession to which Miss Howland was entitled, Lord Tavistock was immediately afterwards created Baron Howland of Streatham.

sense and attention that belonged to her character into the details of the young lady's education, and maintained an intimate and frequent correspondence with her mother, Mrs. Howland.

In the following letter, written about a twelve-month after the marriage, Lady Russell appears as rationally anxious for the health, improvement, and accomplishments of her daughter-in-law, as she could have been for that of her own children. She tells Mrs. Howland,—“I am too much concerned at Lady Tavistock's complaints, (though ever so small), to pass in silence the first opportunity after your report, to know how she is; though what I said yesterday was confused from haste, the waggon having gone by; yet I believe I cannot alter the substance of it.

“It is possible the air and some change in the method of living may contribute to this little disorder; but if it has, it is not to be repented; for it is what must happen at one time or other, and the younger the better it is to be accustomed to a variety of living, that in all likelihood must happen, and I hope agree with her. However, I guess you are eager to try Streatham air, and regular way there, which makes you set your time to remove so soon. If my house has been to your satisfaction,* I am sure it is to mine that you have used it to yours and your daughter's, who, Lady Margaret tells me, has most apparently profited by Mr. Huck, which I really rejoice much at; though I confess

* Lady Russell writes from Stratton: Mrs. Howland and her daughter had occupied Southampton House during their residence in London.

fashion, and those other accomplishments that are perhaps over-rated by the world, and that I esteem but as dross, and as a shadow in comparison of religion and virtue, yet the perfections of nature are ornaments to the body, as grace is to the mind, and I wish, and do more than that, for I pray constantly, she may be a perfect creature both in mind and body; that is, in the manner we can reach perfection in this world.”*

The marriage had not taken place many months, and the young Lord Tavistock was still under the tuition of a private tutor, preparing to be sent to Oxford, when Lady Russell received a proposal of another nature for him, which it must have required her sound judgment, and the just estimation which she seems on all occasions to have made of worldly distinctions, to have rejected.

At the general election which took place in October, 1695, it was proposed to her in the most flattering manner, by order of the Duke of Shrewsbury, then Lord Steward, and the Lord Keeper Somers, to bring her son into Parliament, as member for the county of Middlesex. This arrangement was first communicated to her in the following letter from Sir James Forbes.†

* Bedford MSS.

† In the volume of Published Letters, Sir James Forbes is called, in a note to his letter addressed to Lady Russell, “The gentleman by whom Lord Cavendish sent his offers of assistance to Lord Russell after his condemnation.” He was one of the persons afterwards examined in 1689, before the committee of the House of Commons, for “the Inspection,” &c. of the trials of those who had suffered for the Rye-House Plot. His examination proves, how much he was at that time in the

“London, October 3d.

“I can safely retract, Madam, what I said in my last letter, that our courtiers did not trouble themselves with much business; but now I find we are all of a sudden grown extraordinary busy in making interest every where to bring in good men to our new Parliament, and this reason alone has moved our Lords Justices* (I mean the two principal, my Lord Keeper,† and the Duke of Shrewsbury) to send for me, and to order me to write immediately to your Ladyship, that you would be pleased to let my Lord Tavistock stand for knight of the shire for Middlesex; and although I made all the objections against it, that I think the Duke of Bedford or your Ladyship can make, yet they were still of one opinion, that it is your interest, and for the honour of the family, that he should stand at present; and, being joined with Sir John Worsename,‡ a very honest man, who is recommended by my Lord Keeper, they doubt not but they will carry it with a high hand, and thereby keep out two notorious Tories, which can never be done otherwise. When I told their Lordships that my Lord Tavistock was soon going to Cambridge, and afterwards to travel for two or three years, the Duke of Shrewsbury answered, that they would not hinder anything of that design; for he needed not to appear but

intimacy of the Duke of Monmouth, and those with whom he associated.—See Howell's State Trials, vol. ix. p. 961.

* King William was now in Holland.

† Lord Somers.

‡ Sir John Wolstonholme, who was returned with Lord Edward Russell.

once at the election, when he would be attended by several thousands of gentlemen, and other persons on horseback out of town, and the charges would be but little or nothing; and the Duke of Shrewsbury bid me tell your Ladyship, that if you did consent he should stand, which he doubted not but you would, since it was on so good an account, that then they must have leave to set him up for that day only, by the name of Lord Russell, which would bring ten thousand more on his side, if there be so many freeholders in the county.

“ I have now, Madam, delivered my message from those two great Lords; which they had a great concern for, and seemed very earnest to have it complied with: therefore I think it would be very impertinent in me to use any arguments of my own, but must leave it to the consideration of the Duke of Bedford, and your Lady’s wise judgment to determine. However, I beg your Ladyship will be pleased to make as speedy an answer as it is possible, because we expect the King here by Sunday, or Monday next; and immediately the Parliament will be dissolved, and all hands will be set on work for a new one, as I hear the expression in the King’s letters to the Lords is.

“ I suppose this post brings a great deal of joy to Lady Margaret; for the Spanish letters that are come to-day, make mention that the Admiral* is upon his way home, and Mr. Priestman tells me that he will be here within these ten days; and

* Admiral Russell, afterwards created Earl of Oxford, to whom Lady Margaret, his cousin, was married.

Sir George Rook has orders from the King by this last post from Flanders, to set sail for the Straits immediately. I shall add no more but the assurance of my being,

“Madam,
“Your Ladyship’s most faithful
“and obedient Servant,
“J. FORBES.”*

In this letter every circumstance is brought forward, that could tempt Lady Russell to concur in the opinion of persons she so much respected, expressed in so flattering a manner. The permission requested to dispense for a day with the newly acquired title of Marquis of Tavistock, and in proposing her son to represent his county, to call him by the honoured name of Lord Russell, was probably intended as much to secure his mother’s consent, as the young man’s election. But Lady Russell’s sound sense and steady judgment immediately saw in the premature entry of her son, yet a boy, into public life, the probable ruin both of his future character and happiness. With a diffidence of her own opinion, which is not one of the least admirable features of her character, before she decidedly replied to Sir James Forbes’s proposal, she addressed the following letter from Woburn, where she then was, to Lord Edward Russell, her brother-in-law, in London :—

“Friday’s post brought me the enclosed paper.

* Dev. MSS.

Pray, my Lord, will you take the pains to read it; and then, if you do not know it will be impertinent I entreat you to wait on the Duke of Shrewsbury, to whose judgment I have so great a deference, that if I could imagine he was as much in earnest, and is so still, on the subject-matter of Sir James's letter, as my good friend takes him to be, it would make me doubtful of the weight of my own reason against it, and I believe would have the same effect upon your father, who at present knows nothing of Sir James's letter, nor what I am now doing; and if you remember how averse he expressed himself, but a few days ago, upon the reading of a letter I had received with the same advice, you will guess that nothing less than the authority of his Grace's constant opinion can change Lord Bedford's, which is grounded on the apprehensions that such an interruption as being elected a parliament-man would make in his education, might undo him for the time to come, to all intents and purposes; and really I am so much of that mind as to fear the mischief would be past retrieving. However, as I am very jealous to do every thing I think best for my son, so I am too in my submission to persons so much wiser than myself, who wish well to us. I beg of you not to forget to give me a line or two by the next post; for, till then, good Sir James is kept in suspense by

“Your affectionate and humble servant.”

Before the receipt of this letter, Lord Edward had already written to Lady Russell, confirming Sir James Forbes's statement. He tells her, “I am informed by persons of the best credit, Madam, that if my Lord Tavistock will but appear on Wednesday

at the sessions, all the gentlemen are so inclined to choose him for the county, that there will be no sort of danger or difficulty in it; and it is believed that nobody will pretend to stand against him."

The Duke of Bedford had also received a letter from Mr. Charles Montagu,* strongly recommending the same measure, as being highly honourable to the Russell family, and useful to the Whig interest. To all this importunity Lady Russell replies in the following steady but considerate manner, throwing her final refusal on the letter she was to receive from Lord Edward, after he had spoken to the Duke of Shrewsbury.

"The errand of this paper is no more than to tell my brother Ned I have received his letter, and that Lord Bedford had also one from Mr. Montagu to make the same motion that the Knight did; but all answers are deferred till we receive another from you. In the mean time I must express myself thus far, that upon the whole matter, it is clear to me that my Lord Shrewsbury had no original thought in this business; nor, I verily believe, any further approbation than through compliment to his friends. I believe it, because I do not see that there is reason for more; therefore, it is my opinion now, and I fancy will be so after your next letter, that my Lord Duke [*and myself*†] should be positive, not to venture being baffled in a business that, if he carries, may be destruction to his grandson; and sure, if there were no other objection, it is very late for two

* Created, in 1700, Earl of Halifax. He was now a Lord of the Treasury.

† A line is drawn through these two words in the MSS.

persons of uncertain interests to set up against two that know theirs, and no doubt have been effectually labouring in it.”*

It is to be remarked that in those early days of our renovated constitution, the objection of Lord Tavistock's age was considered merely in relation to himself, and as no obstacle to the success of his election. Mr. Montagu, in his letter to the Duke of Bedford, to obviate any scruple in the Duke's mind, mentions that Lord Godolphin's son was to be chosen in Cornwall, and Lord Leicester's in Kent, who were neither of them older than Lord Tavistock; and Mr. Owen, in a letter to Lady Russell, tells her the Duke of Albemarle's son had been allowed to sit in Parliament under age.

In these more scrupulous times, when we are no less attached to the letter than the spirit of our constitution, no one would venture to nominate a youth of fifteen (whatever his birth or pretensions) for a seat in Parliament; and in a severely-contested election, no one would desire a better objection to his opponent, than the power of proving him under age.

Having thus got rid of a proposal, upon which Lady Russell so wisely decided, Lord Tavistock was sent, in the January of the ensuing year, to the university of Oxford, where Lady Russell thought “our nobility should pass some of their time. It has been for many years neglected. I use that term, because I think it a proper one.”†

During his residence in college several letters are still extant from the Bishop of Oxford to Lady Rus-

* Dev. MSS.

† Published Letters, p. 309.

sell, giving her such an account of Lord Tavistock's good behaviour, parts, and success, as prove more certainly the good Bishop's disposition to flattery,* than the young Lord's to learning; and so it would seem thought his right-headed mother: for in a letter addressed to her by Mr. Hicks, her son's private tutor, during the vacation of September, 1696, we find how closely she had inquired, and how anxious she was not to be deceived, as to the real progress and disposition of her son; warning his tutor of his want of steadiness and application. Mr. Hicks tells her,—“I charged my dear Lord this morning with great promises and small performances, and might have quoted your Ladyship's longer knowledge of him for undoubted authority; but his Lordship stands to it that he will do great matters, and study very hard at Woburn; and that otherwise he shall not know how to spend his time there. But, upon your Ladyship's suggestion, I shall be moderate in my expectations, and look for nothing but a full blush, and some soft words in excuse for non-performance of promise. Hitherto, Madam, I have had no reason to complain of want of application; but when I shall have, (which I trust God will prevent), your Ladyship will find that I can open my mouth as wide, and as loud, as any body; but I cannot accuse falsely, or magnify molehills into mountains.”†

During Lord Tavistock's stay at Oxford, his mother had occasionally taken up her residence there; thus maintaining the footing of confidential

* As it was from “*Hough's unsullied mitre*” that these accounts came, we must suppose he believed what he advanced.

† Dev. MSS.

friendship and entire intimacy, on which she ever continued with her son.

After remaining nearly a year at the university, Lord Tavistock was, at the age of seventeen, sent abroad to travel. His grandfather, now advanced in years, felt much reluctance at the idea of parting with him for so long a time as Lady Russell was willing to submit to herself, convinced, as she was, that "to live well in the world, it is, for certain, necessary to know the world well."*

The following letter from the Duke of Bedford shows that she had not only her own anxieties, but his wishes, to combat, in keeping her son for two years on the continent. Thus allowing him the opportunity of seeing such a variety of manners, of modes of society, and of government,—of national peculiarities, virtues, and prejudices, as is especially necessary to form the character of an accomplished English gentleman. A character which superadds to such a previous education, as, in other countries, is rarely given even to those intended for learned professions; manners which belong to the really well-bred of all countries, and an enlightened love for his own, founded on a knowledge, not an ignorance, of the rest of the world.

The letter from the Duke of Bedford is as follows :—

“Woburn Abbey, October 16th, 1697.

“Dear Daughter,

“These are to let you know, that their bearer, Mr.

* Published Letters, p. 178.

Hicks, came on Wednesday hither, in expectation of meeting master (*Lord Tavistock*) here; and how well pleased I was with his company and conversation: looking upon him to be as deserving a person as you could have made choice of, to go abroad with my dear grand-child. In confidence not only of his great kindness to him, but also of his utmost care and diligence for his best improvement, I have laid strict injunctions upon him, to follow his advice in all things that concern his soul and body. My Lord Rosse (*Roos*) and he came hither on Friday night, after long expectation; and I am glad to see him look so very well of it. They intend to be with you on Monday night, God willing.

“I must confess it is a very great trial for me to part with one so dear to me as he is. But I hope God Almighty will hear your hearty prayers and mine, and those of his other friends, by watching over him abroad, and with his good hand of Providence, that you and all of his relations may have the comfort of seeing him again. If God give me life till his return it will add much to the joy of it, though I dare not promise myself that mercy, considering my declining age and infirmities.

“I do reckon you will send him to the Hague this winter, for his improvement in his exercises; and if things be quiet in France, that he may go thither for some time, to his farther improvement and satisfaction: after which, to return home to the comfort of you and his friends. As for his travelling into Italy, I am much against it, for several reasons. I hope you will not let him stay very long abroad.

“So, with my constant and fervent prayers to God Almighty for him and yourself, with your other

dear relations, I rest, (not without some sadness at parting,)

“Your most affectionate Father and Friend, to my last moment,

“BEDFORD.”

Lord Tavistock left England soon after the date of this letter, accompanied by Mr. Hicks. To him was associated a Mr. Fazio, whom, for some reason not connected with any complaint of his pupil's, Lady Russell recalled from Hamburgh, whither they had gone after leaving the Hague. At the Hague, Lord Tavistock had seen and was presented to King William, who was then about to return to England, after signing the peace of Ryswick.

At Hamburgh, Lord Tavistock was joined by Mr. Sherard, a gentleman who had before accompanied Lord Townsend on his travels. Mr. Hicks was (as much as circumstances would permit) to pursue with Lord Tavistock his classical studies, and to watch over his religious sentiments and duties. The number of defaulters from the purity of our Protestant faith produced by the time-serving politics of the two last reigns, had appeared to arm the Roman Catholic religion with seductions, which we have some difficulty in comprehending in these altered times.

Mr. Sherard's business was with his pupil's temporal affairs, and his conduct in the world, where his mother was anxious he should appear with every advantage that could arise to a young traveller, both from his own distinguished birth, and her foreign connexions. He was provided, by the younger Ruvigny (Lord Galway), with letters to all the

principal diplomatic and military characters in the different Courts of Europe, and was every where received with particular attentions.

His numerous letters to his mother, during an absence of two years, give a very favourable opinion of the young man's predilection for good company; of his desire to inform himself, and to profit by foreign society; and, above all, of his affection, deference, and unlimited confidence in his mother. It was not to be expected that so young a traveller should preserve the letters addressed to himself, when moving about from place to place; which leaves us to regret the loss of those of Lady Russell. If they were as appropriate to the circumstances, and as much to the purpose as the letter addressed to him at a later period on a religious life, and preserved in the following collection, the loss is considerable.

It would seem that she had some suspicion, before Lord Tavistock left England, that he had an inclination to play; for, in a letter of his from the Hague, he tells her:—"I beg your Ladyship that you will not trouble yourself about my loving play; for I do assure your Ladyship* I think losing much at play is so foolish a thing as makes one be laughed at so much, that I am certain I shall never be guilty of it." We shall see that his youth-

* No inference is to be drawn from the frequently repeated title of Ladyship or Lordship, of the intimacy subsisting between the persons who so used them. By the fashion of the time, they were not dispensed with in the intercourse of the dearest and most intimate relations of life. The Editor has seen letters of a later date, between betrothed lovers, beginning "*My dear Angel*;" which *angel* is addressed by the title of *Your Ladyship*, half a dozen times in the same letter.

ful confidence on this subject was not justified by his subsequent conduct while abroad.

After visiting Berlin, and some of the smaller German Courts, in the spring of 1698, he and his two companions arrived at Rome in the following summer. To Rome he had carried letters to Cardinal Ottoboni (the nephew of the preceding Pope, Alexander VIII), and to several other persons of distinction, at the Papal Court of Innocent XII (Pignatelli), who, from his enmity to Louis XIV was supposed not to have been averse to the conduct of those who had favoured the English Revolution. The young man writes from Rome, to his cousin, Admiral Russell, (then Earl of Orford,) that "Cardinal Ottoboni is a mighty lover of the English nation, and particularly an admirer of the King (*William.*) A great reason why I am received so at this place is, by having the honour of being related to your Lordship, who is as well known here by the name of Admiral Russell as in England."*

Admitted into the best foreign society at Rome, Lord Tavistock talks, with much enjoyment, of the amusements of which he partakes there, during the summer of 1698:—"The great pleasure now is, to be in one of the open caleches, going about the town in the moon-shiny nights. There are always some fine serenades, and all the best company in town taking the air, till an hour or two after midnight. I seldom fail of this diversion; and, indeed, it is mighty pleasant, after the heat of the day, to be abroad so, most part of the night, and to hear music,

* Devonshire MSS.

and to go talk to any body that one is acquainted with, with all the freedom in the world.”*

He continued so much pleased with this residence, and his way of life, that, after a short visit to Naples in the autumn, he returned to pass the whole winter and carnival at Rome.

He now gave, as well as received, entertainments from all the foreign Ministers and principal Roman nobility. The expense entailed by this mode of living, even in those days, was such as might have startled a less liberal mother than Lady Russell. In a letter from Mr. Sherard to her, he hopes their expenses at Rome will not exceed three thousand pounds a year,—a large travelling allowance, even now, to a youth of seventeen. Some costly articles of dress, indeed, would not enter into a modern account; such as, “two point cravattes,” “a very rich laced suit,” and “a long perriwig, sent from Leghorn, none being to be found here.”

He goes on to say, “His Lordship will also have a barouche, and a pair of horses to drive himself about the country; and he must have a couple of running footmen with it, which must be clothed. The latter end of next month we shall go to Frascati, twelve miles from hence, where, and at the places adjacent, will be all the best company of Rome. After a month’s stay there, and at Albano, with Cardinal Ottoboni, his Lordship designs for Naples, where he will not stay above a week, and so return hither, where I hope he will spend the carnival.

“I find he does not care being denied any thing that he has a fancy to; but what he lays out, beside

* Devonshire MSS.

necessary expenses, will be of some use or diversion at least to him in England, as music, prints, designs, books, essences, &c., which are usually bought here.”*

It would have been well if his pupil had been contented with these purchases ; but finding Mr. Sherard averse to others more costly, and not always willing to comply with his demands for money, he was tempted to make some expensive presents, the price and payment for which he concealed from Mr. Sherard. He chose rather to trust to the indulgence of his mother than to that of his governor, and drew a bill directly on Lady Russell for £200 sterling, beseeching her not to disgrace him by protesting it, nor to expose him to Mr. Sherard.

He writes on this occasion a letter of deep contrition to Lady Russell, which proves all the confidence as well as the profound respect and attachment with which she had inspired her children. He assures her he will never again make a present, or take a farthing of money, but from Mr. Sherard. “ I desire, for God’s sake, that you will pardon me. If your Ladyship did but know a little part of the grief I suffer, I am sure you would forgive me ; and if I did not think you would, I could not bear it.”

After owning that they were living at a great expense, he tells her, with the reasoning of a very young man,—“ But then it is certain that the honours I have received here are so very extraordinary, that the expense could not be less. It is undoubtedly much for the honour of my family : as for myself, I

* Devonshire MSS.

think I deserve nothing, since I am capable of afflicting your Ladyship.

“If you did but know my thoughts and half the trouble that I am in, I am certain your Ladyship would grant what I desire, and hope well for the future. I will yet come home to be a comfort to your Ladyship, and make you easy ; and so follow in some things, I hope at least, the steps of my good father.”

After having been relieved from this embarrassment, we find him again confessing, “with the greatest sorrow imaginable, that I have done ill. I had the unhappiness some time ago to play for something more than I used to do and lose.”*

But of the extent of his losses at play, and the little reliance that could be placed upon his resolutions against it, Lady Russell was not aware till his return to England, towards the end of the year 1699 ; when she found the amount so considerable as to oblige her to address herself to his grandfather to assist her as a security in raising money. The considerate manner in which she there addresses the old man, and in which she speaks of the errors of the young, is a sufficient reason for the affectionate confidence placed in her by both.

Within a year after Lord Tavistock's return to England, he succeeded to the title and estates of his grandfather. An application made by Lady Russell herself, in a letter to King William, to obtain the garter for her son, was successful. He was appointed, as soon as he was of age, to the

* Devonshire MSS.

lieutenancies of the three counties of Bedford, Middlesex, and Cambridge, which had been held by his grandfather. At the coronation of Queen Anne, he acted as Lord High Constable of England, and was named a Privy Councillor.

Lady Russell now saw her son established in all the honours of his race, with a wife, who seems to have justified the choice she had made for him, and by whom he was the happy father of several children. It might have been hoped that the sorrows of Lady Russell were now over; that the severe afflictions of her former life might, according to the common allotments of good and evil, have exempted her from the grief of other premature losses before the end of her career; the rather as her children, being those of a second marriage, made the difference of age between them and herself considerable; but she was doomed yet to suffer in those affections to which she was peculiarly alive. Her son, whose health as a child, whose education as a youth, and whose success as a man, she had watched over with such unwearied and rational attention; on whom she had concentrated all that she felt for the last representative of her own family, as well as for that of her still-lamented Lord; in the midst of health, and the vigour of life, was seized with the small-pox.

The small-pox was at this time, and during the beginning of the eighteenth century, a plague, which deserved that appellation almost as much as the disease to which it has been appropriated.*

* In some of the eastern counties, and particularly Essex, they had, till very lately, *pest-houses*, at a small distance from the villages for the reception of small-pox patients.

Beauty and youth saddened at its sound. Parents fled with their children from its approach, and often were obliged to fly from their children for fear of themselves falling a sacrifice, and abandoning those that might survive. It separated the nearest and dearest relatives in circumstances when they are peculiarly necessary to each other. It was a danger for ever present, for ever suggesting vexatious precautions, in the vain hope to avoid; and when encountered, creating a despair which helped on the disease. The upper orders of society were as much exposed to its ravages as the lower. Indeed the mistaken manner in which it was treated by the physicians, left those persons the best chance who were least the objects of their care.*

This evil has now been so long removed from us, as not to allow sufficient justice to be done, or sufficient gratitude felt, for the two great discoveries, the first of which subdued, and the second has almost annihilated, this scourge of human nature in social life.

Neither inoculation, nor the vaccine, had been heard of in the times of which we are speaking. The Duke of Bedford caught the small-pox naturally, and fell a sacrifice to it before the age of thirty-one.

As soon as the disorder had declared itself, his wife† and children were obliged to fly from him.

* Of the members of the Royal Family who returned to England at the Restoration, three died of the small-pox within the first year; and it is well known that Queen Mary and Queen Anne's son, both died of the same disease.

† She died of the same disease in 1724.

At his death-bed we find only his mother, receiving his last words, soothing his last moments, and pointing his last thoughts to that Heaven, which she was again to prove gives means of support in present, and of consolation in future, for all misfortunes, however severe or repeated, to which we have not ourselves contributed.

How deeply she felt the death of her son, a letter to Lord Galway, mentioning the particulars of his last moments, gives us an affecting picture :*—"Alas ; my dear Lord Galway, my thoughts are yet all disorder, confusion, and amazement ; and I think I am incapable of saying or doing any thing I should. I did not know the greatness of my love to his person till I could see it no more."

From this loss she could hardly have recovered the composure which her unfeigned piety, and submission to the will of Heaven, could alone produce, when, in the November following, her younger daughter, the Duchess of Rutland, after having been the mother of nine children, died in childbed.

Of her death Lady Russell has left us no particulars. We only know, that as her eldest daughter, the Duchess of Devonshire, was at the time laying-in, Lady Russell had the resolution to conceal from her, her sister's death at the moment when it happened ; and to prevent her from hearing it suddenly, avoided the too particular inquiries of the Duchess of Devonshire by saying that she had that day "seen her sister out of bed," when in fact she had seen her in her coffin !

* Published Letters, p. 330.

Yet this daughter she tenderly loved, and she had possessed her entire confidence and friendship. A letter from her to her mother during Lord Tavistock's absence in Italy, shows, that while Lady Russell's children were much attached to each other, they all equally placed their confidence in her. Lady Roos had fancied, by a letter from her brother at Rome, that he was likely to get into some difficulty or quarrel, about a lady of the society in which he was living there. She immediately communicates her fears to her mother; although, as she says, her brother "used to laugh at my foreseeing dangers where there were none, and I hope this is the case now, which your Ladyship will be the best able to judge of; so that though he charged me to tell nobody what he writ, and I am sure I should most heartily fear angering him, yet I cannot forbear naming it to your Ladyship, and hope for that, he would not blame me if he knew it."*

Whether Lady Russell thought it necessary to take any notice of this warning we know not; but the fears of his anxious sister either prevented the evil, or were superfluous, for nothing ensued from the circumstances to which she alluded.

Within a very few months after the death of Lady Russell's daughter, the Duke of Rutland determined on marrying again. The respect and affection with which Lady Russell inspired every one connected with her, made her son-in-law, the Duke of Rutland, feel considerable uneasiness in

* Devonshire MSS.

communicating to her this intention, lest, as she says, she should "take offence at some circumstances, the censorious part of the town will be sure to do, and refine upon for the sake of talk." But finding that he had "first taken care to be truly informed what powers he had to do for his children, and then by the strictest rules of justice and impartial kindness, settled every younger child's portion by adding to it * * * and that he was under all the anxieties a man could feel, how to break it to me ; though it was then but a thought of his own, yet so much he would not conceal from me. Mr. Charlton undertook to tell me, and I did as soon resolve to let it pass as easy between him and me as I could, by bidding Mr. Charlton let him know I would begin to him. I did so, which put us both in some disorder, but I believe he took, as I meant it, kindly."*

To be thus indulgent to the wishes, the feelings, the passions of others, while so strict in the government of her own, is a part of Lady Russell's character, which may serve as a model to thousands of her sex, not placed in circumstances to copy her in other excellences.

She was now arrived at a very advanced age, and had no longer any immediate duties to call forth the energies, or to animate the feelings of her mind. Yet we find her still maintaining a commerce of active friendship with her old friends, and an interest in the affairs of the world, by her constant and affectionate intercourse with her daughter, her grand-children, and her nieces. With their success,

* Published Letters, p. 333.

their sorrows and their happiness, she was still occupied; she was still applied to in moments of difficulty by all who might pretend to her interference, and her services still gratefully acknowledged by those who had recourse to them.

On a separation, for incompatibility of temper, about to take place between her niece Lady Elizabeth Noel and Mr. Norton, to whom she was married, Lady Russell was addressed by the husband to settle the terms on which they were to part. This she does in a letter remarkable for the considerate and feeling manner in which she treats the subject, such as to call forth Mr. Norton's warmest acknowledgments. He desires to conclude his letter of thanks for her interference "with the pleasing repetition of the obligations I shall publicly own while I have breath."

Thus deservedly enjoying the respect and honour due to the experience and the wisdom of length of days, she kept her mind free from its prejudices, peculiarities, and selfishness, by still maintaining over her feelings the same rigorous self-examination to which she had ever accustomed herself.

In an unfinished paper, the writing of which denotes the trembling hand of extreme old age, and the contents of which seem notes intended to have been thrown more directly into the form of prayer; she takes a sort of review of her life in a supplication to Heaven for pardon on the transgressions she recapitulates.* They are such as prove her inquisi-

* Dev. MSS. The manuscript is a fragment,—a mere rough draft, with so many erasures, and so many words repeated, and omitted, as to have made the transcription difficult, and the meaning sometimes obscure.

tion to have been ever directed, not to the forms, but to the feelings of Christian piety ; not to outward appearances, but to the inward heart and disposition. "Christianity," she thought, "not distinguished by outward fashions, or by the professing a body of notions differing from others in the world, but by the renewing of our minds by peaceableness, charity, and heavenly love.*

The balance between the world's opinion and her character, she knew had been long struck, and was greatly in her favour ; but that between her own conscience and Heaven, she here enters into with a scrupulous exactness which may assure us, that she had not weightier matters to bring forward in the account.

"Vanity cleaves to me, I fear, O Lord ! in all I say, in all I do. In all I suffer, proud, not enduring to slights or neglects, subject to envy the good parts of others, even as to worldly gifts. Failing in my duty to my superiors : apt to be soon angry with, and without cause too often ; and by it may have grieved those that desired to please me, or provoked others to sin by my rash anger. Not ready to own any advantage I may have received by good advice or example. Not well satisfied if I have not all the respect I expected, even from my superiors. Such has been the pride of my naughty heart, I fear, and also neglect in my performances due to my superiors, children, friends, or servants—I heartily lament my sin. But, alas ! in my most dear husband's trouble, seeking help from man, but finding

* Devonshire MSS.

none. His life was taken away, and so sorely was my spirit wounded, even without prospect of future comfort or consolation—the more faulty in me having three dear children to perform my duty to, with thankfulness for such a blessing left me, under so heavy a dispensation as I felt the loss of him to be. But, alas! how feeble did I find myself both then, and also poorly prepared to bear the loss of my dear child and only son, in 1711.

“If I carry my sorrow to the grave, O Lord, in much mercy let it not be imputed as sin in me! His death was a piercing sorrow to me, yet thou hast supported me, Lord! even in a very old age, and freer from bodily pains and sickness than most feel—I desire thankfully to recollect.

“Alas! from my childhood I can recollect a backwardness to pray, and coldness when I did, and ready to take or seek cause to be absent at the public ones. Even after a sharp sickness and danger at Chelsea, spending my time childishly, if not idly; and if I had read a few lines in a pious book, contented I had done well. Yet, at the same time, ready to give ear to reports, and possibly malicious ones, and telling my mother-in-law, to please her. At seventeen years of age was married; continued too often being absent at the public prayers, taking very slight causes to be so, liking too well the esteemed diversions of the town, as the Park, visiting, plays, &c., trifling away my precious time. At our return to London, I can recollect that I would choose upon a Sunday to go to church at Lord B’s, where the sermon would be short, a great dinner, and after, worldly talk; when at my father’s, the sermon longer, and discourse more

edifying. And too much after the same way, I much fear, at my several returns to Wales and England. In the year 1665, was brought to bed of my first child; with him too indulging I fear to get strength soon, and spend my time as before, much with my loved sisters; I doubt not heedful, or not enough so, my servants went to church, if I did, or did not go myself.

“Some time after in London, and then with my father’s wife at Tunbridge; and after with her at Bath, gave too much of my time to carelessly indulging in idleness. At Bath too well contented to follow the common way of passing the time in diversion, and thinking but little what was serious: considering more health of body than that of my soul. Forgive my heaviness and sloth in spirituals, for Christ Jesus’ sake.

“After this, I must still accuse myself that sometimes in Wales, and other times in England, my care in good has not suited to my duty, not with the active and devout heart and mind I should in the evening have praised thee, my God, for the mercies of the past day, and recollected my evil doings or omissions of doing good in my power. Not in the morning carefully fixing my will and purpose to pass the day pleasing in thy sight, and giving good example to man, particularly such as under my care; more especially after my second marriage, forgetting by whose blessing I was so happy, consuming too much time with him.”

The end wanting.

Lady Russell had attained the age of eighty-six before she was summoned to pay the debt of nature.

Of her last illness we know little. Her only remaining child, the Duchess of Devonshire, received at Chatsworth an account of her mother's seizure, and immediately returned to her in London. A letter from the Duchess of Devonshire's daughter, Lady Rachael Morgan,* to her brother, Lord James Cavendish, from Chatsworth, tells us—"The bad account we have received of grandmamma Russell, has put us into great disorder and hurry. Mamma has left us, and gone to London.

"I believe she has stopt the letters on the road, for none have come here to-day, so that we are still in suspense. The last post brought us so bad an account, that we have reason to fear the worst. I should be very glad that mamma should get to town time enough to see her, because it might be some satisfaction to both, and I hear grandmamma asked for her."†

This letter is dated the 26th September, and Lady Russell expired on the 29th.‡ Her death, therefore, was not according to the Euthanasia of the Poet,—"instant, and without a groan;" but it was certainly not preceded by long sufferings: and if ever any mortal, in dying, might hope to

"Wake to rapture in a life to come,"

it was the pure spirit, warm heart, and tried virtues of Lady Russell.

May the writer of the foregoing pages be allowed

* Lady Rachael Cavendish, married to Sir William Morgan, of Tredgar, in Monmouthshire.

† Dev. MSS.

‡ In *The Weekly Journal, or Saturday's Post*, September

to hope, while fast sinking to the grave that must shortly close on an insignificant existence—may she be allowed to hope, *that* existence rescued from the imputation of perfect inutility, by having thus endeavoured to develope and hold up to the admiration of her countrywomen, so bright an example of female excellence as the character of Lady Russell? A character whose celebrity was purchased by the sacrifice of no feminine virtue, and whose principles, conduct, and sentiments, equally well adapted to every condition of her sex, will in all be found the surest guides to peace, honour, and happiness.

28th, 1723, a newspaper of the day, it is mentioned, that, "The Lady Russell, widow of the Lord William Russell that was beheaded, continues dangerously ill." In another *Weekly Journal, or British Gazetteer*, October 5th, 1723, her death is thus recorded: "The Right Honourable the Lady Russell, relict of Lord William Russell, died on Sunday morning last, at five o'clock, at Southampton House, aged eighty-six, and her corpse is to be carried to Chenies, in Buckinghamshire, to be interred with that of her Lord." *The London Journal* of the following week, Saturday October 12th, 1723, mentions, that "On Tuesday morning last the corpse of the Lady Russell was carried from her house in Bloomsbury-square, to its interment at Chenies, in Buckinghamshire." This is all the notice taken of Lady Russell's death, by the newspapers of the day. In these more inquisitive times, every particular of the illness, death, interment, and testamentary dispositions of so distinguished a person, would have been detailed in a dozen daily papers, and repeated and amplified in as many magazines and monthly publications. In the present instance it is to be regretted that their scanty information is not supplied by any letters or family remembrances.

LADY RUSSELL
AND
MADAME DE SÉVIGNÉ

CONSIDERED AS CONTEMPORARIES.

IN the fancied niches of the Temple of Fame, which it is delightful to assign to past merit, Lady Russell and Madame de Sévigné may surely be placed at the head of female excellence in their respective countries; and the entirely separate character of their minds, their modes of thinking, their opinions, and their habits of life, may perhaps be found, not unfairly, to represent the appropriate and distinguishing excellencies of the two nations to which they belong.*

* It is hardly necessary to observe, that neither comparison nor contrast is here intended between the accomplishments of the two persons in question, still less between their epistolary talents. The mutual excellence of their moral characters and conduct, in very dissimilar circumstances, alone suggested this attempt to recall these illustrious contemporaries in each other's company, to the particular attention of the present generation.

Both nobly born, and nearly contemporaries,* Lady Russell, at a time when the serious discussion of the subjects of religion and government in England became so general as to interest and occupy all orders of people, received her first impressions of both from a father, whose virtues and whose conduct must have deeply engraven those impressions on her intelligent mind.

Madame de Sévigné, born while France, under the strong arm of Richelieu, was settling into the quiet of arbitrary power, and making rapid advances in all the refinements, pleasures, and expenses which its policy encourages, received an education, rare for the time of day as to the cultivation of her talents, but so strongly tinctured with the peculiarities of the soil on matters of religion and government, that her naturally good abilities could never totally eradicate them, and her diffidence in her own opinion often made her strive to perpetuate.

Lady Russell, united in the meridian of life to the husband of her choice, whose character, whose virtues, and whose attachment to her, excited and perfected every faculty both of her heart and of her understanding, with whom she thought as with a friend, and felt as with a lover, was called forth from that domestic life, which, during twelve happy years, had fostered her virtues, strengthened her affections, and matured her abilities, to the high destiny of aiding and supporting the man she loved in a mortal danger, of submitting to the glorious sacrifice of his

* Madame de Sévigné was born in 1626, and died at the age of seventy, in 1696. Lady Russell was born in 1636, and died at the age of eighty-six, in 1723.

life to his honour and his principles, of bringing peace and composure to his dying moments; and, last and severest of trials, to the melancholy duty of surviving him, to embalm his memory, to weep his loss, and to protect his children.

Madame de Sévigné, early married, and early deprived of a husband, the choice of her family, and of a character not likely to have called forth the inexhaustible capacity of her heart for every virtuous affection, sought and found, in her youthful widowhood, consolation and happiness in the rational enjoyment of the best society, in the cultivation of her mind, the affection of her friends, and above all, in her devoted attachment to her daughter. Thus becoming the ornament of the distinguished circle in which she lived, no less admired for the incomparable charm of her conversation, and of her correspondence, than loved for the warm affections of her heart, and respected for the blameless integrity of her life.

In the contemplation of Lady Russell's character, the lighter graces of society, however much they might have become her virtues and adorned her tenderly affectionate disposition, are lost in the great and imposing scenes in which we behold her; in the respect with which we find her considered and consulted in the most important affairs; in the confidential reverence with which she is looked up to by her children and her friends.

The result of these circumstances, of the severe virtues she had been called upon to exercise, and the severe trials to which those virtues had been exposed, was a mind deeply impressed with the truths of that religion which had taught her to "rejoice with trembling" during her felicity, and which she had found

“a tower of strength” to her in her adversity: that religion, which held out the only consolation she sought, in the assurance of rejoining the Being she never ceased to weep, and regaining the happiness she had too justly appreciated, and too truly enjoyed, to seek otherwise to replace. Neglecting no duty from her sorrows, assuming no merit from her sufferings, nor any importance from the high consideration in which she was held.

Madame de Sévigné, brought up in the strictest doctrines of the religion of her country, and belonging to a family which had been distinguished for its austere piety, we find, in the innocent openness of her heart, reluctantly admitting some doctrines which she had in vain endeavoured to impose on her excellent understanding; and while in the exercise of every Christian virtue, and the practice of every moral precept, reproaching herself with not being able to attain a state of mind, which, however desirable, she cannot always persuade herself to persist in as necessary: satisfied with that implicit belief and trust in the mercy of an Almighty Being, worthy of her pure, tender, and confiding character.

To Lady Russell, religion was the support of her sorrows: to Madame de Sévigné, the confirmation of her enjoyments. Both equally under its benign influence, uniting to superior intellect, the greatest tenderness of heart, and the most unsullied purity of conduct.

In Madame de Sévigné, adorned by every charm of wit, taste, social accomplishment, and all the fascinating graces of her sex, which may be said peculiarly to distinguish her countrywomen.

In Lady Russell, accompanied by the character of a heroine, united to the conduct of a saint.

The existence of such characters allows the weaker sex to assume a rank in the scale of intellectual being, which may satisfy the most ambitious mind, excite to the most virtuous exertions, and compensate for the most painful sufferings.

THE
FASHIONABLE FRIENDS,
A COMEDY.

En Five Acts.

AS PERFORMED AT THE THEATRE ROYAL DRURY-LANE,
IN MAY 1802.

P R E F A C E.

THIS Comedy was acted for three nights in May 1802, and then withdrawn. In addition to its inherent defects of wanting the bustle and intricacies of a popular plot, and all the exaggerations of character which such plots often make necessary, it was believed at the time, to be the production of some one of a certain Pic-nic Club then existing, much addicted to theatrical amusements, to which the *pit-filling* public (ignorant of its harmless dulness) had endowed with a supposed power of propagating loose principles, and profligate wit. This piece, therefore, emanating, as they believed, from such a focus of evil, they indignantly determined to stifle in its birth, and came to the first night determined to damn, without hearing it.

The real author, living in the midst of the world described in the Comedy, was particularly anxious to avoid all suspicion of authorship; so that the piece, being entirely unprotected by its natural friends, and attacked by prejudiced enemies, must have possessed much greater merit than it can boast, to have secured such a fair hearing, as might have *fairly* condemned it.

The abuse which the Newspapers of the day lavished upon it, made the advertisement which is here prefixed to it, necessary at its first publication.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS Comedy, found among the papers of the late EARL OF ORFORD, and remaining unclaimed in the hands of his Executors for five years, was brought forward at the request of MR. KEMBLE, on the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. After the extraordinary abuse that has been lavished upon it, the Executors considered it as a duty to the unknown Author to publish it.

Dramatis Personæ.

<i>Sir Valentine Vapour</i>	.	Mr. KING.
<i>Sir Dudley Dorimant</i>	.	Mr. C. KEMBLE.
<i>Mr. Lovell</i>	. . .	Mr. BARRYMORE.
<i>Doctor Syrop</i>	. . .	Mr. SUETT.
<i>Music Master</i>	. . .	Mr. MADDOCKS.
<i>Shopman</i>	. . .	Mr. EVANS.
<i>Lapierre</i>	. . .	Mr. WEWITZER.
<i>John</i>	. . .	Mr. CHIPPENDALE.
<i>Servants</i>	. . .	{ Messrs. GIBBONS, FISHER and WEBB.
<i>Lady Selina Vapour</i>	. .	Miss DE CAMP.
<i>Mrs. Lovell</i>	. .	Mrs. YOUNG.
<i>Mrs. Rucket</i>	. .	Miss POPE.
<i>Miss Racket</i>	. .	Mrs. JORDAN.
<i>Trimming</i>	. .	Mrs. HARLOWE.
<i>Lappet</i>	. .	Miss TIDSWELL.

PROLOGUE,

WRITTEN BY WILLIAM ROBERT SPENCER, ESQ.

SPOKEN BY MR. C. KEMBLE.

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HARD is the chase poor authors now pursue  
In this *old* world, to hunt out something *new* !  
Where can the modern poet turn to find  
One undiscover'd treasure of the mind,  
One drop untasted yet in Learning's spring,  
Or one unwearied plume in Fancy's wing ?  
Our grandsire bards, with prodigal expense,  
Squander'd the funds of genius, wit, and sense ;  
Annuitants of fame, they took no care  
How ill their beggar'd successors might fare :  
Each thought exhausted, all invention drain'd,  
A selfish immortality they gain'd,  
And left no spot in all Apollo's garden,  
No farm in all Parnassus worth a farthing !  
Some keen observers, on dame Nature's face,  
The crow-foot marks of time and sickness trace ;  
No wonder, then, if our poetic sires  
Felt for her youthful bloom more genuine fires ;  
Nature to *them* her virgin smiles display'd,  
*They* woo'd a spotless, *we* a ruin'd maid !  
For she was won, if chronicles speak truth,  
By many a Grecian, many a Roman youth ;  
But still the lovely libertine retain'd  
Charms yet unview'd, and favours yet ungain'd,  
For one immortal boy ! to *him* alone,  
Her beauties and her failings *all* were shewn.  
Heedless of *time*, or *place*, or *mode*, or *fashion*,  
*Disorderly* she own'd her glorious passion.  
What time all rules of critic prudery brav'd,  
In Avon's hallow'd stream her angel form she lav'd !  
Her fading graces *now* less transport move,  
We feel for Nature artificial love,  
Though, for her age, the dame looks passing well,  
Six thousand years hard living still must tell !  
E'en for the satirist few themes remain,  
Folly herself has long been in the wane,  
Folly, though here immortal still she dwells,  
In *Strulbrug* palsy shakes her rusted bells !  
Is Folly then so old ?—Why, let me see,  
About what time of life may Folly be  
Oh, she was born, by nicest calculation,  
One moment after woman's first creation !

This night our *unknown* author will produce  
Old subjects moderniz'd for present use ;  
If you're displeas'd, be cautious how you shew it,  
Perhaps your nearest neighbour is the poet ;  
But if you're pleas'd and anxious to befriend us,  
Like FASHIONABLE FRIENDS, in crowds attend us.



# THE FASHIONABLE FRIENDS.

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## A C T I.

### SCENE I.

*A Drawing-room in Mr. Lovell's House.*

JOHN and LAPPET.

John, *in the powdering jacket of a valet-de-chambre, arranging the room*; Lappet *traverses the stage quickly*.

John.—Mrs. Lappet, Mrs. Lappet, where the devil are you running so fast?—There's no such thing as getting a word with you.

Lap.—To order the coach. Here's my Lady Selina Vapour's Swiss, Mr. Lapierre, *currier*, as they call him, just arrived; he says his mistress will be at the hotel in Pall Mall by this time. My lady is going there directly to meet her; and you know it is as much as my place is worth to make any delay. I have often waked my lady with notes from her at four o'clock in the morning, even when she lived in the next street.

John.—Ay, and when I was my Lady's footman, I have often been waked at four o'clock to carry the answers; but my master's service is another guess sort of a thing. He, thank God, has no bosom friends to whom he writes every two hours; and my place is now, upon the whole, as much that of a single gentleman's as in any family in London.

Lap.—More shame for ye both: if you had any *idear* of sentimental happiness and refined enjoyments, as my Lady calls them, you would not lead the lives you do. Always running down to Newmarket—generally in town when we are in the country, and in the country when we are in town.

John.—As to that, we take no more liberty than we give



you: you amuse yourselves as you please, go where you please, when you please—we are neither jealous nor inquisitive.

*Lap.*—I don't know how my lady contrives to put up with such indifference. I am sure it so hurts my tender feelings, that, if I was she, I would be revenged one way or other, that's what I would.

*John.*—Oh! you would, would ye? You are upon your high horse, now that you have got back that lace-coated jack-anapes Lapierre. I thought we were fairly rid of him, a month ago.

*Lap.*—Speak with more respect of your betters, Mr. John.

*John.*—Better, indeed!

*Lap.*—Mounseer Lapierre is a very pretty sort of a man; has travelled, understands the fine arts, and has a thousand delicate attentions for the fair sect, of which some people have no *idear*.

*John.*—Fine arts! yes, he had the fine art of making you believe he was in love with you; and the delicate attention of coming every day about dinner-time to the steward's room, pretending to teach you *parlez-vous*; and I fancy, thought himself well paid with a slice of good English roast beef.

*Lap.*—He is far above such mean, sensual considerations: society is what he seeks. He tells me he only travels for two or three years to see the world, and acquire taste, and then means to retire to his family estate.

*John.*—Which I suppose is a powder-puff and a pair of curling-irons.

*Lap.*—We all know why *you* speak so slightly of him, Mr. John! But, I tell you, he travels under a feigned name, for his father is a *Marqui*, and has a castle in his own country.

*John.*—A castle! ay, a castle in the air. The sign of the Castle, I suppose, where his father, the *Marqui*, may be tapster, or boots.

*Enter Mrs. Lovell, with a Note in her hand.*

*Mrs. Lov.*—Have you ordered the carriage? Give this note to Lapierre, and say I shall be at the hotel in a few minutes. [*Exeunt John and Lappet.*] What can have brought her thus suddenly to town, when but just settled in the country—suddenly too going abroad again? She talks of the duties of friendship tearing her away from her family, and again agitating her too susceptible heart. I cannot rest till I see her.



*Enter Sir DUDLEY DORIMANT.*

*Sir D.*—So soon breakfasted, Ma'am? I thought minds like Mrs. Lovell's, unagitated by passion, and awake only to the soothing sentiments of friendship and duty, were apt to enjoy all that repose of which they so often rob others.

*Mrs. Lov.*—If I rob others, like all ill-gotten possessions, it profits me nothing, for nobody enjoys so little of it as myself. But I have something to talk of more interesting than *my* repose. Do you know our dear Selina is coming to town again?

*Sir D.*—Coming to town again!

*Mrs. Lov.*—That her servant is arrived, that she herself will be here in a quarter of an hour, and that I am flying to the hotel to meet her? Does no sympathy tell you that she is near, and don't you anticipate the charm of seeing her thus unexpectedly?

*Sir D.*—Judge of my feelings by your own; for be assured nothing can so much interest *you*, without affecting me very nearly.

*Mrs. Lov.*—I used to be more satisfied with your sentiments; I used to suppose you capable of the warmest attachment, and worthy of all the refined and delicate sentiments of our friend.

*Sir D.*—Be assured I am more capable than ever of the warmest attachment, more open to all the refinements of sentiment, more—

*Enter Mr. LOVELL.*

*Mr. Lov.*—I beg pardon, Ma'am, for entering thus abruptly and thus early into your apartment; but I was going out to call upon the Knight here, when I found his curricule at the door, and was told he was with you.

*Mrs. Lov.*—And I should have thought, Sir, that when you knew I was receiving other visitors, an apology from *you* was hardly necessary.

*Mr. Lov.*—It is then generally that the visits of a husband require the most apology.

*Mrs. Lov.*—Yours are so rare, that they are sure at least of the recommendation of novelty; but to shew you that my discretion is not less than yours, as your business is with Sir Dudley, I leave you. I might be an interruption. [*Exit.*]

*Manent Sir DUDLEY and Mr. LOVELL.*

*Sir D.*—A more polite couple, it must be confessed, does not exist in the parish of St. George's.



*Mr. Lov.*—Yes, I think we are now upon a perfectly good footing; we live each in our own apartment, *à la françoise*; and when she comes to my dinners, or I go to her assemblies, we are asked with almost as much form as any of the other guests.

*Sir D.*—This is the true plan to keep up a good understanding between man and wife, and neither to be cloyed with the sweets, nor tired with the enjoyment of a matrimonial life.

*Mr. Lov.*—I cannot say I have experienced *that* good effect from it; for, by Heaven, I am as tired of the life I lead as if we had been passing the last twelve months like Sir Charles and Lady Constant, airing out every morning in the same carriage, and sitting in the same box at the opera every night.

*Sir D.*—The world, however, gives you credit for a gayer life. Your attentions to Lady Selina Vapour, before she left town, began to be remarked, and to do you credit—for a man might almost as well live *bourgeoisement* with his own wife, as not be known to have a fashionable arrangement with some other woman.

*Mr. Lov.*—Certainly: but with these women of fashion to *afficher* a passion one has *not*, is almost as difficult as to conceal a passion one *has*.

*Sir D.*—Not at all: the world is very indulgent, and soon satisfied upon this score. If a man contrives to return with a fashionable woman from her ride in a morning, lounges into her box at the opera, talks to her in the door-way of any assembly where they may happen to meet, he must be in devilish ill luck indeed if in a month's time they are not always invited to the same places, and, before the end of the winter, their names coupled together in a newspaper, by the help of some *kind* friend to one of the parties; and, believe me, some of the most fashionable intrigues of this town are carried on without a greater expense either of time or passion.

*Mr. Lov.*—I fancy all Lady Selina's admirers must content themselves with this *economical* arrangement of both; for she is so hemmed in on every side with sentiment, delicacy, refinement, and all the farrago of female defence, that one might as well attempt any thing more serious with one's grandmother.

*Sir D.*—Will you *never* know more of women, than if you had only seen them gliding round Ranelagh? Still talking of impossible attempts. Has not even marriage cured you of respect for the sex?—Incorrigible Lovell!

*Mr. Lov.*—Marriage has cured me of nothing but respect for



my own wife ; and I should be confoundedly sorry to buy off that of any other individual of the sex, at the same price.

*Sir D.*—Luckily, you may have it at a much cheaper rate: only give any of them an opportunity to shew you how little they respect themselves, and the devil's in it, if you continue to respect them.

*Mr. Lov.*—Ay, but these women of sentiment, of superior feelings—

*Sir D.*—Only tell you, in as plain terms as decency will permit, that their desires are more troublesome, and their passions less under their control, than the rest of their sex. If you won't profit by the information, *tant pis pour vous*—they won't thank you for your self-denial.

*Mr. Lov.*—These opinions will at least preserve you from the ennui of matrimony yourself.

*Sir D.*—So far from it, that I trust I am at this instant in a fair way of becoming a husband ; and so impatient am I for the title, and all the privileges and immunities thereunto annexed, that if I find any further obstacles thrown in the way of my happiness, I think I shall prevail on my belle to treat the town with an elopement.

*Mr. Lov.*—And who, for Heaven's sake, is the transcendant nymph whose beauty has wrought such a miracle on thy libertine heart ?

*Sir D.*—Beauty ! even to my prejudiced eyes she has not the least pretensions to beauty.

*Mr. Lov.*—What then, do you suppose that you have found the Phoenix, the individual she, that unites in herself all the virtues that you deny to other women ?

*Sir D.*—If I think her beauty less than that of other women, I assure you I don't think her virtue greater. No, not even my prepossession can deceive me there.

*Mr. Lov.*—Heyday ! are you going then to sacrifice yourself to some love-sick damsel, who finds nothing but marriage will satisfy her longing ; and swears she cannot live without you ?

*Sir D.*—I am persuaded she is already as perfectly indifferent to me as if we had been married a twelvemonth.

*Mr. Lov.*—Then, why the devil can't you both imagine that you had ? It would cure you of all further desire, I assure you.

*Sir D.*—Marriage by no means presents itself to our eyes under the dismal form it seems to have assumed to yours : to me it appears the means of prosecuting my pleasures at greater expense ; to her, a more brilliant existence in society,



an establishment, and all the liberties belonging to it. You drew the knot so tight, that it soon galled you: ours will be from the first a running noose, which we shall neither of us ever feel.

*Mr. Lov.*—I am all impatience for the name of the fortunate damsel destined to such rare happiness.

*Sir D.*—That fortunate damsel is no other than the accomplished Miss Racket, who, with a happy natural disposition, the help of her mother, a French governess, and a variety of the first masters, is as ignorant and as affected, with the seeds of as much mischief in her, as any *accomplished* young lady in London.

*Mr. Lov.*—And what can have determined you upon acquiring the exclusive property of *accomplishments*, which you seem to appreciate so justly?

*Sir D.*—Being determined upon acquiring the exclusive property of three thousand a year, and a considerable sum of ready money, both of which I appreciate no less justly than their possessor—but, alas! the very pains I took to win these longed for charms, turn against myself, and are a dangerous obstacle in my way.

*Mr. Lov.*—What, is the girl a coquette already?

*Sir D.*—No, but the mother is so still. The attention that I paid her last summer at Weymouth, where we met, by way of securing the daughter, she placed all to her own account, and is now so confoundedly jealous, that she would rather give her daughter to the devil, than not punish me for my supposed passion for such a baby face, and neglect of her maturer charms.

*Mr. Lov.*—So that you have fairly overshot your mark?

*Sir D.*—Not so either, I hope; for the daughter, who is a fine forward girl, by the assistance of my hints begins to understand my situation with her mother; so that if she talks of interfering with any authority to prevent the girl making an imprudent marriage (which is the footing on which she chooses to ground her opposition), I think I shall have no difficulty in persuading the young lady, by one bold step, to free herself from all authority—

*Mr. Lov.*—But your own.

*Sir D.*—Yes; but I am by no means desirous of coming to these extremities. Her guardian happens to be Sir Valentine Vapour, your uncle, whom, I think, with a little good management, I shall make as anxious to give me his ward as I can be to have her.



*Mr. Lov.*—But, pray, how do you feel so certain of bringing Sir Valentine into your wishes? I thought that, in your short acquaintance with him at my house last year, the little interest that you took in all the various schemes, projects, and systems, that eternally occupy his head, had by no means advanced you in his good graces.

*Sir D.*—Ay, but here *you* must help me, Lovell: you must describe me as an altered man, giving up all my time to plans of improvement, to canals, or mills, or drains, or any other scheme that you may happen to discover reigns uppermost in his head.

*Mr. Lov.*—And some one it is certain always does, and completely occupies it as ever woman did yours or mine. I have known him thus, by turns, have the four elements for mistresses: for a long time he was totally engrossed by the wonderful properties of air; it was the *pabulum vitæ*, the universal aliment: we none of us knew its powers and virtues; he would not have come near a great city for the world, it was poisoned for ten miles round; he actually proposed to Government a plan for purifying and ameliorating the atmosphere of London, to be done by a parish rate.

*Sir D.*—Like the paving and lighting?

*Mr. Lov.*—Ay; and he assured me he had composed a pure, rectified, and double distilled spirit of air, which nobody but himself and two mice had ever had the luxury of breathing, and of which he thought he should make a fortune, by selling it at half a guinea a quart, to weak lungs, crazy constitutions, and fanciful women.

*Sir D.*—Many a less efficacious nostrum has, I believe, enriched the proprietor.

*Mr. Lov.*—Last year everything was to be done by fire, and he spent the Lord knows what in steam engines, which were to make ships sail, and carriages move, without either danger or trouble.\* This violent passion for fire was suddenly quenched by a decided preference to water, as a general means of abridging all labour; and he had almost turned the lawn round his house into a morass, by the water he had collected for experiments.

*Sir D.*—Well, remember to make me an adorer either of fire, water, or air, whichever happens to be the reigning divinity.

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\* Within thirty years after this was written both these objects were accomplished.



*Mr. Lov.*—You may depend upon my good word; I shall see him this morning, and will do what I can for you; thought upon my soul, I shall regret being instrumental in shackling such an agreeable fellow as you with matrimony, and seeing you change and melt down into a good sort of *family man*.

*Sir D.*—Brand me with that title, when you know one woman I have a mind to, that resists me, or one believing husband that escapes the fate he deserves. [Exit.

*Mr. Lov. (solus).*—There's a fellow! to whom I seem to have been tacked all my life, merely to serve as his foil. At Eton I often made the exercise which got him the reputation of the better scholar; and in every dashing scrape, he so got in, and so got out, that he had always the honour and I the thrashing. Abroad, I never introduced him to a mistress with whom he did not contrive to be much better amused than ever I was myself; and now he is going to marry a girl he don't care a curse for, of whom he will never be half so tired as I am of a woman I thought I loved—and this very woman, whose company, I know not why, has ceased to charm me, he finds so very agreeable, that if I was disposed to be jealous—but, hang it, she don't rouse me to that. What the devil is it that thus sets one man over the head of another?—I have a better estate than he, and a better constitution. I have spent more money, done more foolish things, kept more horses, and more women—if all this won't distinguish a man, give him some *éclat*, I don't know what will; and yet he shines a star of the first magnitude, while I am hardly noticed in the hemisphere of fashion. [Exit.

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.

*An apartment in the Hotel in Pall Mall.*

*Enter Lady SELINA VAPOUR, and Mrs. LOVELL, arm-in-arm*

*Mrs. Lovell.*—The charm of seeing you thus unexpectedly—

*Lady S.*—Can only be guessed by those who, formed to pass their lives together, have *suffered* separation for a long month!

*Enter SERVANT.*

*Ser.*—When would you please to have your carriage, Ma'am?

*Mrs. Lov.*—I cannot separate myself from you: tell me,



when you will be ready to return home with me?—You must positively take up your abode with me, or I shall live at the hotel.

*Lady S. (Aside).*—Neither would exactly suit me. I must not stir to-day; my nerves are in such a state as to require the most perfect quiet. Laudanum and a sofa (you know) have long been the only props of my frail existence, and they hold a most unequal struggle with the extreme delicacy of my feelings.

*Mrs. Lov.*—Shall I say twelve o'clock?

*Lady S.*—I cannot bear to hear you name an hour for quitting me.—Make your carriage wait.

*Mrs. Lov.*—Ay, desire the coachman to wait.

*Ser. (Aside).*—To wait in the rain from this time to midnight. [*Exit.*

*Mrs. Lov.*—Now the first surprise of seeing you is over, I am all impatience to know what has brought you so unexpectedly to town, and what duties your letter mentions which must tear you away immediately from your friends, your children, and your country.

*Lady S.*—The duties of friendship, my dear Louisa; no other power, you may be sure, could draw me from that retirement for which my too susceptible heart is only fit.

*Mrs. Lov.*—You talked of it, indeed, in such raptures, that you know I intended to have joined you as soon as possible.—Where are the moonlight walks, and the strolls in mossy woods, that we were to have had together?

*Lady S.*—All over for the present. I last post received a letter from Naples, telling me that my friend the Duchess of Castelaria had a dreadful *infreddatura*, a violent cold, that her confessor, Padre Cacciascrupoli assures her, she is in a very dangerous way, and that she is extremely desirous to see me. I did not hesitate a moment, took a hasty leave of my family, left my children to the care of their governess, and flew up here in my way to Naples.

*Mrs. Lov.*—But, my dear creature, an't you afraid that your friend may be no more before you can possibly arrive?

*Lady S.*—These are the cold dictates of reason, of which a friendship like mine knows nothing. So my father-in-law Sir Valentine said; and I was obliged to prevail upon him to let me set off by bringing him to town with me, upon some of his wild projects, I suppose.

*Mrs. Lov.*—Would to Heaven I were thus at liberty to



follow every dictate of my heart!—But the being to whom fate has united me, seems to have lost all idea of the attentions, of the duties of minds of a superior order. Would you believe it, he was out of all patience at my sending an express after you, with my picture, the night you left me?

*Lady S.*—Abominable! when he knew that I had sent to the painter's for it every two hours of the day before I left town, and was in despair at going without it!

*Mrs. Lov.*—But, in short, we are become such totally different beings—no sympathy in our ideas—no similarity in our tastes—no attraction in our souls—

*Lady S.*—And yet he loves you, surely? (*Aside.*) I fear too well.

*Mrs. Lov.*—He *did*, in his own gross way: he admired my person, liked my society, and wished to be always with me: this I soon convinced him must not be, and would make us both ridiculous among the people we lived with; but I could never get him to enter into my ideas on other subjects—and he is now grown so careless to me, that if it were not for opposing me in trifles, I should almost forget what we once were to one another, and might certainly enjoy a degree of freedom that I should hardly know what to do with.

*Lady S.*—How many of our sex would envy such a situation!

*Mrs. Lov.*—And yet, like most envied situations, the person placed in it would willingly exchange it. Heigh ho!—that we should seldom meet in public, and never go out together, this is all as I could wish; but his neglect is now so marked, so known, so provoking:—even his friend, Sir Dudley Dorimant, is every day observing fresh instances of it.

*Lady S.* (*Aside.*)—Obliging creature!

*Mrs. Lov.*—Though indeed he always endeavours to make the best of Lovell's conduct; and vows he would never mention it to me, but for the interest he takes in our happiness. Sir Dudley is surely a man of exquisite feeling; he is so open to the charm of friendship—enters so much into our ideas upon the subject; but this morning he was with me, and seemed quite affected at the idea of your return.

*Lady S.* (*Aside.*)—That I dare say. His sentiments indeed, are more refined than those of most of his sex; but they have none of them any idea of the delicacy, the disinterestedness of female friendship; and to friendship I have resolved to dedicate my future life.



*Enter SERVANT announcing Sir DUDLEY DORIMANT.*

*Mrs Lov.*—You come, Sir, just in time to plead the cause of your sex. Lady Selina here involves you all in one general charge of indifference, selfishness, and want of delicacy, which if your sentiments and conduct don't refute, I fear it is a lost cause, for I am more than half of her opinion.

*Sir D.*—However little faith Lady Selina may herself have in the virtues of our sex, I hope she don't succeed in making proselytes. Freedom of opinion is allowed on all subjects in this land of liberty ; but if she makes a profession of faith, she must be publicly refuted, and the danger of her doctrines exposed.

*Lady S.*—How like a pedant he talks!—You have certainly got into bad company since I left town, and been living with the Blue Stockings.

*Sir D.*—No, faith, there is no danger of that till I see them worn by younger and handsomer legs.

*Mrs. Lov.*—For shame, Sir Dudley ! Is not your friend Mrs. Atall one of them ? Don't I see you for ever at her parties ?

*Sir D.*—I am sorry, Madam, you have never discovered the only reason that ever leads me within her doors.

*Lady S.*—What, is that the woman who argues all her acquaintance out of their senses because Lord Spintext tells her she has a logical head ?

*Sir D.*—Yes ; and who, while she is ruining her husband's fortune, proves to him by syllogisms, that she is the most economical wife in London.

*Enter SERVANT ; gives a Note to Mrs. LOVELL.*

*Ser.*—Ma'am, a note from Lady Wear'em ; she begs to see you instantly in Upper Harley Street. Her servant has been twice at your house, and was ordered not to return till he had found you.

*Mrs. Lov.*—Lord, how provoking ! when I had intended spending the whole day with my dear Selina, this tiresome woman sending for me to the world's end !

*Sir D.*—Can't you send an excuse ?

*Mrs. Lov.*—Impossible : she would declare me without common humanity, quarrel with me directly, and abuse me to all my particular friends as the most hard-hearted of human beings.



*Lady S.*—But what can be this business that admits not of a moment's delay?

*Mrs. Lov.*—Oh, Lord! only tedious complaints of the ill-usage of her servants, the neglect of some friend, or the peevishness of her Lord—I dare swear.

*Sir D.*—And how can you throw away your time, your affections, your pity, upon such a being, when all the real sufferings, of which yourself are cause, you see with indifference, and will not bestow a moment to relieve?

*Mrs. Lov.*—I shall bestow as few moments as possible upon her; and it is ten to one, before I get to Harley Street, somebody else may have called, on whom she has already disem-bogued her griefs, and then she will no more wish to keep me, than I to stay. (*Going.*)

*Lady S.*—Adieu! I shall languish for your return.

(*Embracing her.*)

*Mrs. Lov.*—I know not how to tear myself away!—Adieu, adieu!  
[*Exit Mrs. Lovell.*]

*Manent Lady SELINA, and Sir DUDLEY.*

(*They remain for some moments without speaking.*)

*Lady S.*—I see how much your cold, calculating heart is discomposed at my return.

*Sir D.*—Fye, fye!—you know the power you still have over me, and the steadiness of my sentiments.

*Lady S.*—I know you steady to nothing but your own indulgence and interest;—their claims, indeed, are often determined by such caprice, and such trifles, that more rationally selfish people have sometimes thought you disinterested.

*Sir D.*—You know the power you still have over me, however ill treated:—the soft remembrance of former joys still attaches me to you. I am no shepherd, no Colin; but you know me to be a man of honour, and—

*Lady S.*—I know you to be what passes for one in the world, because you have contrived never to quarrel with the friend you have betrayed, nor the woman you have dishonoured.

*Sir D.*—And, faith, let me tell you, as the world goes, a very useful sort of honour,—à l'usage des deux sexes.

*Lady S.*—And it is this *useful* sort of honour, I fancy, that teaches you to dread my return; to dread that the importunity of neglected passion, or the quick eyes of unwearied attachment, should disturb your system of honourable tranquillity,



or derange some new connexion. But you have neither, be assured, to dread from me. I knew too well the lover, not to avoid the husband; and your own inconstancy has long invited that indifference it has at last produced.

*Sir D.*—For Heaven's sake! do more justice to your own charms, if not to my character. But I never knew you so sententious before. Do you think you are speaking to your sentimental friend Mrs. Lovell? By the bye, a very pretty woman, that same friend of yours.

*Lady S.*—So, Sir, I have long perceived, you think——

*Sir D.*—You know my adoration of beauty; I should consider myself as unworthy to have felt the power of your resistless charms, if I could behold, without emotion, a hardly less potent, perhaps less cruel divinity.

*Lady S.*—That you will not find her: with all her sentiment, her husband's indifference to her, and the many temptations of this town, she is at present such a novice to every thing like passion that she will start from it the instant it discovers itself.

*Sir D.*—But while her desires are raised under the convenient name of sentiment, by a kind friend, and baulked by an indifferent husband, do you suppose it to be so very difficult to substitute passion for sentiment, and the character of a lover under the title of a friend?

*Lady S.*—Such things, to be sure, have happened; but my friendship for her, my knowledge of all the sufferings to which she would be exposed, should make me the first person to warn her of her danger—to put her upon her guard. Her husband too, whose neglect and indifference she laments, seems to me a being that only wants forming to render him infinitely interesting.

*Sir D.*—So, Madam, I have long perceived, you think——

*Lady S.*—You know what a charm such natural characters have to me; they excite a regard, a pity, an affection, a sort of sentiment—

*Sir D.* (*Aside.*) How many different names for what she won't call by its own!

*Lady S.*—Necessary to occupy a heart like mine.

*Sir D.*—And necessary to occupy a heart like his, while he continues to think neglect of his wife as much a concomitant to the character of a man of the world, as I have taught him to think a fashionable arrangement with some other person; but should his wife persist in substituting nobody in his place, she



may some day or other (in spite of the ceremony that has passed between them) become his mistress, which would certainly make them a much less *interesting* couple to you and to me.

*Lady S.*—Oh, Lord! to be sure:—a couple completely happy in each other are much too independent of the world to interest any body.

*Sir D.*—Remember then, that, if his wife is your friend, I am his; and that my regard is as sincere, my friendship as disinterested, and my heart as much occupied as yours.

(*Sir Dudley remains on the stage.*)

*Enter SERVANT, announcing Doctor SYROP.*

*Lady S.*—Doctor, I have been in town these four hours, and dying to see you. I am arrived, with my nerves in such a state, that I positively cannot stir till you have wound me up.

*Dr. Sy.*—No, to be sure, I hope not. Half the fine women in London, after they have run themselves down, send to me to set them a-going again. Well, let me see, what key must I use? Laudanum?

*Lady S.*—Lord! you know I take it every day.

*Dr. Sy.*—Æther.

*Lady S.*—Ah, filthy! one never gets rid of the smell.

*Dr. Sy.*—Cordials?

*Lady S.*—Shocking! would you betray me into dram-drinking, like Lady Reeler?

*Dr. Sy.*—I protest, Madam, that your Ladyship's nerves are of so singularly fine a texture, that I have almost exhausted the whole materia medica upon them in vain.

*Lady S.*—So all the physicians I have ever consulted have always said. My case baffles their art. I never could explain my feelings: always obliged to prescribe for myself. Heavens! what a misfortune to be constituted so perfectly unlike the rest of the world! Poor Rousseau! he perfectly understood my feelings.

*Dr. Sy.*—Pray, Madam, was that Rousseau a physician, or an apothecary? He must have had prodigious practice in nervous cases, for I find almost all my patients have, one time or other, had dealings with him.

*Lady S.*—He was the physician of the soul! the Esculapius of all feeling minds!

*Dr. Sy.*—Ay, there again! Esculapius!—I dare say a mere quack in his time; knew nothing of nerves; and as for Doctor



Rousseau, he seems to me, always to have left his patients much worse than he found them.

(Sir DUDLEY comes forward ; SYROP bows very formally to him.)

*Dr. Sy.*—Sir, your most obedient humble servant.

*Sir. D.*—Oh! we are among friends, Syrop. I admire your prudence, but you may acknowledge me here.

*Dr. Sy.*—Absolutely necessary in my line of business, Sir Dudley, not to be the first to claim acquaintance—one never knows how matters may stand.

*Sir. D.*—A most estimable caution, which justifies all the confidence placed in you. We all know how highly you are in favour with the ladies.

*Dr. Sy.*—Oh, Lord! Sir Dudley, you banter me: they are, indeed, vastly good to me; but it is only in the way of my profession that my poor abilities can be of any use to them—only in the way of my profession.

*Sir. D.*—I know no way in which you can serve them more effectually.

*Dr. Sy.*—I do flatter myself, that I have been of great use in some extraordinary cases that have come under my care.

*Sir D.*—I don't in the least doubt your abilities, believe me, Doctor.

*Dr. Sy.*—Then I run great risks at times, great risks, to preserve family peace. Were it not for me, Lord and Lady Dovecott would never have been quoted as models of conjugal fidelity.

*Sir D.*—Indeed!

*Dr. Sy.*—And a certain young heir as much owes his title to me, as ever his ancestors did to the King.

*Sir D.*—You see how deservedly he merits his great reputation (to Lady Selina). But I must not forget to imitate his discretion, by not intruding myself longer.

[Exit Sir Dudley.

Manent Lady SELINA and Doctor SYROP.

(Lady SELINA coughs.)

*Dr. Sy.*—Does that cough mean that your lungs are afflicted?

*Lady S.*—Oh! this climate is enough to affect any lungs—don't you think I should change it, Doctor?

*Dr. Sy.*—Oh Lord! no, by no means, Ma'am—must not lose so good a patient, if I can help it. (*Aside.*) We shall do very well without that. Let me see (*feels her pulse*); suppose



we were to stay a few weeks longer in town, just during the spring, and then take the waters at Tunbridge, or bathe in the sea at Brighton, or go to Cheltenham, or—

*Lady S.*—Nothing of this sort will do. In short, I feel that nothing can save me but returning to Naples; and I depend upon your declaring to my father-in-law, the absolute necessity of it.

*Dr. Sy.*—These sort of prescriptions are of a very peculiar nature, Ma'am; and—

*Lady S.*—You need not doubt my putting a just value upon them.

*Dr. Sy.*—Well, well, well, we must reconsider the case, and then I shall certainly make no scruple of giving a very decided opinion in favour of—. What is the situation you would choose?

*Lady S.*—Naples. You must assure him my life depends upon it.

*Dr. Sy.*—Upon going immediately, or some time hence?

*Lady S.*—Um!—not immediately.

*Dr. Sy.*—No, no, no, as soon as the weak state of your nerves will permit your moving with safety. What road do you mean to take?

*Lady S.*—Must that be specified?

*Dr. Sy.*—Certainly best—prevents all suspicion. When I sent Lady Duper away from her Lord, last year, to Spa, I specified almost every post; insisted upon her absolutely avoiding all inns facing the north-east, and mentioned the very street and house in which I wished her to lodge.

*Lady S.*—And did it succeed?

*Dr. Sy.*—In every respect; for she returned in perfect health, and produced a son and heir within the year. But I must be gone; am expected at three o'clock to a consultation upon the nerves of a Drysalter's lady in the Borough; shall soon dispatch her with a trip to Margate, and some tincture of valerian.

*Lady S.*—Don't let the hurry of your business prevent your seeing Sir Valentine.

*Dr. Sy.*—See him certainly to-day—settle the matter as you would have it—am so used to these cases! In the mean time, send you some composing draughts, something to quiet your nerves, support your spirits, and keep your mind quite easy.

[*Exit Syrop.*

*Lady S. (sola.)*—This necessity of going abroad once established, keeps me at least as long as I please in London, and



near Lovell at home. With any body more formed and more like other people than Lovell, my absence and return, and his regret, and pleasure, and importunity, and all that follows, would be understood. But, upon my life, with these delicately diffident people, one is obliged to speak most indelicately plain! for Lovell is really unlike any body one meets with now—a laudable desire to be talked of, and fashionable, and yet a thousand old prejudices hanging about him: too spirited not to be tired of his wife, and too silly not to have still a sort of prepossession:—a remains of attachment for her, which, I fear, I shall continue to find in my way. Now to contrive to see him before she returns from her visit, or else I am pinned down to her society for the whole evening; and really, I feel my nerves quite unequal to *sentiment* to-day. [Exit.

*A room in Mrs. Racket's house.*

MISS RACKET *with her Music Master: a music desk and a harp before her; she plays a few bars upon the harp ill, as if the end of a piece of music.*

Miss Rac.—I wish this harp had never come in fashion, for I hate the plague of it. Twing, twang, twing, from morning till night, and never in tune—nasty thing! if it was not so becoming, I would never touch it.

Music M.—It is, indeed, as you say, ver nasty ting, and ver becoming; but you have no patience. You have no learnt above five years yet.

Miss Rac.—And don't know five tunes yet, though you told mamma you would make me play in six months as well as Madame Krumplehorn, you know you did;—but come, you shall sing now, and I will accompany you.

Music M.—Wid all my heart, ver improving.

Miss Rac.—No. I will sing without any accompaniment at all.

Music M.—By all means—vat you please—noting so good for de voice.

Miss Rac.—(*Sings, without any accompaniment, part of a plaintive air.*)—Lord! I hate these melancholy ditties: let us have something gay—Tol de rol de rol.\* (*She sings a lively air.*)

*Enter TRIMMING.*

Trim.—Sir Dudley Dorimant, Miss. Shall I let your mamma know? Or shew him in here?

Miss Rac.—No, no; in here, to be sure. I can send him

\* This character was to have been acted by Mrs. Jordan.



(*pointing to the Music Master*) away as usual. (*Puts her hand to her head, as if taken suddenly ill.*)—Lord! I have got such a sudden pain in my head, I could not play another note to-day, for the world.

*Music M.* (*Taking up his hat and stick.*)—Oh! no, to be sure, it would be ver bad for you. Poor young lady! you are so subject to dese pains in your head! I come again to-morrow?

*Trim.*—Ay, ay, you may come, if you please; we can always send you away again, as we do to-day.

*Music M.*—Tant mieux, tant mieux, so much de better.

[*Exeunt Music Master and Trimming.*]

Miss RACKET *sola.*

Now, to receive this lover of mine. Lover, indeed! if it was not that mamma is angry at it, and jealous, it is no more like love—no distress, no fears, no quarrels, no letters!—Captain Sash, now, to my fancy, is fifty times a better lover; but then, for a husband, I think Sir Dudley would do very well, and so—every one in their way; but I won't be dawdled with much longer, I can tell him, like a beauty without a shilling. Egad, I'll be as indifferent as he, as try what that will do.

*Enter Sir DUDLEY DORIMANT.*

*Miss Rac.* (*Hums a tune.*)—So, I suppose, if it had not happened that mamma was denied, because she was busy with my guardian, you would have gone first to her, as usual.

*Sir D.*—You know my only reasons for ever going to her at all.

*Miss Rac.*—Oh! but I can tell you I don't like this way of being made love to by proxy.

*Sir D.*—Faith, I think now, that so many mothers make love to men for their daughters, it is but civil that we should sometimes return them the compliment.

*Miss Rac.*—Ay, but when they make love for themselves, as they dispense with one ceremony, I think you might with the other. I would not give a pin for a lover I have not the credit of.

*Sir D.*—Now-a-days every body begins first with having the credit of a husband.

*Miss Rac.*—Then I will have a husband as soon as I can, that I may lose no time in getting a lover. I want somebody that will sit by one at an opera, and dance with one at a ball, and call for one's carriage, and hand one out, and—



*Sir D.*—Lord, child! how much you expect of a lover! where could you get such antiquated ideas? I trust you are less *exigeante* upon the subject of husbands, or, upon my soul! violent as my passion is, I should be almost afraid to venture upon matrimony with you.

*Miss Rac.*—I shall desire nothing more of my husband than other women of fashion have from theirs.

*Sir D.*—That is being very moderate in your desires, I must confess.

*Miss Rac.*—Oh! I intend to be completely fashionable in everything.

*Sir D. (Aside.)*—The devil you do? Nobody is certainly better qualified.

*Miss Rac.*—Yes, if mamma would let one show one's-self, and not keep one always in the back-ground.

*Sir D.*—I am afraid her reasons for so doing will increase every day with your charms.

*Miss Rac.*—So Captain Sash told me last night; but now I am of age, I won't bear being snubbed much longer, I can tell her; and kept still drudging with nonsensical masters, teaching me this, and that, and t'other, and a parcel of stuff.

*Sir D.*—Barbarous! as if you were capable of improvement.

*Miss Rac.*—Did not Dr. Botherem tell her six months ago that I knew more than any of the Miss Pacers, who are reckoned wonders? and have not I got a medal for the second-best drawing from the what-do-ye-call-it society? and can't I go over all the capitals in Europe, and the rivers on which they stand?—Lisbon on the Tagus, Madrid on the Manzanares, Rome on the—

*Sir D.*—Can you suppose I want any thing to convince me of the superiority of your acquirements, and of your mamma's ill-usage?

*Miss Rac.*—I am sure nobody would have borne it patiently as long as myself; and so every body tells me. Miss Forward, who had not above half my fortune, ran away long before she was of my age; and Captain Sash says nobody could blame me if I did the same.

*Sir D.*—Certainly such conduct dissolves all natural ties; you must, therefore, resolve to free yourself at once from every restraint by making me happy.

*Miss Rac.*—But how am I to be sure that making you happy will make me so?

*Sir D.*—If my life and fortune at your disposal—



*Miss Rac.*—As to your life, that will do me no good; and as to your fortune, perhaps I have a better of my own.

*Sir D.*—Nay, you have the best security in the world—mutual interest will insure mutual happiness. You are determined upon being a fashionable wife—I as certainly mean to be a fashionable husband;—our pursuits will be so much the same, that we shall go on like parallel lines in the same course, without ever coming in each other's way.

*Miss Rac.*—I don't know what you call parallel lines, and the same way; but when I am married, I intend to be in every body's way.

*Sir D.*—And so you shall, in the handsomest carriages in London.

*Miss Rac.*—Shall I indeed? and then I must have a chair with tassels, to go swagging up and down St. James's Street; and two monstrous tall, handsome footmen to walk before it.

*Sir D.*—Oh! by all means, a chair—

*Miss Rac.*—And the handsome footmen?

*Sir D.*—Um! You are very particular in your demands.

*Miss Rac.*—Lady Cormorant has three; every one six feet, without his shoes.

*Sir D.*—The devil!

*Miss Rac.*—And then I must have horses to ride in the Park, and a villa to give breakfasts in the spring; and—

*Sir D.*—Oh! certainly, a villa and breakfasts.—(*Aside.*) Egad, I must not let her go on thus making terms, or she will spend her whole fortune in idea, before I am sure of touching a farthing of it in reality.

*Miss Rac.*—Then Captain Sash talked of my driving a phaeton and four. I should like that vastly, in the cold foggy mornings, wrapped up in a coat with sixteen capes, like Lady Dasher, splashing down Bond Street, and along Piccadilly, and in again at Grosvenor Gate—ch?—ch, ch, ch! upe! (*Making the noise of cheering horses*). Oh! I must have a phaeton and four.

*Sir D.* (*Aside.*)—Captain Sash, I find, has been beforehand with me; and, if I don't strike a bargain directly, may outbid me.—Do not thus particularise your wishes, but consent to be mine, and dispose of me as you please.

*Miss Rac.*—Well! I think I must consent. I own I should like to be married before next birth-day, for I have the idea of a white and silver petticoat, which Mademoiselle Pateline, the milliner, says will be divine. But then—



*Sir D.*—Then what? Wherefore this hesitation? What are you thinking about?

*Miss Rac.*—I am thinking *how* I am to be married; it must be in the most fashionable manner.

*Sir D.*—*How* you are to be married! Faith, I fancy much as all your grandmothers have been since the days of Eve.

*Miss Rac.*—Oh! but I should like vastly to be married in some new way; for I won't be packed off directly into the country, poking alone till every body but one's self forgets one is married at all—

*Sir D.*—And only just to recover their memories on the subject when we begin to lose ours.

*Miss Rac.*—Going down, now, to Richmond, or Shooter's Hill, or the Toy, with four horses, and silver favours, and white gloves, I should like very well,—but then it's so vulgar! and, besides, my cousin Kitty, from Cateaton Street, was married so; and I would not, for the world be married like her.

*Enter TRIMMING.*

*Trim.*—Miss, the mantua-maker's waiting to try on your dress for Lady Crowder's masquerade to-night.

[*Exit Trimming.*

*Sir D. (Aside.)*—This masquerade suggests an idea—Egad, the young lady knows so much more of her own mind than I thought, that if I don't clinch the matter while she's in the humour, somebody else will. Suppose now, instead of retiring into the country, or Richmond Hill, or any of the common, every day ways of being married, we were to elope from the masquerade to-night;—the method is not quite new, to be sure, but—

*Miss Rac.*—Well, I swear now, that's a very good thought.—Ay; but then we shall lose the masquerade—thank you for nothing—one may be married every day in the year; but there an't above three or four masquerades in a whole season.

*Sir D.*—Oh, Lord! we will lose nothing:—we can slip out, under favour of our masks; have done with the parson in a moment, return to the ball, and take all the rest at our leisure.

*Miss Rac.*—Um! I think this will be spoiling two good things.

*Sir D. (Aside.)*—Damn it, I shall never get her settled.—Recollect your mother's opposition, and how it will vex her to find us married without her consent, and how angry at her own disappointment!



*Miss Rac.*—Well, I vow, that *will* be charming; and I dare say, mamma counted upon flirting with you at the masquerade herself.

*Sir D.*—Let us lose no time then in concerting our measures:—I had better see your dress for fear of a mistake, and then I can avoid all suspicion by not going with you.

*Miss Rac.*—Oh, Lord! ay, so you must, and the mantua-maker is luckily waiting with it: step in here, and we can settle the whole scheme. [*Exeunt.*

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A C T I I I.

Mrs. Racket's dressing-room.—*Mrs. RACKET* and *Sir VALENTINE VAPOUR* rise from a table, and come forward.

Sir Valentine.—Well, Madam, I protest it is admirable, that in the midst of the life you lead, you should find so much time to bestow on your daughter's education.

Mrs. Rac.—Dear Sir Valentine! I should be quite ashamed if I did not;—every body now bestows time on education—it is quite the fashion.

Sir V.—I am sorry for that; for then, like other fashions, it won't last; however, the rising generation will be the better for it.—Miss Racket, I hope, Madam, answers all your expectations?

Mrs. Rac.—All her masters declare it is impossible to make a greater progress;—for my part, I don't pretend to understand these things; but several of her drawings have been already engraved, and two sets of sonatas dedicated to her.

Sir V.—Indeed!

Mrs. Rac.—Then she has the Roman History at her fingers' end;—tells you about Decembers and Trumvers, and all those sort of things, and has all Gray's *Memoria Technica* by heart.

Sir V.—I should be almost afraid that this great superiority of knowledge might draw upon her the jealousy of her less accomplished companions.

Mrs. Rac.—Oh, dear! no, Sir; every body is accomplished now:—every body paints, and sings, and plays, and is ingenious.

Sir V.—I wish their ingenuity may calculate them for making better wives, and their accomplishments keep them more innocently employed. However, Madam, I think you will

agree with me, that the sooner a young woman, with the large property of my ward is settled in life to the satisfaction of her friends, the better.

Mrs. Rac.—Certainly, Sir Valentine, and I am sure I have taken every pains that the anxious mind of a parent could suggest. She has been at all the watering-places in the summer;—in town, hardly ever misses a ball in the winter.

Sir V.—Egad, now, in my days that would have been the way never to have got a husband at all:—we did not look for wives to dance with.

Mrs. Rac.—I took her to Tunbridge as soon as ever I heard that Lord Lounger, the Marquis of Dawdle's only son, was there; but as I found my Lady Mac Catchem and her daughter had got before me, I knew nothing was to be done there, and so went away directly to Weymouth, where Lord Gorget's militia was encamped.

Sir V.—Ay, ye all like a red coat.

Mrs. Rac.—And here I had great hopes of bringing about a match; but the foolish girl, forsooth, fancied herself attached to another person, and so took no pains to second my plan.

Sir V.—Young people, you know, Mrs. Racket, will have their attachments—we have all had ours. What, I suppose she saw all human perfections united in the person of some rakehelly younger brother, with more ells of muslin round his throat than shillings in his pocket.

Mrs. Rac.—No, Sir; the person on whom she fixed her eyes was a man both of fortune and fashion, in the very first company, and universally admired.

Sir V.—Indeed!

Mrs. Rac.—A man for whom *any body* might own an attachment.

Sir V.—Well, Madam, but——

Mrs. Rac.—A man who took a lively interest in *my* daughter.

Sir V.—Well, Madam, but where then was the mighty objection? Why might not he have done as well as Lord Gorget?

Mrs. Rac.—Because I tell you, though he took a lively interest in my daughter, I have good reason to believe he was seriously attached elsewhere.

Sir V.—Indeed! Poor thing! Well, I hope she has got the better of this silly, hopeless passion.

Mrs. Rac.—I am afraid not, Sir Valentine; on the contrary, to tell you the truth, I believe she still does every thing in

her power to engage his affections, and I sometimes fear not without success ; for Sir Dudley seems to me now to pay her a degree of attention, which gives *me* great uneasiness.

Sir V.—Sir Dudley!—I don't wonder at your uneasiness, indeed, Ma'am—Sir Dudley Dorimant! What, is he the person? As mere an idle, gambling, driving, careless coxcomb as ever lived. I met him at my nephew Lovell's last year, thinking of nobody but himself; perfectly indifferent to every thing that is going on about him.

Mrs. Rac.—Your opinion of Sir Dudley is very different from that of the rest of the world.

Sir V.—Because I know him, Ma'am. He would be a pretty person truly, to take care of my ward's estate; knows no more of his own own; boasted that he never had been there but once, when he came of age; owned that he was much out at elbows; has I know not how many acres of moor land, and would not take the trouble of trying my scheme of electrifying barren ground to make it fertile, though I offered to direct the whole operation myself.

Mrs. Rac.—His time is too much taken up in the first circles of the capital, to think of any such schemes of rustic improvement.

Sir V.—More fool he; in a little time he will have nothing left to improve, but himself; and for that he will probably have leisure in the King's Bench. But he shan't carry my ward there, if I can help it; nor her estate, with his own, to the hammer.

Mrs. Rac.—Indeed, Sir Valentine, the very idea of such a marriage gives me all the uneasiness it can you.

Sir V.—No, no, we must endeavour to find another husband for her as soon as possible—some clever, active man, who understands what he is about, and knows how to make the most of things. The estate lies so conveniently on the coast—such a fine opportunity for making experiments upon——

Mrs. Rac.—Experiments! experiments! Lord, Sir Valentine, you shock me to death; one would suppose you were going to marry her to something outlandish, or monstrous: to the Irish giant, or the Polish dwarf, or—

Sir V.—No, no; never fear, Madam, neither to dwarf, nor giant. But, godzooks! I must be gone: (*looking at his watch:*) it is now past two, and I appointed a person upon business to be with me before three. I am always busy; can't bear your people that idle away their time.

Mrs. Rac.—Nor I, Sir Valentine.

Sir V.—I hate to waste any thing; and, to tell you the truth, this person I am going to meet is no other than the proprietor of the violet soap, by whose means I hope to turn to good account the quantity of violets that it has hitherto always vexed me to see wasted under all the hedges in my neighbourhood.

Mrs. Rac.—Few people make more use of their time than I do; all my acquaintance wonder how I contrive to do so much business; but then, to be sure, I am never at home an hour in the course of the day, except when dressing.

Sir V.—Egad, then I should never contrive to do any business at all. But I am waited for. Farewell, Madam.

Mrs. Rac.—The accounts, Sir Valentine, that my steward brought you—

Sir V.—I will look over them at my first leisure moment; though, I confess, I have not your talent for business. But be upon the watch about Sir Dudley, Madam, and don't let him run away with the principal, while I am taking care of the interest.

Mrs. Rac.—That I shall, I promise you, (*Exit Sir Valentine*), for more reasons than you suppose, you old-fashioned quiz. Since her guardian too thinks it would be such an improper marriage for my daughter, the best, the most proper, cautious thing I can possibly do, is to put it out of her power, by marrying him immediately myself; and then, let what will happen, I shall always have the consolation of thinking I sacrificed myself for the good of my child. But, surely, I see him in the drawing-room (*looking towards the coulisse*) in close conference too with my maid; perhaps he is at this instant sounding her upon my subject. They seem very earnest—coming this way too. I won't interrupt the conversation, it may be a very critical moment. Suppose I was to step aside here, within hearing; and if it should be as I suspect, it will be a fine opening for me to come to a right understanding with him.

[*Exit at a door at the back of the Stage, which she keeps ajar.*]

SIR DUDLEY and TRIMMING come on talking, as if from the new room.

Sir D.—And you are certain she will go to the masquerade?

Trim.—Oh, certain, Sir; my Lady has never missed one, for these many years.

Sir D.—And you think you are sure of her dress—exactly the same as her daughter's?

Trim.—Lord, Sir, after hearing of nothing else for this fortnight, I think I must know it at last. First they were to have been two fair Circassians: then two Indian Princesses, to shew their diamonds; then the Queen and Princess Royal of Otaheite; then Lady Loveit told my mistress that it looked as if one had nothing to do at a masquerade, to go so finely dressed; and then she resolved upon these hoods.

Sir D.—Well, remember to pin on the distinguishing mark:—the blue bow on the left side.

Trim.—Do you suppose I was never employed in a masquerade frolic before? Besides, I consider this as quite a good work; making amends for any other schemes in which I may ever have been consarned. What signifies shilly-shallying at her age? Sure she is old enough to judge for herself in the choice of a husband.

Mrs. Rac. (*Within the door.*)—It is plain who they are talking of.

Sir D.—And this will prevent all debating, and opposition, and awkwardness on the subject; and when it is over, every one will be pleased with it.

Trim.—Ay, to be sure, Sir; for we women, at bottom, all like a bold stroke for a wife.

Mrs. Rac. (*As before.*)—A bold stroke! Heavens! What does he mean to perpetrate?

Sir D.—Every thing will be prepared where I mean to carry her; and you will take care and be in the outer room, near the door, and follow us out as a witness.

Mrs. Rac. (*As before.*)—A witness! Oh, I shall never support a witness.

Trim.—Never fear me, Sir; when one can't be principal upon these occasions, I like nothing better, for my part, than being a witness.

Mrs. Rac. (*As before.*)—Oh! the audacious hussey.

[*Bell rings hard in the next room.*]

Trim.—Well, well, I'm coming, I'm coming.—I vow I believe she's jealous, even of me.

Sir D.—All the preliminaries of our treaty are now, I think, settled: nothing remains but securing the subsidies, and interchanging presents; for the first, you must trust to my honour: for the second, we will sign and seal on the spot, if you please. (*Gives her a present, and kisses her. Bell rings*

again.)—And now away with you, and be sure to keep your mistress in her present good dispositions.

Trim.—I am sure, Sir, if her dispositions are any thing like mine, they can't be better.—(*Bell rings again violently.*) Coming, coming, I tell you. Lord, you don't give one time either to do your business, or my own. [*Exit.*]

Sir D. Solus.—Who the devil would suppose that I should ever be caught cajoling a chambermaid, and planning an elopement?—I, who have no more belief in the necessity of adventures in modern gallantry than in those of Amadis de Gaul, or the Knights of the Round Table. I, who have always found the willing fair laugh romance out of countenance, and abridge all novels, from the first pages to the catastrophe. 'Tis true, my pursuit is now a wife, not a mistress, and in all situations their treatment should be very different; for, as I think, I should have been heartily sorry to have made any of my mistresses my wife; so I have now prudently determined on a wife, who will certainly never be my mistress.

(*Sir Dudley turns a little, and sees Mrs. Racket at the bottom of the Stage.*)

Sir D.—Watched by Jupiter!—I must put a grave face upon the matter. (*Walks about pensively, as if he had not seen her; she advances slowly.*)

Mrs. Rac.—Sir Dudley, you seem in so deep a reverie—

Sir D.—That nobody, but yourself, could have agreeably interrupted it.

Mrs. Rac.—Indeed!

Sir D.—Yes, for your society procures me in reality what I was only enjoying in imagination. I have been waiting this hour for you, while you, I find, have been closeted with Sir Valentine Vapour. You must have a great deal of business with Sir Valentine Vapour.

Mrs. Rac. (Aside.)—Jealous, I vow and protest.

Sir D.—I, perhaps, had business too.

Mrs. Rac.—I am sure, Sir Dudley, any business of yours; if I had any guess—

Sir D.—I was going to propose—I was going to ask you—

Mrs. Rac. (Aside.)—He is certainly going to propose himself.

Sir D.—If you don't mean to go to the masquerade to-night?

Mrs. Rac.—Certainly, Sir Dudley, I *did* mean it—that is to say, I do—that is to say, if—

Sir D.—If? if what?—for Heaven's sake, let no *if* destroy my hopes.

Mrs. Rac.—Your hopes? of what, Sir Dudley?

Sir D.—Of meeting you there, Ma'am.

Mrs. Rac.—Oh Lord, I shall be so muffled up—so concealed.

Sir D.—No concealment can secure you from my penetration.

Mrs. Rac.—We shall see that.

Sir D.—I hope so.

[*Going.*

Mrs. Rac.—Beware of a mistake; there will be many like me.

Sir D.—None to my eyes: be only there, and leave the rest to me.

[*Exit.*

Mrs. Rac. (Sola.)—Leave the rest to him!—as clear as daylight what he means. Lord! if he had not put one into such a flutter and such a hurry, I should have convinced him that this elopement business was quite unnecessary. Well, but perhaps, as he said, it may prevent all opposition and awkwardness on the subject. And now let me see, shall I sound *Trimming*? She must know the whole plot—but what if she won't confess?—And what if she will?—Then I should be obliged to take some odious measures against it, and expose myself to scandal. No, I think, upon the whole, I had better take no notice of what I have heard; but patiently wait the event, and be prepared for the worst. But then, to leave my daughter without a chaperon at the masquerade, would be shocking. I vow I never thought of that. I'll go out immediately, and get somebody to go with us: there can be no fear of a mistake. I shall not forget the blue bow.

[*Exit.*

Scene changes to Lady SELINA'S apartment in the Hotel.

On one side of the Stage a table covered with letters, papers, and books; on the other, a toilet table.

Lady SELINA, and Mr. LOVELL.

Mr. Lov.—Going abroad again? Heavens! you don't say so?

Lady S.—Nothing so true. This cold, foggy, country is as ill suited to the tenderness of my feelings as to the delicacy of my constitution. What should I do here?

Mr. Lov.—Stay, and be adored.

Lady S.—Adored, by whom?—The men never speak to a

woman till they are what they call *in love* with her ; and then they weary her to death with such a clumsy, downright, surfeiting passion !

Mr. Lov.—If its violence offends you, impute it to your own charms.

Lady S.—Incapable of that tender, sentimental, sympathetic affection, those delicate attentions so necessary to my feelings.

Mr. Lov.—Where you shall have smiled favourably, can you fail inspiring every sentiment you wish ?

Lady S. (looking tenderly at Lovell).—Could I suppose this indeed, I should be in less haste to fly my country, and avoid those whom I feel at once the most dangerous and most mortifying society to me.

Mr. Lov.—You cannot doubt it ; and if you do, let me be destined to the happiness of undeceiving you ; from me you shall experience every thing that the most ardent passion, the most sympathetic affection, the most tender feelings can dictate. (*Aside*) The devil's in it if this won't do.

Lady S.—Oh, heavens ! am I then born to destroy the happiness of every thing that I hold most dear :—always doomed to inspire these fatal, unfortunate passions—to feel for and participate in torments which—I cannot relieve ?

Mr. Lov. (Aside).—What the devil is she at now ?—Not relieve ? Pshaw ! don't let us lose moments in talking, that we can employ so much better.

Lady S.—Impossible !—I lament, I pity, I enter into your passion—I wish you to become my friend.

Mr. Lov.—So I will as soon as you have proved that you put a proper degree of confidence in me ; and the sooner this necessary preliminary to our friendship is settled, the better.

Lady S.—But what security have I for the duration of your sentiments ?—Are you not already happy in the possession of a female friend, for whom I supposed your attachment such as to make all others indifferent to you ?

Mr. Lov.—What, the girl I have at Paddington ?—Did not care a pin for her the week after I took her :—only just keep a house for her, and give her a drive in my curricule now and then, out of common decency.

Lady S.—Hah ! and are these the sentiments to which you would have me trust ?—When you own your infidelity to your wife, to my amiable friend—for whom I thought your attachment likely to supersede all others ?

Mr. Lov.—My attachment to my wife ! ha ! ha ! ha !—I

don't know who the devil it is that gives you such a bad opinion of me.

Lady S.—I thought you one of those happy mortals not subject to the eccentricities of impassioned souls, but reasonably, calmly attached to her.

Mr. Lov.—It is a dead calm then, in which all pleasure foundered long ago. The only good turn she ever did me was introducing me to you; and as she is your friend, you know, it would be very ill bred not to allow me to profit by the acquaintance.

Lady S.—What is it you require of me?—I feel there is nothing of which my soul is not capable for my friend's husband.

Mr. Lov. (Aside).—Now confound her for giving me that title just now; it has deranged all I had ready to say. Require of you?

Enter LAPIERRE.

La.—Ma'am, Mrs. Racket has called tree times dis morning to inquire after you.

Lady S.—Did not you say I was out?

La.—I tought your Ladyship had given orders to be ill.

Lady S.—Well, did not you say I was confined?

La.—Yes, my Lady, to your bed; but she says she will call again in five minutes, and begs to come up and sit by you.

Lady S.—Lord, one must be dead to get rid of this woman! How tiresome!—Well, I believe, as she knows I am at home, I must see her for a moment. [*Exit Lapierre.*

Mr. Lov.—How can you bear that vulgar talking woman?

Lady S.—I don't know, she is such a good-natured creature!

Mr. Lov.—The arrantest gossip in London.

Lady S.—Her conversation is, to be sure, sometimes overpowering to nerves like mine; but then, she is such a good-natured creature, knows every body.

Mr. Lov.—Does as much mischief with her tongue as Lady Catherine Caustic.

Lady S.—She does, to be sure, sometimes come out with things unluckily; but she don't mean it. She is such a good-natured creature; always ready to do any thing one wants her.

Mr. Lov.—An arrant Mrs. Commode to half her acquaintance.

Lady S.—Never has a will of her own!

Mr. Lov.—The veriest Toady.

Lady S.—So pleased with one's notice!

Mr. Lov.—So would the grocer's wife at the corner, and be just as good company. Confounded interruption!

Lady S.—Tell me when I shall see you again. I am so impatient for your confidence—I feel that it will be mutual. My soul longs to open itself to you; for I see there is that invincible sympathy between us—that attraction of character—to-morrow morning perhaps.

Mr. Lov.—To-morrow morning!—This evening—as soon as she is gone. To-morrow morning! an age!

Lady S.—This evening.—(*Aside.*) The tête-à-tête will still be in the family. Well, I have so much to say to you, for I feel that my confidence will be unbounded.

Mr. Lov.—This evening then, my adorable.—(*Aside.*) Egad, I believe if this damned woman would keep away for half an hour, I might be saved the trouble of returning in the evening.

Lady S.—My situation is so cruel!—nobody enters into my character.—

Enter SERVANT, announcing Mrs. Racket.

(*To LOVELL aside, as he bows and goes out.*) This evening, then.

Lady SELINA, and Mrs. RACKET.

Mrs. Rac.—My dear Lady Selina, the moment I heard you were in town, and ill, I put off all my morning engagements to come and sit with you; refused going to Kensington Gardens with Lady Sarah Saunter, and have been twice already at your door.

Lady S.—You are too good to your friends.

Mrs. Rac.—Oh, it is amazing how much of my time I dedicate to friendship. During the influenza, I sat with sixteen particular friends every day, besides being electrified three times a week with Lady Wishfort, and going through a course of Animal Magnetism with Mrs. Slyly.

Lady S.—How have you time for all you do?—You must have the constitution of a horse.

Mrs. Rac.—Oh, Lord! no: I am often terribly nervous, and obliged to drive about the whole day to get the better of it. Just now I am in such a perturbation of spirits, that I would not be a moment alone for the whole world. But I rejoice to see you so much better than I expected. You will go to the masquerade to-night?

Lady S.—Heavens! not for the world, in the state you see me! (*Coughs.*) Where is it?

Mrs. Rac.—At Lady Crowder's; every body is to be there; they say she has given away three hundred tickets more than her house will hold. It will be the charmingest thing in the world. You must positively go.

Lady S.—Oh, impossible! I am ordered perfect quiet;—besides, I have no dress.

Mrs. Rac.—Oh, Lord! we can get one in a moment:—my carriage is at the door, and I was just going to Tavistock Street, to bespeak a dress for Mrs. Dupely, who, you know, poor woman! ever since the affair with young Guetres, can never get to a masquerade without making it a secret from her husband.

Lady S.—Poor woman!

Mrs. Rac.—So she sent to beg I would meet Colonel Conquart at the warehouse, and choose a dress. I think we shall take a nun's, and send it home as flannel for the children's petticoats. I shall be hurried to death; but, you know, one could not refuse doing any thing for a person in her cruel situation:—so do let us be going.

Lady S.—Impossible! Besides, I have a person coming to me in the evening upon business.

Mrs. Rac.—Lord! you would not let business interfere;—besides, I am sure business will do you more harm than the masquerade. Business always makes me quite ill.

Lady S. (Aside).—Perhaps my business may be better settled at the masquerade than elsewhere.

Mrs. Rac.—Come, you must positively go;—Colonel Conquest will have been waiting for me in Tavistock Street this half hour.

Lady S.—Well, I feel so unwell, that I should not be able to do any thing at home; so, perhaps I may as well go for an hour. But I must write to my people of business.

Mrs. Rac.—Certainly; there's paper; do write as fast as you can.

Lady S. (goes to a table on one side of the Stage, and writes.)
—You are making me do the strangest thing!—*(Aside.)* I must write both to the husband and the wife; and first for the husband.

Mrs. Rac. (Aside).—This is charming: her being of the party will give such éclat to the elopement. Nobody is so much the fashion, so much abused, and liked, and talked of, as she is. While you are writing I will just put a dust of powder into my hair at your glass here, for I see I shan't have a mo-

ment's time for dressing the whole day ; and I shall be such a figure before night ! (Mrs. RACKET settles her dress and practises airs before the glass).

Lady S. (reads in a low voice what she has written).—"We were cruelly interrupted this morning. To get rid of the impertinence of that queer creature Racket, after you left me, I was obliged to promise to go for a moment to Lady Crowder's masquerade this evening ;—perhaps we may be less liable to interruption in the crowd there, than in my noisy lodgings. As I conclude you will go in domino, come and take your tea with me ; you can afterwards slip on your dress at the hotel, and we may go together."—If Lovell don't understand this, he is incorrigible.

Mrs. Rac. (Still looking in the glass, and settling her dress.)—Come, do make haste—I have fifty things to settle to-day, for I shall be so particularly occupied for some time to come—

(Lady S. Aside.)—And now for the wife—I must lay it all upon my health, that prevents my being able to see her ; and Lord knows ! one of her long, quiet evenings, as she calls them, would make me ill at any time. *(Writes.)*

Mrs. Rac. (Aside, and coming forward upon the Stage.) It will make the charmingest paragraph, with stars and dashes, in the papers to-morrow morning. I shall be quite the fashion for the whole winter. I won't speak to one of my city acquaintances. *(Walks about making stiff and distant curtsies.)* Lord ! you will never have done writing.—*(Aside.)* Let me see, how must I receive him when he first discovers his intentions ?—I must be shocked, and frightened, and agitated—Oh yes, agitated to such a degree, that I don't know what I do, nor what he does, nor—Oh ! I must be violently agitated.

Lady S. (Reading.)—"I am in despair at not being able to see you this evening—um—um—um—nerves so shaken—effects of our meeting—um—um—um—a book—*triste rêverie* on my solitary couch—successful rival—only one you can ever dread in the heart of—um—um—um—." Now I have done—Lapierre—*(Rising from the table, and calling the servant.)*

Mrs. Rac.—Well, come, let's be gone—you will meet your servant on the stairs.

Lady S. (Folding up the letters in a great hurry.)—Heavens ! how you hurry one's nerves ! You are positively more agitating than green tea at midnight. Lapierre—*(calling)*—I shall be an hour now in getting my orders drummed into his Swiss head—Lapierre—*(calling.)*

Enter LAPIERRE.

La.—Oui, Madame.

Lady S.—You must carry these two notes.

La.—Oui, Madame.

Lady S.—To Mrs. Lovell's.

La.—Oui, Madame, à l'ordinaire—as usual.

Lady S.—No, not as usual.

La.—Non, Madame.

Lady S.—You must ask for her maid.

La.—Mademoiselle Lappet—it is always de first ting I do.

Lady S.—Ay, but you must remember now to ask first for Mr. Lovell's man.

La.—Monsieur Jean—ah ! c'est autre chose.

Lady S.—And give him this note. (*Directs one of the notes, both of which she had before folded up.*) This to be delivered immediately.

La.—Delivered à Madame.

Lady S.—No, à Monsieur.

La.—Oh ! c'est autre chose.

Lady S.—And then give this (*directs the other note*) to Lappet.

La.—Pour Monsieur aussi.

Lady S.—No, pour Madame.

La.—Ah ! c'est autre chose.

Mrs. Rac.—Well, but do let us be gone, for I shall have no time for any thing.

Lady S. (*Going, speaks to Lapierre.*)—Go directly with the notes ; and make no mistake be sure.—(*To Mrs. Racket.*) Il est si bête ! he is so stupid !

[*Exeunt LADY SELINA and MRS. RACKET.*

La. (*Solus.*)—Not so stupid, not so stupid—for allowing his masters and mistresses to tink themselves so much cleverer dan himself. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Sir Valentine Vapour's *Lodgings.*

Enter Sir VALENTINE, with a number of Bills and papers in his hand.

Sir Valentine.—Why, what the devil ! here's the income of many a moderate fortune gone in the education of one girl.

(*Looking over the accounts.*) To Mr. Parallel, the drawing-master, five guineas entrance; to three sets of prints, picturesque views on the Brentford Road—picturesque views on the Brentford road! nine guineas: papers, colours, brushes, preparing drawings, mounting drawings, finishing drawings,—why this man seems to have been paid for doing himself what he was employed to teach her. To Signor Celestini, ten guineas entrance: to six sets of sonatas, dedicated to Miss Racket: subscription to his concert; box at his benefit.—Egad! their bills have as many items as a coachmaker's.—To Monsieur Soubresaut, the dancing-master, attendance during seven winters;—here's one who is above coming to particulars, he deals wholesale by the season. To Mr. Mac Caper, for Scotch steps. Zounds! if this is what they call education, half the private families in England could give their children no education at all. To the teacher and restorer of the art of filigrain:—what the devil of an art is that? I don't recollect a word of it in Chamber's Dictionary. To philosophical lectures: painting upon velvet: instructions on the Eidouranion. To—

Enter Doctor SYROP.

Dr. Sy.—Sir, your most humble servant. Sir Valentine Vapour, I presume—

Sir V.—At your service, Sir.

Dr. Sy.—I come, Sir Valentine, to wait upon you about a business that—

Sir V.—Oh, Lord! ay, Sir, you are the very person I was waiting for.—(*Aside.*) This must be the proprietor of the violet soap. You received my note, then?

Dr. Sy.—No, Sir; Lady Selina desired me to call upon you—

Sir V.—Lady Selina, my daughter-in-law? What, I suppose then, she makes use of—

Dr. Sy.—Of nothing but what I recommend to her; and, I flatter myself, with much success.

Sir V.—She finds it answer then? and puffs you, I hope, to every body?

Dr. Sy.—Thank Heaven! Sir Valentine, my character is so well established in the first circles, that I have no need of puffing from any body.

Sir V.—Come, come, you must not despise puffing, however;—puffing is of use in everything: many an ordinary woman has been puffed into a beauty, and many a dull fellow into a wit. Besides, you must not confine yourself to the highest circles: money is only to be got from the community at large: you must endeavour to acquire a general reputation.

Dr. Sy.—Oh dear! Sir Valentine, that may do very well for country practitioners—people who have nothing but mere common business to depend upon; but when one has the honour, to be received into the confidence of the great, and to have got upon the footing I have, one is very careless about a general reputation, believe me, Sir.

Sir V.—What! is your business become already so lucrative as to make you independent? Well, Sir, however, as I think I shall be able to furnish you with the means of considerably enlarging it, I should be glad to know beforehand, about how much you may now make in a season?

Dr. Sy.—Really, Sir, that is a very home question; and my line of business depends so much upon contingencies, that really, Sir—

Sir V.—What! you are afraid, that, having owned yourself able to pay, I should make harder terms with you?

Dr. Sy.—Terms with me, Sir, for enlarging my business? Oh! Sir, if that is what you mean, though I might just at my first setting out touch one or two people to recommend me to Lady Fanciful, and a few nervous people of quality, I am quite above all that sort of thing, now—quite above it.

Sir V. (Aside).—A curious fellow this for a dealer in soap.—Well, well, I am not going to exact any thing for good will.

Dr. Sy.—Good will! Sir, I beg leave to inform you, that I have not only the good will of all that employ me, but that I consider many of them as much obliged to me as I to them.

Sir V.—And who the devil then do you think will employ you? Egad, I am very glad I had a little talk with you before we proceeded to business. I find I can have no dealings with you.

Dr. Sy.—Dealings with me, Sir Valentine!

Sir V.—You will end like many flashy fellows that I have known about London, with a nostrum in their pockets, who, upon the strength of their own impudence, and the folly of others, get on for a little with a degree of success, which luckily, by turning their heads, unmasks them, and undeceives the world.

Dr. Sy.—A nostrum in their pockets!—Dam'me, Sir, do you take me for an apothecary?

Sir V.—No, but for a dealer in as great, though perhaps more harmless, trash.

Dr. Sy.—Trash! Sir Valentine?

Sir V.—Yes, trash. But, however, as I find I can have

nothing to do with you, and you see me busy here with papers, I must beg you will not intrude upon my time any longer—

Dr. Sy.—Intrude upon your time!—I believe my time is as precious as most people's. A guinea for every half hour I can spare to Lady Dawdle, and thank me too!—I must be at Brompton, now, by six, with Mrs. Hectic, and back by a quarter after, to see Lady Softly's child put to sleep. So, Sir, as soon as ever I have executed my commission—

Sir V.—Commission, Sir! I tell you I have no commission for you.

Dr. Sy.—But, Sir, I come from Lady Selina, to—

Sir V.—Lady Selina knows nothing about business—would be taken in by any impostor.

Dr. Sy.—But, Sir, she is actually in a situation—

Sir V.—What the devil has her situation to do with your business?

Dr. Sy.—A situation that immediately requires—

Sir V.—Not violet soap, Sir; so begone, and let me never see you more.

Enter Mr. Lovell.

Mr. Lov.—Heyday, uncle! wherefore in such a passion with poor Syrop? He has generally the art of mollifying those he has to do with.

Sir V.—His soap may; but as for himself—

Mr. Lov.—Soap! What, have you been giving him soap pills? Treating him as if he had the jaundice? (*To Syrop.*)

Sir V.—Egad, he has been treating me as if I had not common sense.

Dr. Sy.—And he me as if I had been an apothecary.—(*Aside, to Lovell.*) But by his persisting in not hearing me, and some odd phrases he dropped, I should really fear a material derangement. If I can be of any use, Mr. Lovell; have a charming house near the Gravel Pits, quite a paradise for people afflicted that way; would do any thing, you know, for your family.—Adieu, my dear Sir. Sir Valentine, your humble servant.

[*Exit Syrop.*]

Manent Sir Valentine, and Mr. Lovell.

Sir V.—How came you to know that fellow, nephew?

Mr. Lov.—Know him! he is my wife's physician, attends your daughter-in-law, and is in high favour with all the fine ladies, for giving names to disorders that have none; and sometimes, I believe, by giving none to those that have.

Sir V.—Egad, I'm very glad he is not the man I took him for; then I have some chance of not losing my violets. But who the devil would suppose that prig of a fellow, with a cropped head, a physician? In my day, we should no more have thought of taking a physician without a wig, than a phial without a label.

Mr. Lov.—But what procures us a sight of you in town, uncle? I thought you disliked London in spring more than a sportsman does in September.

Sir V.—Business, nephew, business of various sorts. You know I am always at work for the good of mankind, and I have now a scheme, which, once put into execution, will rank me among the first benefactors, both to the world and my countrymen. Instead of digging into the bowels of the earth for a clumsy aliment for fire, I propose to collect its essence, in all its original purity, from the air, by bringing electricity from the cabinets of the curious to be applied to the common purposes of life.

Mr. Lov.—The devil you do? But I am much afraid, uncle, this electrical scheme will shock the understandings of all less philosophical heads than your own.

Sir V.—Ay, perhaps just at first, till my scheme is thoroughly known;—all great men meet with opposition. But every body will soon, instead of laying in coals for the winter, make a regular provision of charged phials of electricity—

Mr. Lov.—What! every body have a fire-house as well as an ice-house belonging to them?

Sir V.—To be sure; and be as anxious to fill the one in a thunder-storm as provident people are to fill the other during a frost.

Mr. Lov.—But how is this to be applied in detail?

Sir V.—How to be applied in detail? Oh! to the most minute purposes; the housemaid, for instance, in all regular families, should be charged in the morning, and light all the fires in the house with sparks from her knuckles and elbows, instead of sticks and tallow candles.

Mr. Lov. (Aside).—I must not forget my promise to Dorimant. Now if he knows any thing of electricity, his fortune is made. Have you ever heard of my friend Sir Dudley Dorimant's experiments upon this subject?

Sir V.—His experiments, a jacknapes! he refused to try mine upon his lean acres, when I had time to make them; but now I shall act upon a much larger scale.

Mr. Lov.—His ideas upon conductors, I am told, are quite new.

Sir V.—Indeed! Well, I will have some talk with him.

Mr. Lov.—It is just what he wishes.

Sir V.—Something to be got from every fool. Make a memorandum to speak to him. (*Takes out his pocket-book, and writes.*)

Enter SERVANT: gives Mr. Lovell a note and exit.

Mr. Lov.—Will you permit me?—A letter upon business.—(*Reads.*) “I am in despair at not being able to see you this evening, (*starts,*) after all the happiness I had proposed to myself in passing it tête-à-tête with you; but when you left me, my physician found my nerves so shaken, and my pulse so much higher, the effect of our meeting,”—The devil! her pulse is soon affected,—“that he insisted upon perfect solitude for me this evening. A book will be my only companion; a triste rêverie upon my solitary couch your successful rival—the only one you can ever dread in the heart of your devoted Selina.”—Devil!

Sir V.—No bad news, I hope? Nothing gone wrong?

Mr. Lov.—Yes, faith, a scheme of mine seems to be going quite wrong.

Sir V.—A scheme—pray of what nature?

Mr. Lov.—Oh! my dear uncle, you are too much a man of business not to know there are many of a nature not to be spoken of.

Sir V.—Ay, but I have a confounded bad opinion of all schemes prefaced with “the utmost secrecy may be depended on.”

Mr. Lov.—In this case, however, it was necessary.

Sir V.—Is the affair actionable? Can you recover matters in a court of justice?

Mr. Lov.—No, faith! Nor in a court of conscience neither.

Sir V.—Come, come, tell me what's the matter; I am used to these things—nobody has been so often cheated as I have.

Mr. Lov. (*Aside.*)—What the devil shall I say to him?—Why, it was a bargain, as I thought, concluded, by which, for certain services, I was to be put in possession of most desirable premises, which I have long coveted.

Sir V.—Not freehold, then?

Mr. Lov.—No; I was to be the only tenant at will.

Sir V.—Pshaw! not worth thinking about; fifty as pretty

things of the same sort to be met with about town, I dare say.

Mr. Lov.—None that happen to suit my fancy as much. You'll excuse me for running away; business, you know, must be attended to. [*Exit.*

Sir V. (solus.)—Business, indeed!—Would not one swear he was going to make a large addition to his estate at ten years' purchase?—This lad's business, forsooth, is an eager pursuit of some whim, which will cease to please him the instant he possesses it.—Mrs. Racket calls business driving about the streets all day, and never being a moment at home. My friend the Doctor's business seems, by his own account, to be much the same thing; only he is paid, and she, I fancy, pays for every half hour they get rid of. Nobody but me, I find, rationally employed; nobody, whose business is of real importance, and embraces in endless perspective the future interests of the human race. Talk of enlightening mankind! it never can be done but by my electrical system:—so I will lose no time in forwarding the general illumination. [*Exit.*

Scene changes to the Hotel.

MR. LOVELL, LAPIERRE.

Mr. Lov.—Not ill, do you say?

La.—Non, Monsieur.

Mr. Lov.—Not confined?

La.—Non, Monsieur; au contraire, she is gone out wid Madame Racket.

Mr. Lov.—Gone out!

La.—Oui, Monsieur; ça vous tranquillise, n'est-ce pas? That make you easy?

Mr. Lov.—Gone out!

La.—Oui, Monsieur; gone out to prepare for the evening.

Mr. Lov.—To prepare for the evening?

La.—Monsieur, sûrement doit savoir ça;—you ought to know dat, Sir.

Mr. Lov.—Yes, indeed, I think I ought; and therefore the sooner you tell me the better.

La. (Aside.)—Quel drôl d'homme!—but I begin to fear I have got into the wrong box here!

Mr. Lov.—And for what is she preparing?

La. (Aside.)—Ah! je commence à comprendre: he know noting at all.—I don't know, Sir.

Mr. Lov.—You don't know?

La.—Non, Monsieur. I was going to ask you, Sir.

Mr. Lov.—Hark'ee, rascal; tell me, this instant, all you know about your Lady, or by Heaven—(*holding up his cane*)—But, hold! this is the surer way. (*Giving him money.*)

La.—Oui, sûrement, Monsieur. (*Bowing.*)

Mr. Lov.—Now, for what is she preparing?

La.—I believe for de masquerade.

Mr. Lov.—For the masquerade!—And with whom does she go?

La.—Wid you, Sir, I fancy.

Mr. Lov.—With me? pshaw! and with whom else? Answer, rascal! without prevarication:—tell me every thing you know, or believe, or guess at, or fancy.

La. (*Aside.*)—Diable! by his eagerness to make me speak, I believe I should have got more by holding my tongue. Mais, Monsieur, wid Mrs. Racket,—and—

Mr. Lov.—And who else?—Speak this instant—or (*threatening him.*)

La.—Mais, Monsieur; I suppose, avec Madame Lovell, and par conséquent—consequently avec Monsieur le Chevalier Dorimant, dey are alwas togeder.

Mr. Lov.—(*Aside.*) And consequently, I am baulked of my mistress, dishonoured by my wife, and supplanted with both, by this fellow I have called my friend. I shall be with them, however. Two at a time is rather too much;—I shall contrive to take one off his hands, if I cannot save t'other. Save her! does she deserve it? Tormenting question!—But this is no time for reflection. Now, for the means of finding them out:—I must not discover myself to this fellow.

La.—If Monsieur has no further commands?

Mr. Lovell.—Well, I am so much satisfied with your information, that if you reply as truly about their dresses, here's another guinea for you.

La.—Mais, Monsieur, en vérité.

Mr. Lov.—No *mais*, Sir! out with it this instant.

La.—D'honneur, Monsieur.

Mr. Lov.—This moment, (*threatening him.*)

La.—Ma parole, Monsieur.

Enter SHOPMAN with a Parcel.

Shop.—Is this Lady Selina Vapour's apartment?

La.—Yes; what you want?

Shop.—A parcel that she has sent from the masquerade warehouse in Tavistock Street. (*Puts it down.*)

Mr. Lov.—Dresses for to-night?—have you any good ones?

Shop.—(*Undoing the parcel, and shaking out the dresses.*) These, Sir, are black dominos; but we have capuchins, friars of all sorts, Turks, cardinals, and the only real savage in all Tavistock Street. Shall I wait upon you, Sir?

Mr. Lov.—I will call at your house.

[*Exeunt Lovell and Shopman.*]

La.—(*solus.*) Pardi, if dis man had not happened to come wid his cardinals, and capuchins, and savages, I should have been obliged to tell a lie only to escape a thrashing for speaking truth.

[*Exit, taking the dresses along with him.*]

Scene changes to the Street near the Hotel.

Enter LOVELL, meeting Sir DUDLEY.

Sir D.—Well, have you succeeded with the old Knight? With what demon of improvement does he believe me smitten?—Am I to take water-mills or wind-mills, or what, to him?

Mr. Lov.—Nothing of this sort will do.

Sir D.—Did you not tell him I was ready to try any scheme

Mr. Lov.—None has a chance at present of rivalling electricity in his imagination; so I have told him you are deep on that subject, and have made some wonderful experiments on conductors.

Sir D.—Oh, damn it! I know no more of electricity and conductors than of the north-west passage. But, no matter:—I bid him defiance at Lady Crowder's ball this evening. I have already so settled matters as to be able to do without him.

Mr. Lov.—Indeed!—Is the girl then so much in your power?

Sir D.—Egad, all I fear, is my being so much in her power for this evening, as to prevent more agreeable occupation; for marriage is one of those lasting pleasures to which a man should only recur in times of necessity:—but I have a great head for arrangement, and you shall see in what a masterly manner I shall to-night settle two or three different affairs in two or three different stages of the business.

Mr. Lov. (*Aside.*)—Now would I give my ears to know what stage he was at of my business.

Sir D.—But, Lovell, I suppose you know where Lady Selina goes to-night, and will not miss “the glorious, golden opportunity.” If a man can make nothing of a masquerade, I give him up.

Mr. Lov.—Oh, Sir! when you are of the party, *I* have so little chance—(*Aside.*) I must not let him guess at my suspicions.

Sir D.—Sure, you don't suspect me of poaching, do you?—But to convince you of the *purity* of my intentions, I will contrive to assist you, to separate her from her party, and throw her into your arms.

Mr. Lov.—You must be happily confident of the success of your own affairs, to be thus kindly attentive to mine.

Sir D.—Why, faith, I have so often succeeded where I have not taken pains, that I don't see why I should doubt of success where I have.

Mr. Lov.—(*Aside.*) So, she has cost him some pains at least. And do you never suppose it possible, that some angry guardian, some sulky husband, or bullying brother, may disturb your success!

Sir D.—Pshaw, pshaw! brothers have enough to do now-a-days to take care of their own honour; and as for husbands, guardians, and duennas, they were in all ages made to be deceived, to be angry, and to forgive. [*Exit.*]

Mr. Lov.—(*solus.*) The devil they were!—but I believe you will find you have been reckoning here without your host. Deceived I may be—have been—angry I certainly shall be;—but damn me if I forgive. It is plain that his views are not upon Lady Selina to-night; and whatever his plan may be on Miss Racket, he thinks himself too sure of success there, to let her stand in the way of any other pursuit;—and what that other pursuit is, he has hardly the civility to allow me to doubt. By Heaven, I will follow them like their shadow; and, if it is as I suspect, have the pleasure of detecting her, and cutting his throat.—(*Going.*) But hold, is my wife worth all this?—God! I never thought her worth so much as at this instant, when perhaps, she is worth nothing. [*Going.*]

Enter Sir VALENTINE.

Sir V.—Well, nephew, have you got your business near settled?

Mr. Lov.—Yes, faith, I believe both your business and mine is nearer settled than we imagine. Sir Dudley, I fancy—

Sir V.—Sir Dudley! what, he is jealous, I suppose; and cries down my plans because it differs from his own?

Mr. Lov.—Yes, I fancy you will find his plans differ very essentially from yours.

Sir V.—I was sure of it ; knew his conductors would lead to nothing.

Mr. Lov.—I don't know what his conductors may lead to ; but I believe he is conducting himself to lead away your ward, Miss Racket, from the ball at Lady Crowder's to-night. He owed as much to me just now.

Sir V.—How ! what the devil do you mean ? Lead away my ward ?—Egad, if he does, it shall lead him to the gallows.

Mr. Lov.—And what good will that do, after the mischief is done ? She is of age now, is not she ?

Sir V.—Very true, faith ; she is just of age, so may play the fool as soon as she pleases ; but it shall not be with him, with his conductors and nonsense ! A puppy ! meddling with every thing. Egad, I'll send for constables, and have him taken up this instant.

Mr. Lov.—Taken up ! for what ? For intending to go to a ball to-night ?

Sir V.—All her mother said is very true, I find. What the devil shall I do ? I'll go and swear the peace against him—I'll knock him down—I'll—

Mr. Lov.—Instead of either swearing the peace against him, or breaking it yourself, I should advise you only to determine upon going to the masquerade, and watching them.

Sir V.—I, to a masquerade ! I, with a fool's coat upon my back ?

Mr. Lov.—It is the only precaution you can take with safety to yourself ; for I know nothing positive of his plan, and only picked up my idea from his hints.

Sir V.—Oh, it is certainly so : have not the least doubt of it. This is the first fruits of her fine education—this it is to be accomplished and ingenious, and to have all the Roman history at her fingers' end.

Mr. Lov.—Well, are you for the masquerade ?

Sir V.—Egad, I have not been at a masquerade since the King of Denmark's. I shall never find her out : any body can deceive me. Mummers at Christmas, or boys with corked eyebrows, or whiskers, or a false nose, or an—any thing

Mr. Lov.—Ay, but I will go with you, and assist in finding them out ; you can then dodge her, and see if my suspicions are just—or, I'll tell you what would be better still, suppose you were to personate him, under favour of your mask, and so run away yourself ?

Sir V.—Run away with her myself ! Gad zounds, and how the devil am I ever to get rid of her ?

Mr. Lov.—Why there is no necessity to carry on the farce to the last act, and really marry her yourself; but if she agree, believing you Sir Dudley, to go off with you, she throws herself into your power, and at the same time confesses such intentions, as will authorize any measures of authority on the part of her mother and guardian.

Sir V.—Very true, very true. Well, if you can provide me with a dress, and if once I can lodge her safe again in her mother's hands, and clear mine of her fortune, I will see all the accomplished young ladies in London at the devil, before I will take as much trouble for any one of them.

Mr. Lov.—Come, come, we have no time for invective; it is late, and you have to prepare for our scheme. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene changes to Mrs. Lovell's dressing room.

Sir DUDLEY DORIMANT ushered in by a servant, who goes out at the opposite side of the Stage, and leaves Sir DUDLEY solus.

Sir D.—Now that I am about to swallow this bitter, but necessary pill of matrimony, let me contrive at least to have something ready to put the taste out of my mouth, and think a little of bringing my affairs here with this sentimental belle to a crisis. She has long fluttered round the dangerous flame, disguised to herself under various specious names, and yet seems hitherto to have escaped unscorched. But this cannot, must not last. My marriage, as I shall manage it, will only make her place more implicit confidence in me as a friend, and establish between us a subject of complaint common to both—an admirable engine in the hands of a man who knows how to use it. In the meantime, I must pique her more strongly on the subject of her husband, and magnify his indifference, till I force her to draw a parallel between it and my assiduity. I dare not yet put her upon the scent of Lady Selina: her candour, and high opinion of her friend, would spoil all, by leading too soon to an explanation—which is the devil, when one wants to keep up a useful misunderstanding between friends. But if I contrive well, I think I may lay a train of suspicion, even from this masquerade to-night, which I may afterwards fire into jealousy, or smother into indifference, which ever best suits my purpose. But here she comes.

Enter Mrs. Lovell with Lady SELINA's note in her hand.

Mrs. Lov.—This note is from my dear Selina. I am de-

lighted to find that her spirits are so much better, as to allow her to think of going to Lady Crowder's masquerade to-night. She tells me, since I left her, she has been persuaded to go, and begs me to come to her early, and slip on a dress at the hotel, that I may accompany her.

Sir D.—Indeed! And you comply?

Mrs. Lov.—Certainly! I should rather, to be sure, have preferred passing the evening quietly in the apartment of my friend; but in her society any place has charms.

Sir D.—Amiable creature! how few people go to a masquerade from such motives! And how are they requited! how ill matched!

Mrs. Lov.—Such motives, believe me, if they have any merit, requite themselves.

Sir D. (looking tenderly at her).—That any body happy in the possession of such a gem, should ever for a moment be dazzled with the false lustre of inferior charms!

Mrs. Lov.—I know not to what you allude: some new fancy of Lovell's, I suppose.

Sir D.—That he should carelessly expose a real treasure, in pursuit of a phantom of imaginary value!

Mrs. Lov.—The value of this treasure, you see, like that of most others, depends entirely upon opinion:—there is no standard in these cases but true affection; and by that, I fear, I am never to be tried.

Sir D.—How can you so wrong my tender, faithful friendship, which weighs with unremitting and painful attention all your charms, against all your wrongs; and laments every hour that your want of sufficient confidence in me, prevents your doing more justice to the one, and revenging the other. But friendship, friendship, I feel, too surely, can never heal the wounds of love.

Mrs. Lov. Revenge, I fear, would but double their pain.

Sir D.—Not if such, as even injustice must confess merited, and self-reproach oblige him to forgive. But while thus every new whim is followed with impunity, even in your very society, with immediate opportunity of comparing all he abandons with all he gains. Oh, I am ashamed of him.

Mrs. Lov.—You speak in enigmas; and as I have long known the only subject your friendship thus veils to me, it disturbs me to find you more mysterious than usual.

Sir D.—Do not press me further on the subject; you know I can refuse you nothing, I have already said too much.

Mrs. Lov.—Come, come, I dare say you consider this too severely : your friendship for me magnifies my wrongs. Since you will not speak, I will, and I dare say divine the whole of what your over-delicacy conceals from me. Lovell, I conclude, has some new pursuit, to which this very masquerade is to be subservient ; is it not so ?

Sir D.—Why will your too great penetration always outrun my precautions to preserve your peace, and save, if I could, the honour of my friend ?

Mrs. Lov.—You find yourself awkwardly situated—the confident both of husband and wife. The one goes to the masquerade to accompany her friend, the other——

Sir D.—To meet a mistress.

Mrs. Lov.—Hah (*starts, but recovers herself immediately*).—But, alas ! since I have found no sympathy existing between us—since his mind is ever estranged from me—what can it signify who captivates his fancy ?

Sir D. (Aside).—The devil's in this woman ; while she continues thus jealous only of mind, it will be equally difficult either to possess or get rid of her.

Enter a SERVANT, announcing Miss and Mrs. RACKET.

Mrs. Rac.—It is an age since I have had the pleasure of seeing you, Mrs. Lovell. Sir Dudley, your servant—but really, I find it so difficult at this time of the year to balance all my visiting accounts——

Mrs. Lov.—And nobody, I am sure, has so much reason to be a forgiving creditor as myself.

Mrs. Rac.—Seven hundred upon my book, I assure you, besides dancing-men and country families in lodgings. Then I expected certainly to have met you at Mrs. Drummajor's assemblies ; all the town was there ; or at my Lady Frail's balls ; but, perhaps, you don't visit her. Many people have scruples—nobody so nice as myself ; but I protest I never saw any thing amiss in her : that shocking affair with the coachman, you know, was never proved ; and as for reports——

Sir D. (looking at Mrs. RACKET).—Nothing can be so malicious as giving any credit to them, when to a person's disadvantage.

Mrs. Rac. (looking at Sir DUDLEY).—So I begin to think, Sir Dudley ; one cannot be too slow in believing any appearances against a person to whom one is naturally inclined to be partial.

Sir D.—Surely one may be led into such mistakes. People appear so different from what they are. Such unexpected turns may be given to conduct.

Mrs. Rac. (Aside).—How delicately he assures me of his passion!

Miss Rac (Aside).—How nicely he bamboozles mamma!

Mrs. Lov.—To retrieve my credit with you, Mrs. Racket, and convince you I have not quite abandoned the world, I mean to be at Lady Crowder's, who sees masks to-night. Sir Dudley, I have a notion, intends tormenting us all there, for he has never said whether he means to go.

Sir D. (Aside).—But he would have been confoundedly disappointed if you had not inquired. I should certainly go, if I thought my presence could in the slightest degree interest one individual that is to be there.—(*Looking at Mrs. Lovell.*)

Mrs. Lov. (Aside).—His earnestness affects me.

Miss. Rac. (Aside).—This making love to me before mamma's face would be pure sport, if she did but understand what he is saying as well as I do.

Sir D.—But a masquerade to a person without some pursuit, some object to which he looks forward with eager solicitude as the end and aim of all his wishes—(*Looking at Mrs. Lovell.*)

Mrs. Rac.—We all, to be sure, feel the truth of what you say, Sir Dudley.—(*Aside.*) His passion is quite moving.

Sir D.—Is the dullest of all meetings where every one depends upon his neighbour for entertainment, and thinks he has a right to complain at finding him as stupid as himself.

Mrs. Lov.—I am glad to see the dissipation and late hours of London seem to agree so well with Miss Racket. She is grown quite fat.

Miss Rac.—Oh, the dissipation and late hours would agree very well with me, if mamma did not make me get up so early every morning to pace in the square with all the sick children and mangy lap-dogs in the parish.

Mrs. Rac.—Air and exercise, you know, Mrs. Lovell, one cannot exist without. To be sure, it was otherwise in my day;—air spoilt the complexion, and exercise the shape, and we did perfectly well without either the one or the other.—But these things are all fashion; so I make my daughter walk every morning an hour and an half before breakfast, even though she should not have been two hours in bed;—then,

at twelve, she goes to the riding-school, and at three takes a turn or two with me in the Park or Kensington Gardens; and this, what with walking in and out of three or four assemblies every night, I think must give her one of the strongest constitutions in the world.

Mrs. Lov.—Indeed, I think the efficacy of the regimen is proved by the possibility of supporting such severe discipline.

Miss Rac.—Ay, but then I drink porter, and eat meat three times a-day, and do every thing I can think of to be fat; for you know we all feed for a shape now, instead of starving.

Mrs. Lov.—What enviable spirits!

Miss Rac.—Dear! you know one must be in spirits; nobody is grave, and prim, and melancholy, but country quizzes and county-town belles.

Mrs. Lov.—Of all fashions, good spirits is that one would most wish to follow.

Mrs. Rac.—Dear Miss Racket, you will really give Mrs. Lovell and Sir Dudley a strange opinion both of yourself, and the people with whom I have allowed you to live.

Miss Rac. (*Aside to Sir DUDLEY*).—You see she never will allow me to speak a word before you. (*They whisper apart*).

Mrs. Rac.—Come, come, child, we must be gone, or I shall be too late for the French china in Bond Street. Come, Sir Dudley, you must come with us; we can't do without you.

Sir D.—Without me, Ma'am!

Mrs. Rac.—Yes, yes, I insist.—Adieu, Mrs. Lovell! we shall all meet at the masquerade. [*Gives her hand to Sir DUDLEY, who exits with Mrs. and Miss RACKETT, on one side the Stage, and Mrs. LOVELL on the other.*]

A C T V.

SCENE I.

Lady Selina's *Apartment at the Hotel.*

Lady SELINA, and Mrs. LOVELL, *discovered sitting, with a little Table before them, at Work.*

Mrs. Lovell.—How charming, if the world, and all its tedious forms, allowed one to pass more evenings like this, in the calm enjoyments of friendship !

Lady S.—You know how peculiarly suited they are to my pensive turn of mind.—(*Yawns.*)—Thus agreeably situated, I could positively forget all time. I have no idea how long we have already been together—(*Yawns.*)—Pray, my dear, what o'clock is it ?

Mrs. Lov.—I dread looking, for fear it should be near the hour that we must exchange this charming quiet, for all the noise and confusion of the masquerade.

Lady S.—(*Aside, and looking towards the door.*) I expect Lovell every instant : how shall I ever get her away ?

Mrs. Lov.—(*Looking at her watch.*) It is but just ten o'clock.

Lady S.—Ten o'clock ! is it possible ?—(*Aside.*) This evening will, to be sure, be lost for ever. Lovell's want of impatience, though not very flattering, is lucky as things have happened. (*They rise and come forward.*)

Mrs. Lov.—You know not how many reasons I have for thinking of this masquerade with a sort of reluctance.

Lady S.—Do not, then, I beseech you, go on my account.—(*Aside.*) Would to Heaven she would take my advice !

Mrs. Lov.—No, I have resolved to get the better of my repugnance, so do not rob me of my only agreeable inducement ; but I really believe, had I known, not even your note, your manner of proposing it, and the temptation of passing the whole evening together, could have prevailed upon me.

Lady S.—(*Aside.*) My manner of proposing it, and the temptation of passing the whole evening together ! Provoking ! There must have been some mistake about the notes, which I dare not inquire into. But why this particular reluctance to-night to the masquerade ? You used to like a masquerade.

Mrs. Lov.—So I do still, but—Lovell goes to this.

Lady S.—And if he does, are you become so fashionable a

wife, that the very presence of a husband in a public place, and under a mask too, should absolutely preclude all possibility of amusing yourself?

Mrs. Lov.—Pshaw! pshaw! you know how foreign all this is in reality to my heart. It is not his presence at the masquerade; but his absence from me there, that in spite of myself disturbs me.

Lady S.—Lord, my dear! you would not have him for ever tied to your apron-string, like Lord and Lady Sober, who are never asunder because they are afraid of being alone; and no other creatures, male or female, can be found to support their dulness.

Mrs. Lov.—You know I would not; but yet——

Lady S.—But what?

Mrs. Lov.—Accustomed as I am to his neglect, and aware of his infidelity, this fresh instance—this feeling myself in the same society, breathing the same air, partaking of the same amusement, with a being who reigns absolutely over that heart, where I have lost all hold—

Lady S.—What can you mean? You alarm me more than I can express.

Mrs. Lov.—In short, Lovell, I know, has an assignation at this very masquerade, with some new favourite.

Lady S.—Indeed! You know not how much what you say concerns me. But how are you sure of this?

Mrs. Lov.—Oh! too sure: I forced the secret from Sir Dudley, who was as unwilling to tell, as I pretended to be to hear it.

Lady S.—Hah! Sir Dudley! And what did he tell you?

Mrs. Lov.—That Lovell is totally occupied, interested, and engrossed by a new object, whom he this evening meets by appointment at Lady Crowder's, who sees masks.

Lady S.—Indeed!—(*Aside.*) Ungrateful Lovell! A new object! This is the reason of my neglected invitation.

Mrs. Lov.—I know how much your tender heart will partake my feelings, and understand my distress.

Lady S.—It is impossible that you yourself should be more shocked and hurt at his conduct than I am.

Mrs. Lov.—Cruel, careless, provoking, Lovell!

Lady S.—False, perfidious, deceitful Lovell!

Mrs. Lov.—Does he suppose my patience inexhaustible? and is it thus that unwearied constancy is rewarded?

Lady S.—Is it thus that favours are rejected?—Let us go

immediately to the masquerade, and endeavour to find him out:—some opportunity of detection may occur.

Mrs. Lov. If it did, I don't know that I should feel courage enough to make use of it.

Lady S.—But I should, and reproach him bitterly for his conduct, I assure you.

Mrs. Lov.—Your friendship, for me, my dear creature, makes you feel all this as warmly as if it were your own cause; but take care your zeal for me don't lead you too far.

Lady S.—There are no lengths I would not go to wean him from this improper connexion. Come, let us slip on our dresses, and be gone; in the rooms we will separate, and each try to meet him. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The Masquerade. A crowd of Masks passing and repassing—Sir VALENTINE and Mr. LOVELL come forward—Sir Valentine in a coloured dress, Mr. Lovell in a black domino: both unmasked.

Sir V. Is this what you call a private masquerade? Zounds! here are people enow to fill St. Paul's Cathedral.

Mr. Lov.—Yes, for a private masquerade is just an excuse for making your house more public than you could in any other way; and receiving those, whom on other occasions you would not choose to acknowledge as acquaintance. But quick, on with your mask. I think I perceive our game.

Sir V.—Which? Where?

Mr. Lov.—There, in hoods, just come in at the side door. But pray be gentle, for remember you must make love, and persuade her to go off with you.

Sir V.—Gad! I have made love to nothing since fat Bridget, my gouvernante in the country; and a silk gown and a bottle of ratafia did her business at once.—Must I be very eager and loving?

Mr. Lov.—Very confident and impudent will be more likely to deceive, I believe. This way, and we shall not lose sight of them. [*Exeunt.*]

(A group of Ballad-singers come forward—A Ballad sung—Among the audience are Mrs. and Miss Racket, in coloured hoods, and Lady Selina, and Sir Dudley, and Mrs. Lovell, in black dominos.)

Enter Sir VALENTINE, and Mr. LOVELL.

(LOVELL points out Mrs. and Miss RACKET to Sir VALENTINE, and himself goes a little round the group to where the rest of

the party are standing. Sir VALENTINE observes particularly Mrs. RACKET (taking her for her daughter), dodges and follows her; of which she takes notice, and coquettes with him in dumb show. As soon as the singing is over, they come forward, and the rest of the party disperse.)

Mrs. Rac. (In a masquerade voice.)—Do you know me?

Sir V.—Yes, that I do, better than you imagine.

Mrs. Rac.—To convince me of that, tell me what brought you here?

Sir V.—To meet a charming creature, whose impertinent, insolent, undutiful friends take the liberty of opposing my passion.—(Aside.) She will never suspect me now.

Mrs. Rac. (Aside.)—Sir Dudley, delicate and tender as I expected. And what right have any friends to interfere in such nice points as the passions of the heart?

Sir V. (Aside.)—Pretty circulating library morality! but I must humour it. Perhaps I flattered myself too much, when I thought it was only excessive reserve, bashful coyness, and extreme modesty, that prevented my success.

Mrs. Rac.—Cruel man! how could you suspect me of such unnatural ideas?

Sir V.—Come along, then, my angel; we part no more to-night; and to-morrow, the parson shall set all right, and bid defiance to your friends. Come along. (Taking hold of her arm.)

Mrs. Rac.—I see you count upon my easy, yielding disposition.—To-night, Heavens!

Sir V.—To-night or never, egad!

Mrs. Rac.—Well, don't frighten me; don't be too violent. I trust to your honour—I think I must—Lord! where are you hurrying me to? (Exeunt, arm in arm, hurrying along.)

Sir DUDLEY and Miss RACKET come forward from the crowd.

Sir D.—Now is the moment for us to escape, while your mother is engaged with that mask. Come, let us lose no time, that we may be back while the ball is brilliant. [Exeunt.

Mrs. LOVELL comes forward, followed by Mr. LOVELL, both masked.

Mrs. Lov.—The heat is intolerable within; let us be going.

Mr. Lov.—This way, through the saloon, to the staircase. I have a carriage waiting at the corner of the street.

Mrs. Lov.—I came in a chair, and mean to return in it.

Mr. Lov.—No, no! after my experience of this morning, I separate myself no more from you. Your “nerves might be so affected” in the way, that by the time I arrived, your door might be shut against me. You might “find an absolute necessity for repose.”—“A book might be again my successful rival.”

Mrs. Lov.—It is so late, and I am so overcome with fatigue, that I mean to go immediately to bed.

Mr. Lov.—By all means; but you must take me along with you.

Mrs. Lov.—What can you mean by this new and unaccountable manner of addressing me?

Mr. Lov.—Mean! I mean that you are captivating, and I so captivated, as not to let you slip through my fingers a second time. Come, come, own you would be damned angry if I did.

Mrs. Lov.—I wish to suppose all this the effect of your supper here; but as it has probably made you unable to take care of yourself, you will excuse me desiring to return to my party.

Mr. Lov.—Is that the turn you give to my impatience? Is that the manner in which you again propose to escape from my importunity to that of a more favoured rival? But, by Heaven, by your fair self, I swear, no party upon earth separates us to-night. (*Seizing her hand.*)

Mrs. Lov. (Pulling off her mask).—Sir Dudley, as you regard yourself, beware of obliging me to expose you to your friend.

Mr. Lov. (Aside).—My wife, by all that’s whimsical. Now for my own satisfaction, I must be Sir Dudley still. Pardon, lovely creature, the excess of a passion which, excited by your charms, and irritated by this resistance, breaks through the thin disguise which has long ill concealed it; for surely it was not my pretended friendship for Lovell which could conceal my adoration here.

Mrs. Lov.—That pretended friendship for Lovell justifies at least my heart, though not my head, for the mistaken ideas it has hitherto entertained of you.

Mr. Lov.—Call them not mistaken ideas: his conduct more than justifies your favours to a more attentive admirer. Besides, after the confidence you have placed in me, after all that has passed between us—

Mrs. Lov.—What has ever passed between us? or what confidence have I ever placed in you which did not prove the sincerity of my present sentiments? I thought, fool that I was!

to Lovell's friend, to him who was always noticing his indifference, and lamenting his conduct to me, I might indulge myself in owning how much I felt it, without exposing to indifferent eyes a character, which, though I had ceased to interest, I could never cease to love.

Mr. Lov.—Talk not of loving a careless, indifferent husband. But hear me, hear your passionate adorer swear—

Mrs. Lov.—Nor now, nor never will I hear you more. Had you sooner used this open, this affronting language of corruption, instead of the fine-spun doctrines of exalted sentiment and disinterested attachment, which I have been accustomed to hear from you, I should have been saved the regret of ever having suffered the suggestions of vice to have approached me under the garb of sentiment, and have earlier fled from its insidious attacks to the more rationally affectionate bosom of a husband, which I may now, too late, find shut against me for ever.

Mr. Lov. (*Throwing away his mask*).—Behold it open to receive you with a warmth, a confidence of affection, which I have never known till now.

Mrs. Lov.—My husband!

Mr. Lov.—Yes, Louisa, that husband who feels himself ashamed of the trial he has put you to, and unworthy of the sentiments it has discovered to him.

Mrs. Lov.—Say not so, my Lovell; we have been both to blame: happily, I trust, both less than we imagined.

Mr. Lov.—That husband: who, while courting an interest in the affected feelings of a sentimental coquette, left the warm and delicate affections of your heart to be played upon by the insidious addresses of a profligate coxcomb, and the exaggerated sentiments of a false friend.

Mrs. Lov.—Enough, enough, dear Charles; this day has been a lesson to us both. My confidential friendship will henceforth be confined to one dear bosom. I have seen enough to convince me, that an affectionate husband must be the first of friends—

Mr. Lov.—And an amiable wife the most interesting of mistresses. (*Embracing.*) But see, somebody is surprising us.

Enter Sir VALENTINE with Mrs. RACKET hanging upon his arm.

Sir V.—Zounds! I shall never find my way out here.—Oh! nephew, I am glad I have found you:—tell me where I

can stow my prize in safety. I have got her, you see; and egad I am as tired of lugging her about as if I had had her in tow this twelvemonth.

Mrs. Rac.—Nephew! (*Seeing Mr. Lovell.*) Sir Valentine, as I live!

Sir V. (stopping her.)—Nay, sure you would not desert me so soon after such an ardent declaration of passion not half an hour ago. Egad, I never thought myself such an irresistible fellow before. I shall be attacking all the young girls at our next assizes.

Mrs. Rac. (still endeavouring to go.)—Barbarous man!—Is it thus I am trepanned?

Sir V.—Trepanned!—No, egad! I have prevented your being trepanned by other people, and shall not let you out of my sight now till I have once more lodged you safely, where you may think better of your mad plans, and cool the ardour of your passion.

Mrs. Rac. And pray what right have you to control my inclinations and thwart my plans?

Sir V.—A right which I promise you I shall never exercise again either for you or any body else. No, no, after having saved you this once, if you can't take better care of yourself, you must e'en go to the devil your own way.

Mrs. Rac.—I shall never go your way, you old scheming madman; so let me pass, and never see your face again. (*Still endeavouring to get away.*)

Sir V.—Gently, gently; you must be content to see my face till you see your mother's. What will she say to this, after all the pains she has taken with your education?

Enter Sir Dudley and Miss Rackett, without masks, married.

Sir V.—Heyday! what's all this?—who have we got here?

Sir D.—My wife, Sir Valentine, returned like a dutiful ward to beg your approbation and her mother's blessing on our marriage.

Sir V.—And who the devil then is this, upon whom I have laid violent hands?—for Heaven's sake unmask, Madam, and clear up this mystery.

Miss Rac. (Going up to her mother.)—Pray, mamma, forgive me; indeed I will do so no more.

Sir V.—Mamma;—so, so—both crows of the same nest, I find; and I was securing the old bird while the nestling escaped me.

Mrs. Rac. (unmasked.)—Audacious girl!—how can you suppose that I will ever countenance the indelicacy of your proceedings?—Run away from a masquerade! You, who were always cited as a pattern of propriety!

Miss Rac.—Ay, that was just the case; I always hated patterns, and could not bear to think of being one.

Sir D. (to Mrs. Racket)—May I not hope at least, your daughter's choice is not particularly disagreeable to you?

Mrs. Rac.—I wonder, Sir, how you have the impudence to address me after all that has passed.

Sir V.—Ay, Sir, how have you the impudence to address yourself to a lady who is just disappointed of being run away with herself?

Sir D.—I must then address myself to you, Sir Valentine, to make up this difference.

Sir V.—Faith, Sir, the only difference seems to arise from the ladies having thought too much alike.

Sir D.—My wish to have some claim in right of my wife to your direction in my plans, and to profit by your present pursuits, has been a principal motive for my seeking a connexion with this family; I should hope, therefore—*(They retire, talking together at the back of the Stage, as do Mrs. and Miss Racket.)*

Mr. and Mrs. LOVELL come forward.

Mrs. Lov.—What you tell me is confirmed by a thousand little circumstances. My only distress will now be, how to get rid of an intimacy which I should henceforth feel in every respect more burdensome to me than ever I have fancied it agreeable.

Mr. Lov.—It is ever thus with all intimacies assuming the name of friendship, without its only solid foundation, mutual worth, and real sympathy of character. But let not this distress you: depend upon it, when she finds us no longer separated in our pursuits, ideas, and society, her attentions will soon be diverted to others less aware of the futility of her professions, the affectation of her sentiments, and the profligacy of her mind.

Mrs. Lov.—I think I see her coming towards us. I would avoid, if possible, any open or sudden breach with a person for whom my former imprudent partiality might justly give the world a plausible handle against myself.

Enter Lady SELINA.

Lady S. (*Starts at seeing Mr. and Mrs. Lovell together, and says, aside,*) Ha! Lovell with *her*!—I am overwhelmed with the most fruitless fatigue; but I rejoice to see my friend's search has not been so unsuccessful as my own.

Mrs. Lov.—I have, indeed, been more successful in every respect than I could possibly have hoped or expected.

Lady S.—How is this?—I don't understand.

Mrs. Lov.—My suspicions are all removed: and I am sure it will be my own fault, if from this hour I do not date my happiness, my perfect relief from all those regrets of which you have often heard me complain, as clouding my domestic life.

Lady S.—This assurance of your happiness overcomes me more than I can express; it is too much for my feelings, I must retire to indulge them. You know, I only live in the happiness of my friend. I shall now hurry away to Naples, where my whole soul calls me. [*Exit.*]

Mrs. Lov.—How ridiculous does this exaggerated expression of false feelings now appear to me, accompanied by a dereliction of all real duties!

SIR DUDLEY and SIR VALENTINE, and Mrs. and Miss RACKET, come forward.

Mrs. Rac.—Sir Valentine, I conclude you don't mean to sanction these proceedings. I can never be brought to approve of them.

Sir V.—Come, come, Madam, consider, "what right have any friends to interfere on such nice points as the passions of the heart?"—In short, Madam, what's done can't be undone; and I fancy both you and I have too much business on our hands to lose time in useless opposition.

Mrs. Rac.—Yes, indeed, I have so many engagements for next week, that I am sure it would be vastly inconvenient for me to be in distress.

Sir V.—Well, then, let's forgive, to get rid of them; and, that I may clear my hands of all my ward's affairs, and have nothing further to disturb me in the promulgation of my great electrical plan, in which Sir Dudley here promises me his assistance—

Miss Rac.—La ! what should he trouble his head about such nonsense for now ? As for me, (*coming forward to the audience*).—

Now, that I'm come of age, and married too,
I'll not be snubb'd, whate'er I choose to do :
I'll laugh at mother's, master's husband's lectures,
Let me but hope in *you* to find protectors.

EPILOGUE,

WRITTEN BY THE HONOURABLE WILLIAM LAMB.

SPOKEN BY MISS DE CAMP.

~~~~~

SURE, had our Author, whom in vain we seek,  
Compos'd the play, you just have seen, last week,  
He would not now have sent me to attend,  
In Italy, the death-bed of my friend;  
To throw away this gay auspicious year,  
And lose the prospect which is opening here.  
Is this a time for me abroad to roam?  
Now Peace will send so many lovers home;  
Sailors victorious still on every sea,  
O'er every foe, who yet must strike to me;  
And captains, cover'd with hard-earn'd renown,  
From Eastern climates beautifully brown;  
Peace, which in every face throughout the isle  
Has spread an heart-felt, universal smile—  
Peace, which in all most variously excites  
New views, new thoughts, new fancies, new delights;  
Some think on pleasure, some alone on gain,  
On price of stocks, or plenty of Champaign—  
Exports and imports trading men engage,  
Cloth for new marts, new dancers for the stage—  
Forward the epicure with transport looks  
To a fresh troop of revolution cooks,  
And o'er the pie exults, whose precious store  
Has been denied him ten sad years before;  
While the gay nymph, who lures a crowd of slaves  
Prepares her charms, resolv'd to cross the waves;  
Resolv'd the beaux of Paris to invade,  
And flirt with whisker'd generals of brigade.  
Amidst these different tastes, may I advance  
The grounds on which I vote for peace with France?  
Then—though through all this time of woe and fear,  
We have not suffer'd much in England here  
Yet now, I own, new hopes within me rise,  
Of times more great, more happy, and more wise—  
Now London shall appear itself again,  
Adorn'd with fresh supplies of handsome men;  
No thought of business now shall e'er invade  
The nightly ball, and frequent masquerade;  
Now luxury again on wealth shall thrive,  
And pleasure rule, and usury revive;  
Exulting fashion hails the happy league;  
Hence love of cards, and leisure for intrigue;  
Credit, and curricles, and dice increase,  
Racing, and all the useful arts of peace.  
The Morning Post may now display unfurl'd,  
Four columns of the Fashionable World,  
And not confin'd to tell of war's renown,  
Spread all the news around of all the town;  
While gay Gazettes the polish'd Treasury writes,  
Of splendid fashions, not of vulgar fights;  
Proud to record the taylor's deeds and name,  
And give the milliner to deathless fame,  
Who first shall force proud Gallia to confess  
Herself inferior in the arts of dress.  
Oh! join to pray my hopes may not be vain:  
Commence, gay Peace, a long and joyous reign—  
May Europe's nations, by my counsels wise,  
Learn e'en thy faults to cherish and to prize,  
And shunning glory's bright, but fatal star,  
Prefer thy follies, to the woes of war!

THE END.





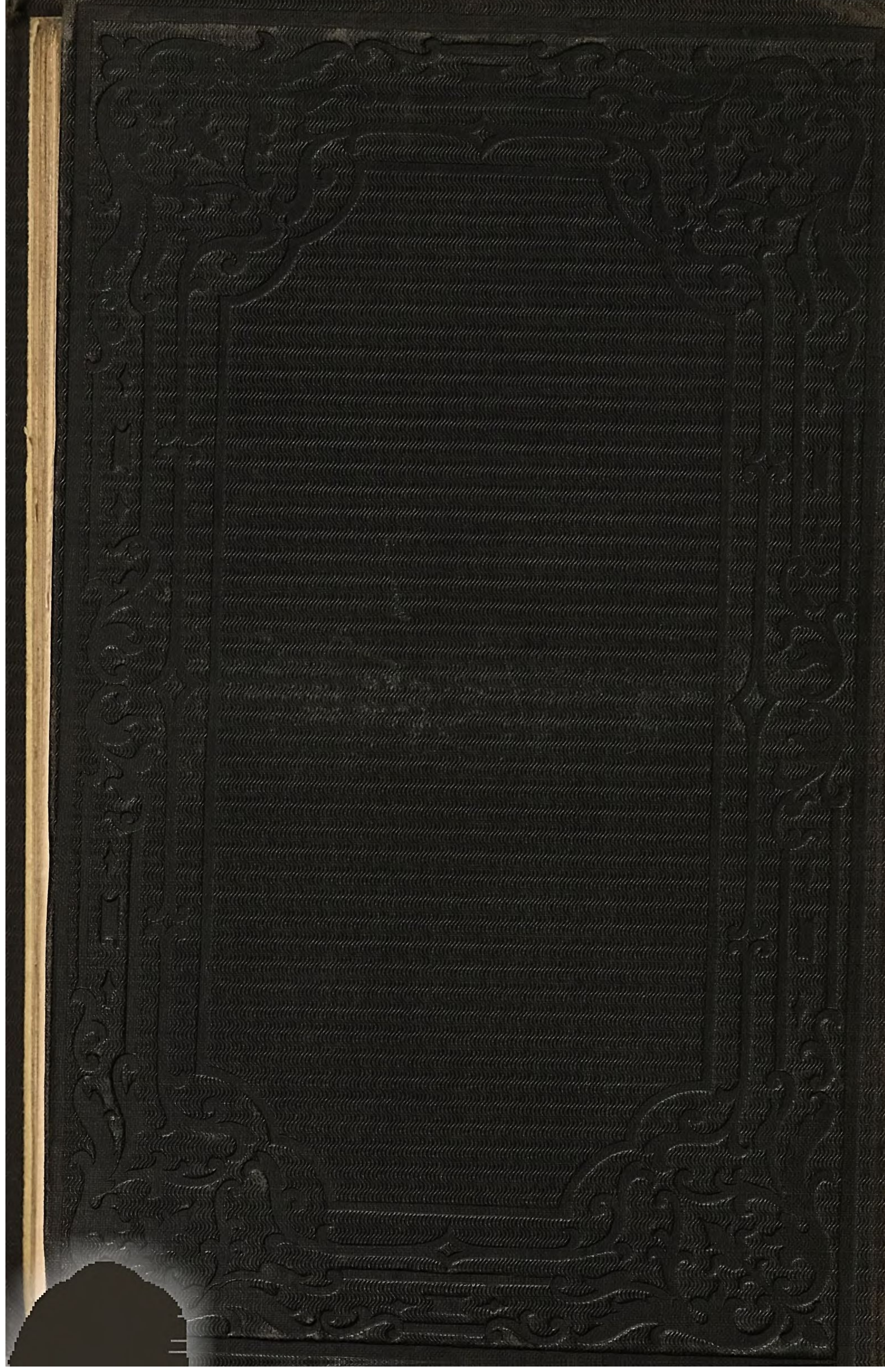














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